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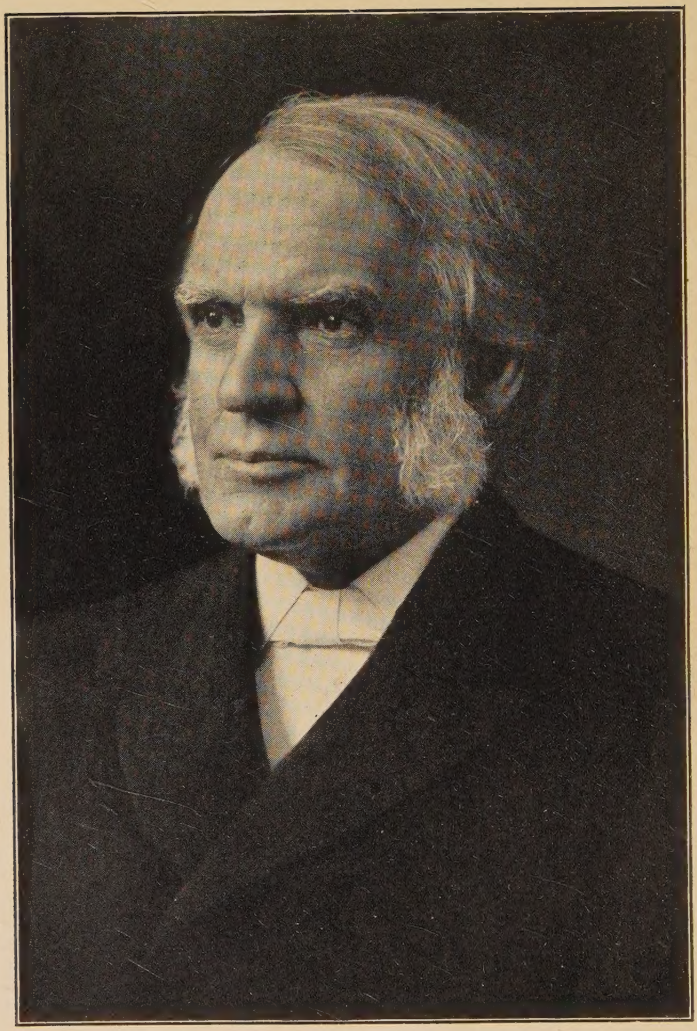
THE LIFE OF CHAPLAIN McCABE



C. C. McCabe

THE LIFE OF
CHAPLAIN McCABE

Bishop of the Methodist
Episcopal Church

BY

FRANK MILTON BRISTOL

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK CHICAGO — TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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SECOND EDITION

New York : 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago : 80 Wabash Avenue
Toronto : 25 Richmond Street, W.
London : 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh : 100 Princes Street

TO

HIS BELOVED REBECCA

PREFACE

IT is with no little hesitation that I let this inadequate biography of Bishop McCabe go to the public. Yielding to the request made by friends, whose kind partiality may have obscured their judgment as to my fitness for such a task, I undertook a work the demands and difficulties of which soon embarrassed me. Bishop McCabe! Who of us did not know, or think we knew, this unique and glorious man? But he has been growing on us since he passed from our company and we have been studying anew his great life-work. We begin to see how large he was by the vacancy which his death has made in the ranks of our foremost leaders. He was so many-sided, and so brilliant on every side, as is the diamond of multitudinous facets, so like no man but himself, that he well-nigh baffles adequate biographical characterisation. Our story must fall far short of giving satisfaction to those who might have done this work more skilfully and with a more comprehensive thought-grasp of Bishop McCabe's personality and mission. There are those among his thousands of friends who will regretfully miss herein many a worthy, wise, and witty thing that might have been said of him; many an incident and anecdote that had been tenderly associated with his life; but the limits of this volume forbid the repetition of many of the lov-

ingly familiar incidents of his diversified career which we cherish in memory.

It is to be hoped that the reader will be gratified to find in this biography so much that may be called autobiography. Extensive use has been made of the Chaplain's own words, letters, journals, and addresses. And herein it will be found that the man is his own best biographer.

It may be asked, "Why call this 'The Life of Chaplain McCabe'?" The answer is, it was as Chaplain McCabe that he first became widely and greatly distinguished; as Chaplain McCabe he was known and honoured, loved and remembered by the old soldiers who would never hail him by any other name; as Chaplain McCabe his name had been familiar as a household word in the Methodist Church for more than thirty years before he was made a bishop; and to the close of his life the first word of greeting that sprang to the lips of a friend on meeting him was: "Chaplain!"

In this instance the deference due to the dignity of an ecclesiastical title, however high-sounding it may be, will not seem to have been irreverently and unjustly sacrificed to the humbler name of affectionate familiarity, Chaplain McCabe! By that name we first learned to admire him, love him, and follow him; by that name we shall remember him—as with all the dignities of higher office he ever remained, so shall he forever remain, our glorious Chaplain McCabe.

Washington, D. C.,
May, 1908.

F. M. B.

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I

THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH

CHARLES CARDWELL McCABE, the Grand Field-Marshal of Methodism, was born on historic ground, and came of a race whose genius and energy had transformed the wilderness to a garden and blazed the way for the westward march of Empire.

Athens County, Ohio, with Washington County, of which it was originally a part, may claim the distinction of being the site of the first white settlement made in the Northwest Territory. The close of the Revotionary War inaugurated a new epoch of westward migration in which many of the officers and soldiers who had won the battles of freedom and independence sought that inviting region just beyond the frontier of civilization which only awaited the coming of thrifty and intelligent toilers to make its savage wilds rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The Ohio Country had been an attraction to the more enterprising and adventurous from the time of the French and Indian War. In the interests of English land-speculators and at the suggestion of Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, the youthful Washington, in the fall of 1753, started for the West to secure, if possible, concessions of land in the Ohio Country from

the French and Iroquois. Although his mission was not successful, Washington had reached the borders of the great and mysterious Westland, had stood upon the banks of the Ohio River, and had journeyed so far north as to be able to look out upon the blue expanse of Lake Erie. He returned to this country from Virginia a few months later, with the ill-fated Braddock, to recapture from the French "the Key to the Ohio Valley," Fort Du Quesne. The complete rout of the English and Virginians, the death of Braddock and the narrow, almost miraculous, escape of Washington within twenty miles of Fort Du Quesne, was all that came of this expedition. Washington had seen enough of the great West, however, to wish to see more, yes, and to possess as much as possible of its rich and fertile lands. Hence, in 1770, with Dr. James Craik and two or three servants he started the third time for the Ohio Country, reached the river, and in a canoe descended as far as the Great Kenawha, surveying with eager and speculative eye the very banks which afterwards were included in the county that took his name. A patent of 20,000 acres of land was granted Washington, and with such advantages and prospects he might have been tempted to go West had not the Revolution called him to another destiny.

Benjamin Franklin was also lured by the prospect that presented itself to the enterprising and ambitious of his time in the opportunities of the great West, and he went so far as to propose to the Rev. George Whitefield that he join him in an undertaking to evangelise those benighted regions.

On the eve of the Revolution, in 1774, Lord Dunmore carried his war against the Indians as far into Ohio as Circleville, where he made a treaty with the Shawanees, which was a necessary preparation for the mighty tide of immigration that was ready to pour into the country as a new Israel into another Land of Promise. The War of the Revolution retarded for a season the westward march of emigration, but the happy termination of the war in independence once more set the face of the multitudes toward the Ohio Country.

By the treaty of 1783 the territorial limits of the United States were extended to the Mississippi River, and although by the old English charters certain States claimed ownership of vast tracts of land in the Northwest, those States, led by the generosity of Virginia, waived their ancient claims and ceded the lands in their possession to the United States. The officers of the Revolution, just before the final disbanding of the army, and while still at Newburg, petitioned Congress to have regions in the West set aside as bounty lands. In compliance with this request 1,500,000 acres in the Ohio Country were thrown open to purchasers at one dollar per acre, and to further the interests of the Revolutionary heroes, the purchase price could be paid in soldiers' certificates. The Ohio Company, organised in Boston and chartered by the Government with the hearty sympathy and co-operation of Washington, offered such strong inducements to the recently retired officers and soldiers that the tide of emigration from New England swelled to impressive proportions. This

movement enlisted the interest of scholars, financiers, statesmen, jurists, educators, missionaries, farmers, artisans, and mechanics no less than soldiers. Among the first to seek the advantages offered by the opening of the Northwest territory were such men as Rufus Putnam, Benjamin Tupper, Samuel H. Parsons, James M. Varnum, Arthur St. Clair, and Anthony Wayne, who had distinguished themselves in war. Associated with them in promoting the westward emigration were Dr. Manassah Cutler, Winthrope Sargent, Thomas Cushing, John C. Symmes, President Willard of Harvard College, Governor Bowdoin of Massachusetts, and others of equally high standing in the intellectual life of New England. To borrow the figure of the good old Boston divine and apply it to the settlement of Ohio, "God sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into this wilderness."

It was the New England culture, not to say pedantry, that gave to the site of one of the Ohio Company's first settlements the classical name of Athens. If the very name of this locality suggests the intellectual aspirations of its first settlers, the names of those worthy pioneers themselves reveal not only their New England origin but their Puritan ancestry and training. Rarely does one of those first settlers of Athens bear a profane or worldly name. Ebenezer, Jonathan, Josiah, Daniel, Jethro, Ezekiel, Hezekiah, Amos, Benjamin, Samuel, Elizur, Jabez, David, Simeon, Israel—what an array of good old-fashioned Scriptural names! And it was not in Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas, but in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hamp-

shire, and Connecticut that parents gave such names to their children.

No country was ever settled by a higher moral, intellectual, and patriotic type of men and women than were the people who with

"Empires in their brains"

and millenniums in their souls took first possession of the Ohio Country and laid the foundations of the greatness of the West.

As the strong tide of emigration swept over the Alleghanies and on to the rich and mysterious territory opening to the new civilisation many who had settled in Pennsylvania caught the westward spirit and joined the march of Empire.

Owen McCabe and his brother, from County Tyrone, Ireland, had come into the locality, built therein the first home, and had given the name to what is now known as Tyrone, Pennsylvania. The English Crown bestowed on these pioneers a grant of 3,000 acres of land. From these brothers sprang the red-headed and the black-headed McCabes. Owen's black-headed descendants went into Ohio, his brother's red-headed progeny moved to Virginia.

II

GENEALOGY AND BIRTH

THE Scotch-Irish Owen McCabe of Tyrone married Catherine Sears of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Their son Robert, born in 1784, married Polly McCracken, and moved from Brownsville, Pa., to Marietta, Ohio, in 1813.

Polly McCracken's father, Alexander McCracken, was an eloquent Irish preacher and was descended from the proud Hamiltons of Ireland and England. To Robert and Polly McCabe ten children were born: six sons and four daughters. Of these Robert McCabe, Jr., the first son, was born in Brownsville, Pa., March 14, 1813. His mother, Polly, carried him in her arms as with her husband she came down the Ohio River on a flat-boat and settled in Marietta. This Robert McCabe, who spent his childhood and youth in Marietta, married Sarah Robinson, of Belpre, and moved to Athens.

Sarah Robinson as a child came to this country with her parents from Kildwick, Yorkshire, England, in 1822, and settled in Marietta, Ohio. Her father was Cuthbert Cardwell Robinson. His mother was a Cardwell of Poulton-le-fylde in Lancashire. More remotely, the Cardwells were of Barton, Parish of Preston. Of this family was Lord Cardwell, Secretary of

State for War at the beginning of Mr. Gladstone's first ministry, in 1868.

Four children were born to Robert and Sarah Robinson McCabe. The third was Charles Cardwell McCabe, born in Athens, Ohio, October 11, 1836. The other children were Leroy Garrettson, Robert Robinson, and Mary Elizabeth. Of this family the last named, Mrs. Edward Starr, of Chicago, alone survives.

To trace the genealogy backward on the father's side we find that Charles Cardwell McCabe was the son of Robert McCabe, who was the son of Robert McCabe, who was the son of Owen McCabe of Tyrone, Pa., and County Tyrone, Ireland.

On his mother's side he was the son of Sarah Robinson, who was the daughter of Cuthbert Cardwell Robinson. The latter was descended from the ancient Cardwell family of Barton, England. Certain genealogical enthusiasts have confidently traced the McCabes by the McCrackens or the Cardwells to a relationship with Mary, Queen of Scots. But while we read this chapter of genealogy, proud or unpretentious as it may be, we seem to see that simple-hearted, independent, democratic Charles McCabe

"smile at the claims of long descent,"

as his clarion voice rings out the sentiment which we have often heard from his lips:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

It was with righteous exultation that Bishop McCabe pointed backward to this ancestry of good, kind-hearted folk of simple faith. His grandfather Robert followed the trade chosen by Whittier, Carey, Senator Wilson, Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovel and many another greater man than himself, for he was a shoemaker. He was one of the first converts of early Ohio Methodism. Before the days of Methodist meeting-houses his home was always open to the itinerant for preaching services. This Robert McCabe was a man of great good sense and earnest piety. As steward, class-leader, and exhorter so untiring was his activity, so fervent his zeal, so safe and sane his judgment, and so absorbed was he in the evangelisation of the community, that he was called "the Little Bishop." His wife Polly was a woman of deep spirituality and of uncommon mental endowments. Her education and training in the home of a learned and eloquent minister of the Gospel, her sweet and simple piety, and her remarkable gifts in prayer qualified her to share with her devout husband the honor and happiness of making their home the very centre of the early Methodist movement in the Ohio Country.

In view of the extraordinary work in behalf of Christian Missions accomplished by his grandson one incident in the life of the class-leader, Robert McCabe, becomes most interesting if it may not be regarded as quite prophetic. In the year 1816, the negro, John Stewart, was converted under the preaching of a Methodist itinerant at Marietta. Robert McCabe became John Stewart's class-leader and spiritual adviser. He

took a profound interest in the religious development of this remarkable convert, often invited him to his home, where by the class-leader's Scriptural instruction and by Polly McCabe's sweet and powerful prayers Stewart's soul would seem lifted to the very gates of Heaven. He soon began to hear voices calling him, as he believed, to the Lord's service. He wisely turned to his class-leader for counsel and advice. Robert McCabe, in the simple faith of those good old days, believed Stewart had received a divine call, and furnishing him with Bible, hymn-book, money, horse, and the license of his blessing, with a recommendation to the Ohio Conference he sent him forth as the first missionary of Methodism to the heathen world. John Stewart followed "the voice" until it led him to the Wyandotte Indians at Upper Sandusky, where he began his work by preaching a sermon to one old squaw. A revival soon broke out, in which hundreds were converted. The whole Church was thrilled by the report that spread over the country. A church or chapel was needed to accommodate the congregation of Indian converts. To build it and to sustain the work among the Wyandottes, collections were solicited and thereby the fires of missionary zeal were first kindled in the heart of American Methodism. The chapel at Upper Sandusky, after repeated restorations, stands to this day as the first church ever built by the Methodists for a heathen people. It has been claimed that the interest awakened throughout the Church by this revival among the Indians developed into a demand for the organisation of the Missionary Society of the

Methodist Episcopal Church, which was founded in the City of New York in the year 1819. What a reward of joy unspeakable would have been his could Robert McCabe, whose blessing sent John Stewart on his mission to the Indians, have foreseen the day when his own grandson would become the great Missionary Secretary to inspire the Church with that glorious slogan, "A Million for Missions!" Is it too much to claim for Bishop McCabe's grandfather that the powerful missionary movement of American Methodism that has swept round the world received its original impulse in the class-meeting which was held in the home of that humble but godly layman, Robert McCabe?

Too early, it would seem to our human wisdom, Robert and Polly McCabe were called from the activities of their most useful and beneficent life. In 1823, before either had reached the age of forty years, they were both sleeping in the Mound Cemetery of Marietta. The memory of these saints has ever been in that community as ointment poured forth. Nine children survived them. The oldest, Hannah, was but nineteen years of age, and several were under six, when Robert and Polly McCabe died. Of these nine children, two at least became distinguished, Robert, as the father of Bishop McCabe, and Lorenzo Dow, as an astute thinker, a profound scholar, and an accomplished educator who made a deep impression upon the character and exercised a lasting influence over the mental and spiritual life of the Bishop, by whom he was ever held in proud admiration and affectionate ven-

eration. Few among the Methodist scholars, educators, and authors of the Nineteenth Century are more worthy the honor of the Church's grateful memory than Lorenzo Dow McCabe. As professor in the Ohio State University at Athens, and for fifty years in the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, he impressed his strong individuality, his rugged character, and the authority of his virile, original thinking upon hundreds of men who were destined to fill the highest places in civil, political, and ecclesiastical life. Seven thousand students passed under his instruction during his long and distinguished educational career. Of these, no less than five hundred became ministers of the Gospel, sixty entered the missionary field, six hundred became superintendents of schools, two hundred college professors, and forty-five college presidents. Bishop McCabe never let pass an opportunity for paying to the memory of this truly good and great man who had taken so deep an interest in his welfare, every tribute of praise which an undying gratitude could inspire.

III

FATHER AND MOTHER

ROBERT McCABE, second, the father of Bishop Charles Cardwell McCabe, was a man of sterling worth: plain, practical and spiritually-minded, full of faith and good works. He was the noble son of a noble father and seems to have inherited from that father and from a mother of precious memory the very genius of prevailing prayer. This gift of extraordinary power in prayer, of faith, boldness, unction, and irresistibility—was hereditary in the McCabe family. The gifts of song and eloquence were also theirs in a marked degree. Among the sons of the original Owen McCabe were several who became noted as singers, while their voices, both in speech and song, possessed that peculiar magnetism which was so characteristic of the sweet singing and persuasive eloquence of Bishop McCabe.

During the years 1864-5 Chaplain McCabe kept a daily journal. It is now a mine of precious information which one cannot explore without a feeling of regret that it was not continued through his entire long and useful life. In this journal frequent most affectionate references are made to his father.

"Washington, Feb. 17, 1864. My father sends word that I may expect him here soon. I only regret

SARAH ROBINSON McCABE

ROBERT McCABE

that so much of my life has been spent in absence from him. My father is one of the best and kindest of men."

"Washington, Feb. 29, 1864. This afternoon I was surprised by intelligence that my father had come to Washington and wished me to come in (from camp). I did not expect him until next Saturday. I was delighted to see him. He came all the way from New York to see me. No family has a kinder head than ours. Long may my father live to bless us with his presence!"

"Washington, Mar. 1, 1864. Spent a day with father. Had a pleasant time. How dear my father grows to me as time moves on apace!"

"Detroit, Apr. 23, 1864. Father went right on to New York. I disliked to part with him very much. I part with him with more and more regret each time."

"Chicago, Aug. 21, 1865. Arrived here this afternoon just in time to see father, who is to leave on the morning train for Cincinnati. It is very hard for him to be separated from his family. No matter who is here, it seems lonely enough without his cheerful presence."

With many business vicissitudes, not to say reverses, to try his patience this godly man maintained a cheerful optimism and tranquillity of spirit which exemplified the truth of the Scripture: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

With all the hereditary traits of the McCabes, the

McCrackens, and the Hamiltons that may have contributed to the making of such a man as Bishop McCabe, that precious mother, Sarah Robinson, with the blood and genius of the Cardwells, gave to his nature that added strength and assertiveness of will, that celestial fire of rational exthusiasm, that poise and independence of judgment, that superb dash and courage of conviction and that refined poetical imagination which made him the embodiment of physical, mental, and spiritual magnetism, at once a "soul of song" and "a Son of Thunder."

Bishop McCabe's mother was a rare combination of physical comeliness, mental refinement, and spiritual sensibility. Her graceful form, her countenance beaming with intelligence, her "beautiful dark eyes," and her dignified but most kindly manners bespoke the woman of Christian culture, the charm and ornament of the social circle, and the queenly genius of the home. With the utmost devotion to her family in all the sweet and sacred domesticities of that ideal home she found opportunity in her conscientious economy and improvement of time for the studies in which she delighted and for the literary productions with which she often enriched the "Ladies Repository" of her day. But her devotion to the Church, her passion for missions, her gift of song, her moving yet womanly eloquence in testimony, her tender unction and effectual fervency in prayer endowed her with those elements of leadership which all who knew her willingly recognised.

What the spiritual atmosphere of Sarah McCabe's

home must have been may be judged by an incident that was recalled by the death of an aged saint, whose maiden name was Juliette Coe. Her pastor at the time of her death in Lathrop, Mo., wrote the Bishop: "When she was a young woman she was employed by your mother as a seamstress, and while in her employ was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Athens." This woman was one of the organisers of the Methodist Society in Lathrop.

Happily, there still survive a few, alas, too few, of those associates of other days who knew Mrs. McCabe in Athens, Ohio. Mrs. Isaac R. Hitt, of Washington, D. C., when a child, knew this elect lady. Mrs. Hitt's father, the Rev. Arza Brown, was the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Athens and baptised the infant Charles Cardwell McCabe. Mrs. Hitt, then Mary Brown, was a child together with the future Bishop in those early Athens days. The pastor's wife, Mrs. Hitt's mother, became an intimate companion of Sarah McCabe, the Bishop's mother. These godly women were congenial spirits and found common interest and delight in their meetings at the parsonage or at the home of Mrs. McCabe. This is the picture which Mrs. Hitt tells us still hangs on memory's wall: "There were two tables in the room, one laden with books—Latin, mental and moral philosophy, botany, etc., and the other table displayed an array of paints, brushes, velvet, and satin. And while those elect ladies were studying, and painting so beautifully on satin and velvet, they were also thinking and praying for the salvation of souls."

Mrs. McCabe eagerly seconded the proposal of the pastor's wife to make up "a box," which proved to be a hogshead of clothing for the naked heathen of Africa. A society was organised with Mrs. Arza Brown as President and Mrs. Robert McCabe as Recording and Corresponding Secretary. The whole district at once became interested in "the box for Africa." The project succeeded beyond all expectation. In due time, the clothing was sent off with prayers and songs of praise. It reached Monrovia with a beautiful letter from Mrs. McCabe, just as the missionaries were praying for garments with which to clothe their converts and make them presentable in the house of worship. Here again in the soul of Sarah Robinson McCabe we find one of those springs of missionary zeal from which her distinguished son drank in the genius that roused Methodism to "A Million for Missions."

The Rev. William H. Sutherland, to whom the Bishop referred as a man who had exercised a moulding influence over his religious life in his boyhood, wrote in response to the kind words of the Bishop: "I have a very pleasant remembrance of you as a young parishoner of mine in Athens; and especially a most precious memory of your beautiful and talented mother. What a *power* she was in prayer! I used to hold her in reserve to pray me over the hard places in my meetings, and she always prevailed."

We are indebted to Miss Helen Ames Walker, a niece of Bishop Ames, for valuable reminiscences collected as late as the year 1896 from several of the then

surviving associates of Bishop McCabe's mother, who knew her in Athens, Ohio. Among these precious recollections are tributes like these: "Oh yes, I remember Mrs. McCabe. She was a good woman. I used to feel as I sat by her side in church that she was constantly engaged in prayer.

"I remember Mrs. McCabe in the class-room. She used to lead the female class sometimes. That was the good old times of the Methodist Church here in Athens. The Rev. Arza Brown was one among the preachers we had about that time, and J. B. Boutecou, Robert Spencer, Jacob Young, and John Stewart. It all comes back to me so plain. Dear saintly Dr. Merrick was then a professor in the University. Mrs. Merrick was an intimate friend of Mrs. McCabe. They were both fond of books, and used to study together, and recite to some of the college professors. In those days the women's class used to meet at Mrs. McCabe's house and the preacher in charge was the leader; but when he had to be away he would often ask her to lead. We all liked that, for we loved to hear her talk and pray. She always had something good to say, and she was very able in prayer."

One who went "to class" with the Bishop's mother said: "I always associate her in my mind with a certain text of Scripture, for it was so often upon her lips. To this day when I open my Bible and read: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God,' a vision of Mrs. McCabe rises before me as I used to see her in that old class

meeting. I recall, too, quite clearly, her sweet voice as she led in the singing."

"She was a charming singer, able in prayer, untiring in labors at the altar. The last time I saw her was in 1839, at the camp-meeting below Athens; just the same, sweet, affable friend. The lapse of near threescore years leaves only delightful memories."

"I shall never forget her last visit to Athens. The day before she left, she met our Society, and opened with prayer. It has seldom been my lot to hear such eloquence as fell from her lips. In tones as sweet as angels use, the Gospel whispered peace and joy to all our fallen race."

Thus the fragrance of that sweet and beneficent life, scarcely reaching beyond young womanhood in her early Ohio home, lingers still in the grateful memory of saints who in the even-time of their long pilgrimage cannot forget the companionship of that beautiful soul which left upon them long ago the baptism of her God-loving inspiration. Although his mother passed away when he was but sixteen years of age, Bishop McCabe cherished most precious memories of her and left on record this tender filial tribute: "I remember my mother as a patient, gentle, lovely Christian. Her heart was always in the work of God. She was a deeply pious woman. If any one should ask me how my mother most impressed herself upon my life I would be at no loss to answer. It was by her prayers. It seemed to me that never did a human being get so close to the mercy-seat of God as did she when she led us in prayer. Whether at the

family altar, in the prayer-meeting, in the great congregation, or in the camp-meeting, my mother's voice pleading with God had a power over me which words cannot describe, and I have heard many others say the same thing. She died when she was only forty-two years old, of pneumonia, in Burlington, Iowa. Her death was unexpected to us all. The day before she died I was standing in her room with my hymn-book in my hand. She called me to her, took the book, and turned to Henry Kirke White's beautiful hymn:

"'Through sorrow's night and danger's path
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.'

She read it through to the close with an accent and beauty of expression which I shall ever remember. When the physician informed us the next day that she must die, her farewell to her husband and children was touching and beautiful. She had something to say to us all. To me she said: 'Watch over Mary!' I thought this was strange, as I was her youngest son. To my brother Robert she said: 'Robbie, you have always been a good boy.' To my eldest brother, Leroy, she said: 'I have loved you with a mother's love.' I did not hear the message she gave to my little sister, Mary, now Mrs. Starr, of Chicago. Her memory is fragrant to her children as with the very breath of heaven, and among the glorious events of the future there is one anticipation which thrills my soul,

and that is the meeting with my mother in the better land."

During the exciting days of the Civil War and while engaged in raising money for the Christian Commission, Chaplain McCabe recorded these words in his daily journal, under date of Chicago, January 14, 1864: "This day is the anniversary of my mother's death. Twelve years ago this night she died in Burlington, Iowa. Soon after her death our family was scattered abroad. Now all its living members are assembled at my father's home in Chicago. What memories are brought up by the recurrence of this day!

> "'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
> Make me a child again, just for to-night!'

May we all meet in the better land!" Again he writes under date of Burlington, Iowa, June 16, 1864: "After twelve years of wandering I am here where were spent part of my boyhood days. My mother's grave is here. I shall go to it to-morrow and make arrangements for adorning our family lot. I hope some day to sleep beside my mother."

In the quiet shade of the oaks and evergreens of Aspen Grove Cemetery is the grave of this beautiful, accomplished, and saintly woman. A more appropriate spot, where Art has not robbed Nature of its god-given charms, could not have been chosen as the last resting-place of one so gentle, true, and loving as the mother of Bishop McCabe. The unostentatious but appropriate marble that marks her grave bears beneath

the bas-relief of a funeral urn capped with the symbolic flame of memory and immortal hope, the following inscription:

Sarah C. Robinson.
Sarah C.
wife of
Robert McCabe
Died
Jan. 14, 1852.
Aged 41 *years,*
5 *Mo.,* 10 *Ds.*

Let sickness blast and death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

IV

BOYHOOD IN ATHENS

IN a home presided over by such a mother and in the intellectual atmosphere of the old University town of Athens was spent the childhood of Bishop McCabe. In those days the classic shades of Athens drew to the halls of learning men whose names adorn the brightest pages of Ohio's early history. President W. H. McGuffey, of Eclectic Reader and Spelling Book fame; Prof. Frederick Merrick, later the President of Ohio Wesleyan University; Bishop T. A. Morris and his brother, Calvary Morris, the class-leader congressman; Bishop E. R. Ames; Prof. L. D. McCabe, and many other men of now venerated memory in Church and in State, by their presence and influence lent a charm and distinction to the place which attracted the best society into its pure moral and intellectual life. It is with a justifiable pride that this ancient seat of Western learning contributed to the Methodist Episcopal Church three of her honoured and beloved Bishops. For Bishops Earl Cranston, David H. Moore, and Charles Cardwell McCabe were all Athenians. Little "Dave" Moore and "Charlie" McCabe were playmates in their native village, but Earl Cranston was removed from Athens in his infancy and did

BISHOP McCABE'S CHILDHOOD HOME, ATHENS, OHIO

not return until after "Charlie" McCabe, four years his senior, had grown to youth and moved away, hence they were not playmates.

The careful training which Sarah McCabe bestowed upon her children may be inferred from her own intellectual aspirations, literary tastes, and studious habits. She seems to have inherited Susannah Wesley's mantle and to have ordered her household with a like motherly solicitude and genius. A single casual expression from one of the "Chaplain's" Libby Prison letters to his wife throws a light into that home-life of his boyhood which reveals the whole story of his mother's devotion to the early education of her children. Referring to his own infant son, in whom he found the full measure of a proud father's happiness, he wrote: "Can my little boy talk yet? Teach him his letters at once! he must learn to read at the age of three and one-half years. My mother did so. Life is short, must commence early."

From this we are left to conclude that Sarah McCabe was the first teacher of her children in the elements of education. From the mother's instruction children in those days usually passed into a private school, kept by some worthy dame, where they were fitted for still higher schools and finally for the Seminary and the College. It is quite certain that Athens did not in that early day offer to children such advantages for common-school education as it furnished the youth for the higher learning. "Charlie" McCabe was not a prodigy. No prophecies were made, nor were any extravagant expectations of his

future fame entertained. He was a bright, handsome, boyish boy, with a will of his own and a temper not all his own. He was happy, careless, and independent, but clean, pure-minded, and generous, with a tender conscience, and with the beautiful, expressive eyes of his mother. While he was not a strikingly precocious child, he was quick enough to learn when he set himself the task. He was full of innocent fun, a perfect mimic, and quite a "boy orator." He loved the great world out-of-doors, the streets, the trees, the College campus, the river where he learned to swim. He was fond of his dog. He loved the boys and girls, and they loved him. And even now in the gloaming of these far-off years they have the vision still of his strangely beautiful dark eyes that fascinated them in childhood and of that smiling face, the index of a happy heart that loved everything and everybody. What that boyhood life in Athens was to him, what influences were then and there making their lasting impression upon his mind and character, may be learned in part and by suggestion from a letter written to a friend after he had revisited his birthplace in 1885. "Last night after supper I wandered about Athens by moonlight; went over and saw the home we used to live in on the other side of the College green. It is a noble-looking house yet. It is right opposite the old beech-tree into which we boys used to climb and on whose limbs we used to cut our names. I walked all around the green, along the walk where we used to haul Mary in our little wagon, and stood on the high terrace and looked over into the Hocking

Valley, where we learned to swim. The old town looks very natural somehow. I could find my way about, even by moonlight, and trace out the old landmarks. I wandered up to the old College building and there is the steeple yet where the boys used to pen the goat.

"It was delightful to me to saunter around by myself and look at those old houses and think of days gone by. What a wonderful thing is memory! How loved ones come gliding in at her bidding and sit silently down at the feast of life! We had a happy childhood at Athens. The boys were, I think, better than they are now. Mothers could trust them out at night. On the College green fence we used to sit in long rows and tell stories and spin yarns till ten o'clock. Mother never thought we could do any wrong, and we repaid her trust by doing right always. Not an oath or obscene word would pass our lips. Our spirits were innocent. It took so little to amuse us then. A game of ball on the College green or of leapfrog was fun enough for us. There were no theatres, no saloons, no gambling hells anywhere to be seen. The taverns kept liquor, but a drunken man was rarely ever seen. Dear father; what a noble man he was to his family! What a palace that home must have seemed thirty-eight years ago, for it outranks all the houses of that street yet. I peered into the windows. Around the table a family of children were gathered, reading by a brilliant lamp—boys and girls. One, a beautiful young lady, who seemed an elder sister to the group, with a very fair, sweet face. I

wonder if they ever think of those who in other days trod that spacious hall and gathered, a happy group, around that ingle side! Dear mother! What a noble woman! How happy I would make her life if she were with us yet! It is so long since she died, and I am getting old, and will soon follow her. It was into that very room, where the family were sitting last night, that father used to go at noon to pray. Every day he would go into that room to talk with God before he returned to his business, and came out with a gleam in his face that used to fill me with awe, and I would say in the very depths of my soul: 'My papa is a wonderful good man, I must never deceive him.'

"I looked at the green on which we boys used to play and where sometimes for hours I would lie asleep, with my dog for my pillow. He was always so glad to let me put my head upon him and go to sleep in the long summer afternoons. I enjoyed going through the streets and reading the names on the signs. The fathers are dead—the sons succeed to the business. I did not make myself known to anybody. They knew not Joseph. It is a new generation. B. and G. saw my name in the register of the hotel and sought me out, or I would have passed through my native town without speaking to a soul. If I could have talked to some who lie sleeping in the cemetery I would have been glad. Well, I cannot say that life to me has been a disappointment. The result has far surpassed the day-dreams of my childhood. I had very humble views of myself. I never expected to be anything in the world. If a seer had told me that my station in

life was on a farm or in a corner grocery, I would not have been conscious of any want of harmony between such a destiny and my own opinions of my deservings. My life has been far more successful than ever I thought it would be."

V

IOWA—CONVERSION—CALL TO THE MINISTRY

ROBERT McCABE, with his family, left Athens and settled for a short time in Chillicothe, Ohio, whence, about the year 1850, they moved to Burlington, Iowa. Charles was then a lad of fourteen. At the close of that year and in a revival watch-night service, he experienced an overpowering blessing which the people looked upon and shouted over as his conversion, and he often referred to it as such. A gracious revival was in progress in old Zion Church, of which Rev. L. B. Dennis was the pastor, and that good man seems to be the best authority for the data that, shortly after midnight on January 1st, 1851, Charles C. McCabe, with others, joined the Church on probation. This was just after there had been a wonderful manifestation of spiritual power which has never been forgotten by that community. There has been some difficulty in settling these moot points of time and place and the ministerial agent of the Bishop's conversion. Even the Bishop's own statements at times seem to conflict. Where, when, and under whose ministry was he converted, received into the Church on probation, and then admitted to full membership? One report is that he was con-

verted in Athens, Ohio, at the age of seven or eight years, and through the evangelistic efforts of "Saint" Minturn. This is the Bishop's own statement: "When I was eight years old, during a revival I went forward to the altar at a quarterly meeting and came into conscious fellowship with Jesus Christ. There was an old man stopping at our home during the meeting. He was called 'Saint' Minturn. He was a holy man of God, and he would sing for mother a hymn beginning:

"'What's this that steals upon my frame—is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free
I shall the King of Glory see
All is well.'

Among the last verses, he sang:

"'Bright Angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room.
They wait to waft my spirit home.
All is well.'

He did not know that a little boy was listening to his voice. He did not know what wonder he awakened in my heart that he was not afraid to die! Young as I was, I felt that I was afraid to die, but here was a man who was ready to depart. That night he exhorted, and I yielded to his pleading; and with four other boys went forward to the altar and there came into conscious fellowship with Jesus Christ, and from that hour my call to the ministry was clear and unmistakable."

Again it was claimed that he was converted at Old Zion Church in Burlington, Iowa, January 1, 1851, under the ministry of the Rev. L. B. Dennis. And still again the impression has obtained that he was converted in Burlington during the pastorate of the Rev. Landon Taylor.

The facts seem to be that in addition to the religious ideas and principles which had been instilled into his heart by his godly father and mother there came to him the first gentle convictions and emotions which usually attend a sweet childish acceptance of an invitation to "come to the altar" in the church at Athens, Ohio. It was at "Saint" Minturn's meeting that little "Charlie" McCabe, with others, went to the "altar"; there he accepted the Saviour and felt His love, a love that never departed. But seven or eight years later, in Burlington, he may have found himself somewhat indifferent to that Saviour's love, and, "going forward" at a midnight revival service of remarkable spiritual power, he received a blessing that threw him into a trance, or of which the exceeding weight of glory caused him to faint to unconsciousness. There and then he was probably justified in believing that that was the time and place of his real conversion. There can be no doubt that the Rev. L. B. Dennis received him into the Church on probation in Old Zion Church. But soon after this experience he removed with his family to a farm near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

The next year, or later in the same year, he returned to Burlington and to Old Zion. A new pastor had

been sent to the charge, the Rev. Landon Taylor, and he evidently received the probationer into full membership. The profound impression which this able and saintly man made upon the newly awakened soul may have been and doubtless was the divinely ordained means used for his firm and complete establishment in the faith and experience of salvation, and in the conviction that he was called to the ministry.

At the request of a friend, the Bishop once dictated this statement: "During a great revival that was going on in Old Zion Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. L. B. Dennis, I united with the church on probation; shortly afterwards I moved to our great farm near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. We spent the winter there; when we returned I found that there had been a change of pastors and that the Rev. Landon Taylor was in charge. He took hold of me at once and was greatly interested in my spiritual welfare. He appointed me to lead a class when I was fifteen years old. The class met in a private home and soon grew so large that it required not only the front room, but the front yard to hold the congregation. I have always had a great veneration for L. B. Dennis and Landon Taylor; they remain in my memory as typical Methodist preachers; they went through the West calling men to repentance, building up the Church of God, and sowing the seed of the Kingdom of Heaven far and wide." Before this, however, in a communication to the Burlington *Hawk-Eye,* under date of January 22, 1887, the Bishop told what some have called "the story of his conversion." He wrote: "I joined

Old Zion Church in the year 1851; the Church itself was on fire with religious zeal; it was in a constant state of revival. L. B. Dennis was pastor. I was a boy of fifteen—the perilous age, the age when great questions are decided forever. It was a glorious thing for me that just at this time my father moved from a town where the Church was cold and formal to one where it was full of spiritual power, and the powerful appeals of Brother Dennis swept away my refuge of lies and woke my conscience. In the summer of 1851, we moved to the country near Mt. Pleasant, where my father owned a farm. Upon returning in the fall, we found that Landon Taylor was the pastor at Old Zion. He was the weeping prophet, a shepherd indeed, for he looked after the lambs. I yielded to the heavenly influences around me and united with the Church. Dear Old Zion! I loved the very dust upon its walls. Had it not been for what transpired within those walls, I verily believe my career on earth would have closed long ago. The Rev. A. C. Williams was brought in at the same time. We started a young men's prayer-meeting which became a great power in the city. Among those who joined us was P. L. Underwood. We urged him to enter the ministry with us, but he said: 'You boys go and preach and I'll make money for the cause of God.' He kept his word, and I have known him to give $25,000 at one time for a good object. I have no doubt he has given a large fortune away for the maintenance and spread of the Kingdom of Christ in the world. Who can estimate the power for good of

such a man as Landon Taylor? He was tender and noble. Our respect for him was boundless." It is not improbable that the McCabes left Burlington in 1851 and returned the next year, or in 1852, instead of in the same year. That will explain the fact that they were not at Old Zion during the Rev. Mr. Brooks' pastorate, which followed L. B. Dennis's.

It seems quite clear from these statements that the Bishop was converted at the age of eight, at Athens, Ohio, through the immediate influence of "Saint" Minturn; that at the age of fifteen, "that perilous age," he had lost the bright glow of his religious fervor and was beginning to question the reality of his experience, if not the truth of the Gospel, and in his mental perplexity was resorting to the quibbles of scepticism, when, as he says, "by his powerful appeals Brother Dennis swept away my refuge of lies and woke my conscience." In the further development of his religious life, and in his first efforts toward leading others, which resulted in his entering the ministry, Landon Taylor was his spiritual guide and father.

As to the claim that the Rev. Elias Skinner received brother McCabe into full membership while he was pastor at Cedar Rapids, there arises this difficulty: According to the "History of the Upper Iowa Conference," the Rev. Elias Skinner's pastorate there was from 1855 to 1857, which was after brother McCabe had left the city. Elias Skinner did not begin his pastorate there until at least a year after brother McCabe had entered Ohio Wesleyan University,

which was in 1854. During some later visit of brother McCabe to Iowa he may have become acquainted with pastor Skinner and the two men may have worked together in revival services, and in after years the latter may have had the impression that brother McCabe joined the church of which he was the pastor.

The call to the ministry evidently came to Charles McCabe in that first experience of the love and favor of God when, as a boy, he went to the altar on the invitation of "Saint" Minturn. With his subsequent wonderful baptism of spiritual power in the revival at Burlington the call became louder, clearer, and more unmistakable. The Church likewise acknowledged that he possessed the gifts and graces that qualified him to become a candidate for the ministry. It was the conviction of his pastors and fellow church members that he was "called." The genius of success was early manifest in all the endeavorings of young McCabe. He possessed a magnetic power that drew men to him and won their admiration and confidence. He always made friends, ardent, lifelong friends, wherever he went. He was brave, even daring, and always optimistic and the embodiment of good humor. As a born leader, he had the vision of a seer and would often startle others from their quiet ease and indifference by the very audacity of his faith and courage. His whole being seemed to exemplify the divine precept, "What thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might." Put in charge of a great farm in the winter of 1851-2, when

but fifteen years of age, he justified his father's confidence in his ability by such a management of affairs that in the spring the stock, for which he had built shelters with his own hands and which he had carefully fed, was the fattest and sleekest in the country. The next year after his successful farming experience, he entered the store of Mr. Green, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, as a clerk. That winter he sang in the choir of the Episcopal Church. By his diligence and devotion to business and by his religious earnestness and power of song he so completely won the confidence and affection of his employer, who was an Episcopalian, that he proposed to send Charles to college in the East, if he would enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But no, highly as he appreciated Mr. Green's noble and generous proposition, with his Methodist antecedents and his warm Methodist blood, young McCabe felt obliged to decline the good man's offer and to choose rather to be a Methodist preacher. Thus far he had succeeded in everything he had undertaken. He put his soul into every work he had to do, that is to say, his whole energy, will, enthusiasm, and conscience went into his task. There can be no doubt that if he had chosen a commercial or professional career, he would have distinguished himself and would have reaped those rewards of wealth and fame which are ever at the command of such force, genius, and tireless devotion to duty as were combined in his success-compelling personality.

VI

PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY—OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

IN preparation for the ministry Charles sought the educational advantages which were offered by the Ohio Wesleyan University, and as Prof. William F. Whitlock thinks, he matriculated in the fall of 1854. He had not enjoyed a very thorough training for College. The limited advantages for schooling at Athens, outside the University course, and the farming and clerking experiences in Iowa, prevented that preparation for student life which would have fitted him to at once enter the Freshman class in the Classical Course. He consequently began with preparatory studies.

As with every young man who seeks the higher education, so with Charles McCabe; his arrival at College opens a new epoch in his life. His career has been determined upon; he has heard the call of God, a clear, unmistakable call. And now, having been encouraged by his uncle "Dow," he proceeds to Delaware, Ohio, to study for the ministry. It is no exaggeration, however, to say that while Charles McCabe's arrival in Delaware marked an important epoch in his own life, it also made an impression on that pious and classical community. Old students of Wesleyan and

LORENZO DOW McCABE, D.D., LL.D.

citizens of Delaware remembered ever afterward the coming of "Charlie" McCabe. A refreshing breeze of religious enthusiasm seemed to have struck the town on his coming. During the Chapel service he said "Amen" aloud and with an unction. The students looked over their shoulders and the professors stared at him over their spectacles. He carried into the College prayer-meetings and into the village Church the magnetism of a living, joyful, courageous religious experience. The students and the people were moved by his prayers and testimony, and thrilled by the strangely sweet influence of his song. Not many weeks passed before he was a popular favorite; he won all hearts by his happy spirit, his cordial manners, his handsome face, his magnetic voice, and his genuine religious fervour. Here again were early manifested those qualities of personality which in after years attracted to him a world of friends and won to every great cause of which he was the champion the princely laymen who under the spell of his sanctified eloquence laid fortunes on the altars of God. Who shall say that it is to be regretted that in those College days he permitted his spiritual fervor to get away with his academic studiousness? He did this; religion was the greatest thing in the world to him, then and always. He could not lay it aside, he did not hold in abeyance his religious emotions, or quench the spirit while seeking the mental training of the University. He was a man of feeling, and because a man of feeling a sincere man, a man of convictions, a man of principle. Hence this man of deep, rational

emotion, of living, virile feeling, enjoyed the divinely inspired emotion and feeling of religion, of patriotism, of benevolence, of humanitarianism, of every great, genuine soul experience. And this made his religious life and work the inspiration of a mighty and immortal spiritual impulse, an impulse which combines principle, reason, conviction, judgment, faith, courage, enthusiasm, and charity into the very genius of initiative and of achievement. Yes, while at College McCabe thought more of souls than of syllogisms and was more deeply interested in prayer-meetings and revivals than in Greek roots and logarithms. The "reminiscences" of Dr. Isaac Crook and of Prof. William F. Whitlock are very sweet reading where they represent young McCabe as going from room to room among the students to pray with them, comfort the sick, reclaim the backslider, and win the unconverted to Christ. He would leave College for days and weeks at a time to hold revivals in the country school-houses or in the churches of the towns and villages beyond. In that work he won the love and confidence of thousands of God's people in Ohio and easily became the most popular student of Wesleyan. Of course, his college standing suffered. In later years he may have regretted that he was not a more devoted student, and that he had not taken better advantage of his educational opportunities. But if a closer application to study would have resulted in making of him anything other than what he was, then in the estimation of many a judicious mind it would have spoiled him. We learn from his old

instructors and fellow-students just what those who knew him in life's activities would have surmised, that in college he took to the languages, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, to poetry, letters, history, and elocution rather than to mathematics, logic, and philosophy. He had a noble imagination, a natural eloquence, a poetical temperament that took to what the old schoolmen called "the humanities" of learning. With all his spirituality he was not metaphysical. And while a man was rarely found who thought more clearly or reasoned more soundly and quickly, he seemed to ignore the roundabout and tedious forms of learning and to despise all pedantry. If in his mental processes he was not formally mathematical, logical, and philosophical, he was more, grandly more; he was a man whose vision the mathematics of the spheres proved true, whose impulses and intuitions logic had to approve, and whose masterful convictions would make philosophy rewrite its categories. An evangelist with a soul aflame with spiritual fire, that is what this Charles McCabe was when, some will say, he should have been "a grind." If a greater devotion to mathematics, logic, and philosophy would not have spoiled him; if they could have made him still a greater, wiser, more powerful, and more successful man than he was, who will not join him in the regret that he did not get more out of his College opportunities? His health failed him while he was at Delaware—not from excessive application to his studies, but from two other causes. He had exhorted, prayed, sung, and preached himself almost to exhaustion in

his evangelistic work. Then his Uncle "Dow" fell dangerously ill of typhoid fever and Charles nursed him through it all, only to fall a victim soon after to the same disease. He recovered slowly, felt the need of a change of work at least, left Wesleyan, and, as soon as his returning health permitted, he took a country school to teach. This ended his College career; but though he did not graduate he was later credited with having completed the course, and he became an alumnus of Ohio Wesleyan University of the class of 1860.

VII

THE STUDENT—MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS—BOOKS

GRAND old Ohio Wesleyan University gave Charles McCabe the taste for learning and the hunger for knowledge that remained with him through life. We are wont to think of him as the man of impulse and action that he was. His life was an illustration of the Demosthenian definition of eloquence: "Action, *action,* ACTION." But he was more of a student and scholar than one would imagine his busy life could have permitted him to become. After all, what are these terms: "student," "scholar," "learning," "education," but relative terms of indefinite and uncertain value? Beyond a certain narrow circumference, within which there is little disparity of ability between college-bred men, but few men distinguish themselves as great scholars to be recognised as world-authorities in any branch of learning. Every man may be more learned than certain other men, but he will also be less learned than still others. The great majority of "scholars" are only comparatively scholarly; few are superlatively learned. And that few will not be among the superlatives tomorrow. Was Bishop McCabe a student and a scholar? Yes, less a student and scholar than a few,

more a student and scholar than many. It is not every graduate of a University that carries on into life the desire to study and learn that characterised Charles McCabe in those years of early manhood when men of very active duties rarely find the time to devote to books. Bishop McCabe was what is known as a "well-read" man. We find in his journal by the revelation which he there makes of his sincerest heart feelings that he had tasted only to forever after long to drink deep of the Pierian spring. Six years after he had left College and during the busy, exciting scenes of the Civil War days which engaged his energies to their utmost and crowded his time with multiplied activities, he often recorded in his journal his love of study and his desire for learning. "The life of a student suits me well. Alas, how little have I been able in my life to know its pleasures! From my early childhood sickness has followed swiftly upon the heels of close application, and when at College my religious fervour led me to spend all my energies in holding meetings and trying to win souls to Christ. But I do not regret it."

Again, in an almost pathetic strain, he writes, in that 1864 journal: "I want to be a student. O, how I pine for the student's life once more! I most heartily wish I could go to Delaware, Ohio, for another term of four years, so that I might study beneath the watchful care of my uncle, Professor McCabe. I could much better than ever before appreciate the value of his society to me."

Again and again the only record in his daily

journal reads: "Spent the day chiefly in study," "Spent the day in rest and study," "Spent the day in work, the evening in study," "I have been studying all day." Thus when resting for a day from his excessive and exhausting labours, at home, in an hotel, on the railway train, or with some hospitable citizen, he turned with avidity to his books. He seemed to pen with great satisfaction such records as these: "Spent the morning in study and reading, and much do I enjoy it. The life of a student has every charm for me. Yet the end draweth nigh, and I will soon be able to plunge into the busy world again. It is well, my taste runs in either way. I like a quiet or an active life."

"How glad I am to get a day which I can devote almost entirely to study."

His studious inclinations and real scholarly aspirations were revealed in Libby Prison, where he organised what he called "My College." In one of those precious Libby Prison letters to his wife he writes: "We have classes in French, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Rhetoric, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, etc." In other letters he says: "I am making a careful and critical study of the Bible." "I am studying French and Butler's Analogy." "I spend my time pleasantly, can already read French and am acquiring its difficult pronunciation. I commit to memory and make a commentary upon a Psalm each day." "I am nearly through my French, have procured a German grammar and will enter upon its study to-day. Got 'Les Miserables' and read it, wonderful book!" "I am nearly through

the French testament and ready to read the German." "I have translated and will copy a beautiful tragedy for you from the French, 'Athalie,' by Racine."

A year after he had been released from Libby Prison, and when ill, he wrote in his journal: "Have been trying to carry on my studies, but with very poor success. Ever since my confinement in prison I have tried to keep up my French. But my time has been very small for such things."

Much of his reading in those days, if not all of it, was snatched up from the stream of literature as he rushed along in his strenuous duties, as the real fighters of Gideon's band caught up with the hand the water from the brook as they hurried on to the field of battle nor took the time to kneel down at every stream and lap their fill.

If his reading was not of the heavy variety, it was always well chosen, both for its literary style and for its educational value and patriotic and moral inspiration. He did not waste his precious time poring over tomes of theological and metaphysical dust, and he cared little or nothing for those endless quibbles over the "tweedledums" and "tweedledees" of philosophical speculation. He did not have to run to the last catalogue of books on German rationalism or destructive criticism to find out whether or not the foundations of Christianity had given way and the Gospel had been proven a cunningly devised fable. To his practical way of thinking there was a great body of living literature which it was much more scholarly and sensible to be familiar with than with all the specu-

lative philosophy and science falsely so-called that impractical and supercilious pedants imagine one must know in order to be considered scholarly and learned. Real, living, practical learning was to Bishop McCabe's mind beyond price, and no man appreciated, admired, coveted that genuine learning more than he. But no man had a keener wit and saner common sense to discriminate between real learning and sham learning, the possession of scholarship and the pretence of scholarship.

In this day with his great work done, and so nobly done, we read with an admiring and affectionate interest the brief notes made in his journal more than forty years ago that tell us what books he read, how they impressed him, and what he had to say of them at the time. In addition to the common run of books such as the commentaries on the Scriptures and the general theological works, he delighted in perusing the writings of the great English divines such as Newton, Beveridge, Hall, Taylor, South, and Robertson, no less than Wesley. He preserved copious extracts from their sermons in his journal. Of Bishop Hall's "Contemplations" he said: "It is a quaint old book, full of the rarest gems of thought and worthy the study of every Christian, and especially of every Christian minister." He was a diligent student of the hymnists and with his own gift of song made himself master of the poetry and music of Christianity's sweetest hymnology. He placed Bonar next to Charles Wesley as a writer of sacred songs.

He was particularly interested in history and biog-

raphy, as he found in events and in the lives of men the evidences of the Gospel's divine influence in the world. His reading included Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," Stevens' "History of Methodism," the works of Gibbon, Hume, and Macaulay, and he was a great admirer of the productions of Victor Hugo and of Shakespeare. He read nearly all of Washington Irving's books, and in his admiration for this elegant writer he was not satisfied with perusing the most important of them but once, but read them over and over again. The comments which he made upon Irving's works give us an insight into the thoroughness of his study, and his quick appreciation of the best points made by an author. He lays down "Knickerbocker" with the reflection: "I have been greatly amused with the book. I suppose the New York Dutchmen can scarcely forgive the author for raising a national laugh at the expense of their worthy ancestors." His remarks after reading "The Alhambra" are truly valuable, as they open to our view the romantic tendencies of his own mind. He writes: "The author has a great power to hold the attention by the relation of old Moorish legends and hobgoblin stories. I confess to a considerable share of the author's liking for such matters. When I was a child the mysteries of the 'Arabian Nights' possessed no difficulties for my credulity. Although perhaps I am somewhat wiser than when, with eyes fairly starting from their sockets, I pored over the wondrous tales, still I do not find it difficult even now to follow the fortunes of some enchanted warrior with a

deal of real interest, really possessing a *bona fide* desire that some influence might be brought to break the magic spell. Irving has made me think better of Spain; a journey thither would not be without its attractions. I would enjoy it, if for no other purpose than to see the Alhambra."

While this extract reveals a mind appreciative of the artistic, poetical, and romantic, another reflection shows how plain matters of fact of only common-sense interest impressed him: "The author tells us what I never knew before, that Seville is renowned for its good bread. If that be so, some ladies I wot of might be profited by a short sojourn there. All ladies should know how to make good bread themselves, or should know at least how to instruct others. I will say, however, that my wife need not go to Seville."

After reading the "Crayon Sketches" he writes: "Irving was an observing traveller. He would note events and make them of great interest in the telling, which hundreds of travellers would entirely overlook. And those events, too, which more than any others give us the best conception of a character, or bring most readily before us the scenes through which the author passed. True to the very life are the descriptions of Irving; what we read brings the whole thing before us."

"'Newstead Abbey' I read with little interest. The very name of Lord Byron inspires gloomy recollections. What an amazing prostitution of brilliant genius to the work of the destroyer! Would that when he flung away the boon of pardon and faith in

our Lord Jesus he might also have flung away the resplendent talents which bewildered and bewitched the world and lured so many young men from the path of duty!"

We can easily appreciate this tender-hearted man's admiration for the character of Oliver Goldsmith, as portrayed by the graceful and sympathetic pen of Washington Irving. Nothing more spontaneously natural appears in these literary comments than Chaplain McCabe's appreciation of the great and tender humanity of Goldsmith. It touches a warm spot in every kind heart to read these words: "I am charmed by the character of Goldsmith as presented by Irving. I like his very faults. His generosity and extreme poverty were unpleasant companions pecuniarily, yet who is not rich that has learned to give, to give even all his living, to relieve the wants of those around him? No more magnificent compliment could be paid Goldsmith than that the distressed never applied to him in vain! This book will make me a more careful student of Goldsmith's writings. I know now amid what difficulties he composed them all. How he compelled his overtaxed brain to labour on so that he might have the means to pay debts contracted by his improvident generosity!" Alas, was the great-hearted McCabe a Goldsmith raised to a higher power and in helping the poor, in assuming the great debts of churches, did he not often mortgage all his energies and hypothecate all his future time and strength with optimistic cheerfulness? Possibly he was thinking of what his dearest friends might have called his own "improvident gen-

erosity" when he wrote: "Irving winds up his Biography with this remark, 'Let not his frailties be remembered,' said Johnson, 'he was a very great man.' But for our part we rather say let them *be remembered,* since their tendency is to endear; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in having his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase so often and familiarly ejaculated of: 'Poor Goldsmith.'"

Irving's voluminous "Life of Washington" is indeed a very comprehensive history of the American Revolution. It is no light undertaking to read it through, but it seemed a delight to the Chaplain to feast his patriotic soul on its fascinating pages. He writes: "I am reading to-day Irving's 'Life of Washington,' 2d Vol.; have read it before, but the charm of the author's style, together with a desire to refresh my memory concerning the events of the Revolution, have lured me to the book again. One thing strikes me as never before: The doubtful patriotism of the army in the first two years of the war with Britain. Our troops now (1864) fighting to preserve the nation lose nothing by comparison with those who fought to give it birth. Had they such a foe as we, our independence had never been won. Live the Republic!"

"Am already in the midst of the 3d volume of the 'Life of Washington.' God's hand is plainly visible in all this history. Surely he is our God yet and will not forsake us in our hour of gloom. God save the Republic!"

These and many other similar reflections show with what a thorough spirit of inquiry and appreciation he read all the books to which he devoted the spare hours of those most laborious years.

On January 22, 1864, he wrote in his journal: "I propose the following for a course of study to be faithfully pursued by me until finished:

Modern Languages.

English. French. German.

Ancient Languages.

Hebrew.
Latin.
Greek.

Mathematics.

Bourdon.
Geometry.
Mechanics.

Hebrew.

Gesenius, and
Hebrew Bible.

Greek.

Homer's Iliad, 4 Books.
Herodotus, 2 Books.
Xenophon's Memorabilia.
Greek Testament.
Prometheus.
Demosthenes, De Corona.

Latin.

Livy.
Cicero { de Senectute. de Amicitia. de Officiis.
Virgil.
Horace.
Tacitus.

To what extent the Chaplain carried out his proposal to master this course of study does not appear. It is enough for us to know that the spirit and aims of the student were not sacrificed even in those trying days when overwork weakened his bodily powers and endangered his very life. Moreover, this one thing is clearly manifest in his reading and study, that he wasted no time either on things trifling and superficial, or on books of bottomless depth and endless specu-

lation devoid of practical utility and inspiration. To him who turned every possession of blood, nerve, brain, heart, knowledge, eloquence, song, magnetism, and life into action and achievement for the promotion of the Kingdom of God, the salvation of men, and the preservation and glory of his country, only the books that increased his resources of available and practical power seemed interesting enough to challenge his conscientious attention. How do the mere boast of learning, the pride of academic scholarship, and the pretence of supercilious pedantry fade into puerility in the light of that splendour of beneficent achievement which crowns the life of tireless and glorious action!

"For the dreamer saw the sorrow and he heard the bitter cries,
And he left his dreams of morning, and his earthly Paradise;
And he changed his lyre of music, for the bugle of the fight,
And he sounded forth his challenge to the myrmidons of night,
To the tyrant and oppressor who had done the people wrong,
While he led the marching millions with the summons of his song."

VIII

SCHOOL-TEACHING—MARRIAGE—PASTORATE

SOON after young McCabe had recovered from his illness at college and had found a little country school to teach, a request came to the University for a student to fill the principalship of the High School at Ironton. McCabe was recommended by Bishop Thompson, then President of Wesleyan, and was called to the position, which for two years he filled with conspicuous success. He raised the standard of study and discipline and carried an enthusiasm into his work that was quickly imparted to the students. One of those Ironton schoolboys, Mr. Edward S. Wilson, writes his interesting recollections of Mr. McCabe's advent as principal:

"I was a member of the school at the time and recall with what interest the pupils gathered at the windows and watched for the appearance of the new teacher. Some of us who had seen him at Sunday School the day before were crowded with questions as to his looks. One boy said he had eyes like Daniel Webster, and another that his brow was like Napoleon Bonaparte's, all of which opinions were symptoms of softening toward the new teacher. A third boy rounded up the opinions by saying: 'I'll bet we'll like

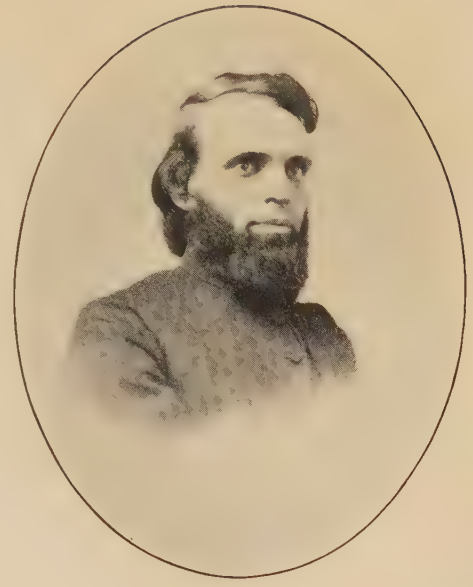
him.' In the meantime he had disappeared in the building and went to the superintendent's room, where he remained until the bell rang for school to begin, and then he entered the room and took his seat on the platform. The pupils were all in their places and the silence was almost solemn on the interchange of glances. Mr. McCabe then arose, and in a moment broke the silence thus: 'My young friends, I am a Christian, and I intend to conduct this school on Christian principles and the doctrine of the Golden Rule.' In this manner he spoke for two or three minutes and then called out the first class. From that moment the school was under the spell of a lofty personality. The discipline was largely the influence of an affectionate friend and not often was this benign sway disturbed. . . . In those days, Mr. McCabe was often invited out into the country to preach and he always asked me to go with him. Those were delightful experiences. Here it is fifty years since I was his pupil. It is not simply the recollection that comes to me across that half-century that I record, but the memory that touched the every-day experiences in that long lapse of years with a joy and gratitude that I had the good fortune to be associated with so charming and noble a man as Mr. McCabe. I remember him as one of the purest, sweetest souls I ever knew."

Many an old pupil with Mr. Wilson and many an old resident of Ironton remembers how Principal McCabe enlisted the pupils in the beautifying of the school grounds by planting trees, many of which still flourish there to tell how happy and mutually inspiring was that

comradeship of master and students fifty years ago. Principal McCabe continued that earnest evangelistic, soul-winning preaching which distinguished his singularly devoted life at college. Ironton and the surrounding country felt his spiritual power as had Delaware, and with all the energy that he put into the school, for he never did any work half-heartedly, he still found time and strength and a most zealous disposition to lead souls to Christ.

During the Civil War the Chaplain revisited Ironton and noted in his journal the memories and sentiments which were then awakened in his mind. "Ironton, Ohio. In my old home once more. Here some delightful years glided away. I was happy here and I trust useful. The boys and girls of my old school have nearly all turned out well. They are blessings to the communities where they live. The most of my boys are in the army. Some have been killed and others have died of wounds and disease. My school grounds look splendidly. I want to rear a monument in their midst in memory of the noble dead of the school and of the town, who have given their lives for their country. I do not doubt such a project would succeed."

But those two years of school teaching were made more memorable still in their bearing upon Charles McCabe's future destiny of happiness and success, by his meeting there with Miss Rebecca Peters, the daughter of John Peters, one of Ironton's prominent iron manufacturers. This acquaintance, which was formed during the vacation which Miss Peters was



CHAPLAIN McCABE

1861

MRS. McCABE

spending at home, ripened into an engagement after she had graduated at the Wesleyan Female Seminary of Cincinnati, and on July 6, 1860, they were married. Thus began that happy union of forty-six years which were filled with uninterrupted domestic felicity. Not only was Charles McCabe a lover to his dying day, but he never concealed the affection which he had for the woman who was the pride of his eyes and the joy of his life. With a naïve gallantry characteristic of his honest, ardent nature, he took delight in letting the world know how tenderly he loved the wife whom God had given to him as an helpmate. His beloved "Rebecca" must share in all his successes and honors as she shared in all his trials and struggles.

In the humble beginning of his ministry, when they had no luxuries and but scant supply of the common necessaries of life, she was the cheerful sharer of his burdens. During the dark days of the Civil War, when the call of his country separated them in their young married life, and when his imprisonment in Libby filled her with sorrow, anxiety, and fearful apprehension, her every thought was of him; but nothing could quench her patriotic devotion to the Union cause, for which her husband was ready to lay down his life. In the work of the Christian Commission she frequently attended her husband on his rapid journeys, and in his weariness and exhaustion often nursed him back, as it seemed, from the very gates of death. Then in all the zeal and unremitting toil of those great secretarial years on and up to the high

and holy dignity and consecrated devotion of his Episcopal career, she proved herself the God-given helpmate to whom he took every fitting opportunity to award the meed of affectionate and grateful praise. From the many tender paternal expressions found in his journal and letters we learn how full was his joy in the gift of a son with whom God had blessed their union. John P. McCabe, the only child of Charles Cardwell and Rebecca Peters McCabe, was born December 29, 1861, in Putnam, Zanesville, Ohio.

In those days a rule of the Ohio Conference required that a young minister should be in the Conference at least two years before he married. But brother McCabe used to say that he "married first and read the rule afterwards, for he was afraid some one would carry Beccie off if he waited." He joined the Ohio Conference and was ordained a Deacon by Bishop Matthew Simpson, at Gallipolis, Ohio, September 23, 1860.

His first appointment was Putnam, since incorporated into the city of Zanesville. Though the salary was very meagre, he and his devoted wife, who had been reared in luxury, entered upon the work most cheerfully, and without a thought or ambition, save that of doing the duties of the Methodist preacher in saving souls and shepherding the flock of God in a quiet and contented pastorate. This, however, was not to be his destiny. Attractive and useful as the most circumscribed pastorate may have seemed to his zealous but unambitious nature, events were impending that were to call him from this peaceful and

congenial field of labour into prominent public activities wherein his extraordinary genius for leadership was to be demonstrated and utilised and the way providentially opened through which his entire life, with the exception of a brief respite of a few months, was to be consecrated to most arduous but brilliant and successful official service for his country and the Church.

IX

THE CIVIL WAR—"CHAPLAIN" McCABE

THE Fall of 1860 was epochal. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States and the Nation trembled on the brink of civil war. The inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, on March 4, 1861, was effected amid the ominous growlings of that spirit of rebellion which soon in madness cried: "Havoc! And let slip the dogs of war." Pastor McCabe had been settled in his charge at Putnam but a few months when Fort Sumter was fired upon, and armed and organised secession was threatening the downfall of the national Union. To so ardent a patriot as young Pastor McCabe the news of the insult offered the flag of freedom came like a bugle call to duty. The peace and quiet of a pastoral charge lost their charm for him, while the screech of fife and roll of drum thrilled his blood with unwonted excitement, fired his tongue with a new eloquence, and roused his spirit to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. To this end Charles McCabe had been trained from infancy. He drew the love of liberty from his sainted mother's breast. The sweet and vital air of freedom pervaded his boyhood home. He grew up among a people who hated slavery and were the first and foremost in opposing

1857

1864

CHARLES CARDWELL McCABE

its extension and labouring for its extirpation. The original founders of the Commonwealth of Ohio, with Jefferson's coöperation, insisted that the great Ordinance of 1787 should include the prohibition of slavery. And though defeated in its first wise and righteous aims for the widening of the bounds of freedom, Ohio, from its organisation into Statehood, fronted her noble river with a kindly but dignified and unflinching resistance of slavery's extension. And to the black and swelling tide that threatened to break all barriers and sweep in unrestrained cruelty over all the land she said: "Thus far, but no further!" And there, there at the Ohio, were slavery's dark waves stayed. Ohio had been the main route of the famous Underground Railway by which thousands of fugitive slaves had been aided in their flight for Canada and freedom. When young McCabe entered Ohio Wesleyan University he found it a hotbed of abolition, liberty, and patriotic unionism. The McCabes, led on by that noblest Roman of them all, Professor Lorenzo Dow McCabe, were the blackest kind of black abolitionists. The Methodist Episcopal Church, in her spirit and laws, in her laymen and ministers, was pledged to universal freedom, and to the resistance and destruction of the demoniacal institution of slavery. Men like Chase, Giddings, Wade, and John Brown had been teaching their radical views to the rising generation, and this pure air of freedom and patriotism did Charles McCabe inhale into his soul. Ohio had responded promptly and gloriously to Mr. Lincoln's call for soldiers to defend the Union, and the whole State

was aflame with patriotism when Pastor McCabe was invited by the citizens of Putnam and Zanesville to speak at the union meetings, and with his eloquent tongue, now a very tongue of fire, inspire men to volunteer by thousands to join the Union armies. It was largely through his influence and by the inspiration of his eloquence that the 122d Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry was raised. Of this famous regiment he was appointed chaplain on October 8, 1862, and he received his commission from Governor William Dennison. That he might be able to exercise all the functions of an ordained minister, and administer the sacraments in the army, the disciplinary requirements were not insisted upon in his case, and he was ordained an elder by Bishop Thomas A. Morris, at Zanesville, Ohio, September 7, 1862.

What a record Ohio has to boast of in the history of the Civil War! She sent 313,180 men into the Army and Navy, and 35,475 of her brave sons perished in defence of their country. Foremost in the counsels of the Nation, as foremost on the field of war, stood the men of that great Commonwealth. Stanton, the Secretary of War; Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, were of Ohio. Joshua R. Giddings, a tower of strength in the National House of Representatives; Senator Ben Wade, Chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and Senator John Sherman, Chairman of the Finance Committee, hailed from the same State. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were sons of Ohio, as were McClellan, Rosecran , Buell, McDowell, Custer,

McCook, Mitchell, Schenck, Steedman, Garfield, and Hayes; and so too was young McKinley, who as Quartermaster-Sergeant distinguished himself on Antietam's bloody field. And as Ohio furnished the great Secretary of War, the great Secretary of the Treasury, and by nativity the great Commanding General, so did she give to the Union Army its most popular and distinguished Chaplain, Charles C. McCabe, ever after known and universally honoured as "Chaplain McCabe." As the Boys in Blue learned to love him in those great war days, and as the old soldiers of our country continued to cherish his friendship and revere his character, while their hearts thrilled responsively at the very mention of his name, so through life did that sympathetic, eloquent, glorious Chaplain hold in the deepest affection of his patriotic heart the veterans of the Civil War. He never lost his interest in the old soldier. The sight of the little bronze button on the lapel of even the shabbiest coat always prompted the outstretched hand and the hearty greeting of the comrade. Many an old soldier among the living and among the dead could testify to the generosity of Chaplain McCabe, who never saw a comrade in distress that he did not minister to his needs. From his own pocket, and by contributions from his friends among the rich, he helped many a poor comrade out of want and helped also to keep the roof over the heads of many a dead hero's widow and orphans. Nor did he ever neglect an opportunity to give an old comrade the godly, spiritual admonition that might lead him to lay hold on eternal life. One of the most touching yet per-

fectly characteristic scenes in the closing years of his life was enacted on the streets of Trenton, New Jersey. He had come to the city to assist at the service of burning a mortgage that had been paid off on Warren Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. John Gourley was the pastor. As he stepped out from the station upon the street he saw a man staggering along under the influence of liquor. Upon his coat was the sacred little bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. The Bishop stepped to his side, took his hand, and greeted him as comrade. Then he walked along arm in arm with him, telling how sorry he was to see an old soldier in that condition and urging him to accept Christ and promise to meet him in Heaven. Strange sight, indeed, was it for the passers-by to look upon, a Bishop walking up the street with a drunken man! But it was just like McCabe.

The widow of an old Libby Prison comrade had nothing to depend upon but a brief manuscript left by her husband, describing the famous escape through the tunnel of Libby. Most generously the Century Company had it printed in pamphlet form and without charge; then Chaplain McCabe was instrumental in selling 20,000 of those pamphlets at ten cents a copy, enabling the poor widow to realise $2,000. Just like McCabe! One of his last acts of generous comradeship was coming to Washington and lecturing in the Metropolitan Church for the benefit of the temporary Home for Old Soldiers. Never did he face a more magnificent audience, and never did he lecture more acceptably. How tender, how eloquent, how inspiring

he was! How the old soldiers wept and laughed and cheered! How they surged about him and shook his hand and hailed him "McCabe," and "Comrade," and "Chaplain," and "Charlie," and forgot to call him "Bishop"! How many who knew him in camp or hospital or prison cell, on the march or on the battle-field, or by the quiet fireside, or in the Grand Army Encampment in the later years of peace, could truly have said:

> "'We loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
> Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
> Learned his great Language, caught his clear accents,
> Made him our pattern to live and to die.'"

Chaplain McCabe was a true and devoted spiritual shepherd of his regiment. He carried into the Army the same evangelistic spirit that had distinguished him at College. To win men to Christ was his consuming passion. What an evangelist he would have made! With his great zeal, his emotional nature, his splendid eye, lighted with celestial fire, his wonderful command of vigorous, clean-cut, Anglo-Saxon language, his knowledge of the Scriptures, his great humanity, his magnetic eloquence, and his power and pathos in song, he would have made an evangelist of that high and noble order to which belonged such glorious soul-winners as Finney, Edwards, Tennant, and Whitefield.

The chaplaincy of a regiment of volunteer soldiers was not sought by him as a mere sinecure, it was a field of Christian and patriotic labour, to which he brought all the intense devotion and earnestness of his religious nature. How he loved the men! How tenderly he

cared for them in their trials and sufferings! How solicitous was he for their welfare, temporal and spiritual! How he laboured for their conversion and with what joy did he hear them confess Christ! He could not have been more zealous in building up a Church than he was in developing the spiritual, religious life of the regiment. His preaching and singing charmed the boys; they called him "the singing Chaplain." His great-hearted kindness and sympathy won their confidence, their veneration, and their affection; they came to look upon him as their truest friend. His spiritual power over them grew with the trials, hardships, and dangers of war. His meetings were always well attended, and they were not mere formal religious exercises, but seasons of spiritual refreshing from the presence of the Lord. He was always evangelistic and preached for immediate results in conviction and salvation, and rarely did a meeting close without some conversions.

Chaplain McCabe's indifference to, if not his contempt for, all red tape in ecclesiastical, parliamentary, or military law and discipline was one of his amusing weaknesses. He had no patience with petty technicalities that hindered him in his good work. The parliamentary quibbling that blocked the great wheels of important legislation in a General Conference or the minor details of camp rules and regulations that interfered with a revival meeting among the soldiers, he could nonchalantly sweep aside. His breaches of the technicalities of official and parliamentary rules were generally condoned with the same good nature with

which they were committed, for who did not know that he never transgressed a petty rule of form but to more quickly and surely get at the accomplishment of a great good. His disposition to ignore the restraints of regulation and the technicalities of discipline, in his zeal to carry out a wise and godly purpose, did not always meet with the same good-natured indifference in the Army that it was treated with later in Secretarial office, the General Conferences, and the annual Conferences of the Church, when brethren would smile and say: "That is just like McCabe." No, his very zeal for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers once, at least, led him to an offense of insubordination that resulted in his arrest and his repentance. In his speech at a reception in Philadelphia, in 1904, he gave this charming bit of reminiscence which illustrates several characteristics of his nature: "I went down to the army and joined my regiment. It was not yet quite time for the forward move, and I got the boys to help me build a big arbor church and we started a protracted meeting —meeting every day and every night; fully five hundred souls were converted at those meetings. I met my old Colonel the other day; he is in his eighty-fourth year, and he reminded me of an incident I had forgotten. He said that one day during that protracted meeting, when he went out for the usual three o'clock dress parade, the soldiers were not present. He stood there almost alone on the parade ground. The bugle had called the men to the order of the day, but they did not respond. The Colonel shouted to the Adjutant: 'Where are the men?' and he said, 'The

Chaplain has them all in that church, and he declares that the meeting is so good that he won't let them come.' The Colonel was angry. He sent a message to me and ordered me to dismiss the meeting. I sent back word that I could not dismiss the meeting; it was going on with such great power that I did not feel it would be right. The Colonel then sent a guard and arrested me and brought me up to headquarters, where he remonstrated with me for interfering with the military discipline of the camp. The Colonel said I was out of sorts for two or three days, but that I came one day and lifted up the flap of his tent and put my head in and said: 'Colonel, you were right and I was wrong; henceforth I will obey orders.'" Just like McCabe! Yes, and another act was just like McCabe, brave, unconventional, unselfish McCabe! It was the act that resulted in his capture by the Confederates and his incarceration in Libby Prison. But let his old Colonel, W. H. Ball, tell how Chaplain McCabe was appreciated by the boys of the 122d Ohio, and how it was for them he sacrificed his liberty and endangered his life. The brave Colonel, whom the Chaplain loved and honoured as a patriot and hero, once introduced him to a Zanesville audience in part as follows: "In the summer of 1862 he was ministering to a Methodist congregation in Putnam, now the tenth ward of this city. The 122d Regiment was fortunate in securing his services as Chaplain. From the first his sympathies went out to the boys. They could be subjected to no exposure, no hardship, no danger, which he did not desire to share with them, none which

he did not share with them if in his power to do so. In the hospital he was like a gentle ministering angel. He was by the bedside of the dying to receive the last message and to give the last consolation. He was the life of the regiment. I can recall his strong musical and eloquent voice as it went out in Union war songs on the banks of the South Branch and at Winchester. It is difficult to believe that in this Christian country a man would be captured and imprisoned in Libby for teaching the precepts of Christianity and ministering to the dying, yet it was for this only that the Chaplain was sent to Richmond, where he acquired his prison experience. I believe, in my heart I believe, he was the most efficient, the best, the most manly and perfect military chaplain that ever trod the soil of America. With a heart as large as humanity, he would not have swerved from a moral or religious or a patriotic duty to save his life. I honour and I love him." If they could speak to-day, would not all the gallant boys of the 122d Ohio once more follow their grand old Colonel and with him rise up and call him blessed who in the days that tried men's souls was their beloved, brave, and glorious Chaplain?

X

CAPTURED—"ON TO RICHMOND"

LEE was pressing on toward Pennsylvania with his bold but desperate purpose to invade the North, and, as many supposed, to seize Harrisburg, capture Baltimore, and strike the heart of the nation by marching with triumph into Washington. General Milroy's brave but wholly inadequate force in the Shenandoah Valley was powerless to check or even daunt the advancing Confederates, who, under the leadership of Ewell and Early, easily swept them aside. The affair at Winchester * impressed the Confederates as a good omen and an auspicious opening of Lee's campaign of Northern invasion. The tide rolled proudly on, in assumed contempt of Hooker and the Army of the Potomac, only to reach its high-water mark in less than three weeks' time and to dash itself in utter defeat against the Gibraltar of the Union power under Meade at famous Gettysburg.

On the 16th of June, two weeks and three days before the first day's fight at Gettysburg, Chaplain McCabe was captured at Winchester. His regiment, with others, and General Milroy himself, after defeat by Early, escaped to Harper's Ferry. But the Chaplain and the regimental surgeon, Dr. W. M. Houston,

* Not the battle famous for Sheridan's ride.

in their devotion to the wounded and dying, refused to leave the field of battle. The Chaplain had seen but eight months of service. His capture was the result of his humanity and his unflinching devotion to the wounded and dying on the bloody field of Winchester. Then by the inhumanity of General Early, who seemed to love a brutal joke more than he pitied wounded and dying soldiers, he was sent to Richmond to be incarcerated in Libby Prison. Because Chaplain McCabe was a preacher of the Gospel, Early argued that he, with other Northern preachers, had been responsible for the war and were needlessly zealous in their patriotism and had raised the cry, "On to Richmond;" therefore this Chaplain should go "on to Richmond." How Early's brutal treatment contrasted with the humanity and soldierly magnanimity of General John B. Gordon! On the solicitation of Chaplain McCabe, Gordon placed ambulances at his disposal to convey the wounded from the battlefield into Winchester, where they could be humanely and surgically treated. Chaplain McCabe always entertained the highest regard for the soldierly qualities and humane magnanimity of General Gordon, than whom the South did not possess a more gallant soldier or a more high-minded gentleman.

It is due General Early to say that his feelings toward the Chaplain evidently softened and that he permitted the Yankee preacher to pursue his mission of mercy among the soldiers. There is still preserved the following order in the autograph of General Early:

"Hd. Qu'ts., Winchester.
June 17th, 1863.

Permit C. C. McCabe, a Chaplain of the 122d Ohio Regiment, to visit the prisoners in the fort when he desires.

"J. A. EARLY,
Maj.-Genl.
Com'g."

The Chaplain's first letter to his wife was dated, Winchester, Va., June 16, 1863.

"We have been fighting for the past three days. The battle went against us. I am alive and well, and I do earnestly hope this will reach you and relieve the suspense which you must have felt. I am trying to relieve the sufferings of the wounded. War is terrible. Cheer up, Becca. I shall see you ere long, I hope. I do hope you can get this. I will write again soon and tell you how to write to me if I am compelled to remain here. I have not time to write any more now.

Write the following letters at once and put them into the Postoffice at Xenia.

Mrs. Doctor Houston, Urbana, Ohio.
Mrs. E. B. Brady, Cadiz, Ohio.
Mrs. Charles Ferris, Cleveland, Ohio.
Tell them their husbands are well."

This letter did not reach Old Point Comfort before July 4th, the last day of Gettysburg's great battle, and

it was not received by Mrs. McCabe at Jamestown, Ohio, until July 14th, or nearly a month after the Chaplain was taken prisoner at Winchester.

When the above letter was written the Chaplain evidently did not know what was to be his fate. He doubtless supposed, in the humane generosity of his own nature, that chaplains and surgeons who were found on the field of battle, ministering to the wounded and the dying, would not be molested and that when their beneficent work was done they would be immune from capture. But he had not to deal with a Gordon or a Lee; his fate was in the control of Early, and Early thought the safest place for Union chaplains and surgeons was in Libby Prison. Chaplain McCabe rose cheerfully superior to his misfortune, nor could his own gallant Christian heart find room for bitterness or complaint. The rather did he even then look on the "bright side" of life in military captivity.

His second letter after the battle was written from Winchester, June 19, 1863. The Chaplain does not seem to have fully realised that he was then a prisoner of war. His letter indicates that he expected soon to complete the duties that kept him in Winchester, ministering to the sick and wounded Union soldiers. He seemed to be in blissful ignorance of the fact that he had been captured by the enemy and was not at liberty to leave Winchester even when his merciful work was done, or else he wished to encourage his wife with that idea. This second letter is of personal and historic interest.

"My Dear Wife:—

"I wrote you, *via* Richmond, that our regiment had been in battle; 125 of them were captured, and quite a number killed and wounded. The most escaped to Harper's Ferry. I might have done so, but Dr. Houston and I preferred to remain behind with the sick and wounded. I am glad I did so, as my services were greatly needed. I am in excellent health. Dismiss all anxiety. I am exceedingly joyful in the performance of my duty; never was I more tranquil, never more cheerful. We have been treated so kindly by our captors! I shall never forget some of them while I live. General Early * placed enough ambulances at my disposal to bring our wounded to town. I cannot write as I would under other circumstances, and for your eye alone. I saved nothing of my property but your letters, which have so greatly contributed to my happiness. I shall not leave Winchester until our sick and wounded are out of danger."

Thus it will be seen that his devotion to the wounded soldiers left on the field prevented his escape to Harper's Ferry after the battle of Winchester, and his very humanity and courage gave the enemy the opportunity to make him a prisoner. But in it all, Chaplain McCabe was a true hero, rejoicing in his very perils that he could be of help to the more unfortunate, who

*He evidently means Gordon, as in his lecture he always referred to Gordon, instead of Early, as having done this kindness. In this letter he may give the credit to Early simply because he ranked Gordon.

had been wounded and captured in battle. This cheerful, optimistic, and most triumphant Christian spirit he maintained through all his imprisonment.

Nothing more clearly reveals his generous, forgiving nature than the bright aspect which he was ever throwing upon his situation and the credit which he gave the Confederates for treating him as considerately as the exigencies of war allowed. Extracts from his letters throw light on the prison life in Richmond and reveal his own spiritual experiences, and especially his disposition always to look on the "bright side." Indeed, his greatest solicitude was for his wife and father and the other dear ones at home, lest they should be needlessly anxious and distressed in mind over his situation. He is always urging them to cheer up, be hopeful, and look on the bright side, for all will be well.

XI

LIBBY PRISON

BEFORE he wrote his next letter the Chaplain's fate had been determined, but it did not seem to cast a single cloud over the serenity and cheerfulness of his spirit. This letter is written in lead-pencil, and is dated Richmond, July 1st, 1863:

"My Dear Wife:—

"I am now in Richmond; don't know how long I shall be kept here; hope to see you soon. I am in fine health and the *best of spirits*. Be cheerful, Beccie; all will be well."

Although he had not received a word from his wife since his capture and was solicitous for her health and peace of mind, the same Christian cheerfulness is manifest in his next letter, which was written July 4th, and, though he knew it not at the time, on the day of Meade's great victory over Lee at Gettysburg.

"Richmond, Va., July 4, 1863.

"My Dearest Betty:—

"I have no doubt you are longing to hear from me often, and I will write as often as I can. I hope you

have received my former letters. How I wish I could learn of your good health. I am perfectly well; indeed, I never had better health than to-day. Take good care of my little boy. I hope to see you at the appointed time. There is a large number of officers here. Willie, my little boy, is with me. Write to Mrs. Dr. Houston, Urbana, Ohio, and tell her you have heard from me and that her husband is well and cheerful. I remained behind at Winchester to take care of our wounded. Our regiment escaped capture and I could have done so, but thought it my duty to stay and I am so glad I did so. Be happy, Betty. All will be well. I must not write a long letter, as this must be read by the Captain who has charge of us, and we are of course limited as to space."

It is evident from the following letter that he does not anticipate a long imprisonment, but expects soon to be exchanged. His hopes, however, were to be dashed to the ground, but his good cheer was not to fail him.

"Richmond, Va., July 10, 1863.

"My Own Dear Wife:

"Here I am still in Richmond. There is some trouble about the cartel. I don't know what it is. Nearly 300 officers are here now. My greatest, indeed my *only*, anxiety is for you. Promise me that you will be cheerful and happy. Wait patiently for my coming. Think of the years of our blessed future and 'save yourself for prosperous days.' That last line

is a beautiful quotation from Virgil, of which I have often told you. My health is still first-rate. I am trying to improve my time as best I can in a careful and critical study of the Bible. Time does not hang heavily. Conscious of my own integrity, and looking forward to a blessed immortality, I am happy. Take care of Johnnie, my darling boy. Were I permitted to do so, I would write you a long, long letter, just as I used to, but the rule is just. I have not one word of complaint to make."

Thus it will be seen that he was already looking on the "bright side of life in Libby Prison," and with Christian fortitude and good humour was making the best of his situation.

He now begins to date his letters from "Libby Prison." From that day to this the names "Chaplain McCabe" and "Libby Prison" have been intimately associated in the minds of the American people. In the great work of his subsequent ministry his experience in that famous, if not infamous, prison was providentially used for the advancement of patriotism, universal freedom and civilisation, and the Kingdom of God by the multiplication of churches in our own land and by the promotion of Christian missions in all the world. What a power for good came into Chaplain McCabe's life through the so-called misfortunes of his capture at Winchester, and how God made His enemies to praise Him when He permitted them to send this Chaplain to Libby Prison! From that prison he was to come with a message which for nearly half-a-

century was to thrill as with a bugle's blast the heart of freedom and the soul of Christian philanthropy. No tongue or pen has given to the world a more vivid portrayal of prison life in Libby than was conveyed in the burning eloquence of Chaplain McCabe. It is due to his memory to say that all the arguments and explanations which Confederate apologists have advanced in extenuation of the miseries and cruelties charged against the management of Libby Prison have never equalled in their influence upon the Northern mind the eloquent, generous, and magnanimous utterances of Chaplain McCabe. His famous lecture on, "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," not only threw a mantle of charity over his enemies, but illumined the very misery and darkness of military imprisonment with the light of cheerfulness, wit, humour, and brotherly humanity. And to the end of life the spirit and teaching of that lecture will relieve of sad and gloomy recollections and fill with brightness the memory of every old soldier that was ever a prisoner in "Libby." No man, soldier or civilian, while serving the high interests of his country as a patriot, ever did the South a more generous, honourable Christian service than did the Chaplain in showing the bright side of Libby Prison. Few influences have been more potent in the reconciliation of the Blue and the Gray than the eloquence of Chaplain McCabe and the gallant General John B. Gordon. From the platform of every city in our land the generous words of those great orators bound up the wounds, sweetened the bitter cup of sectional enmities, and lighted up with mutual respect,

honour, and fraternal good-will the dark, sad memories of a fratricidal war.

The notorious prison at Richmond took its name from the old sign that decorated one corner of the building: "Libby and Sons, Ship Chandlers and Grocers." Captain Libby succeeded the original tenant and builder, John Enders, a tobacco dealer. At the breaking out of the war it was again used as a tobacco warehouse for the manufacture and storage of tobacco, by Liggon Co. It was a large three-story brick structure, 140 feet long and 105 feet wide, located at the southwest corner of Twenty-fifth and Main Streets. In 1861 it was converted into a military prison. It was undoubtedly the most commodious and comfortable building in the city that could have been used for the purpose. If the cruel exigencies of war often overcrowded it, and if the sanitary conditions were more productive of disease than conducive to health, no such horrors of inhuman administration were ever charged against General J. H. Winder, the Military Governor of Richmond, or against Major T. P. Turner, the Commander of the Prison, as formed the terrible indictment that brought to the gallows the inhuman Wirtz, of Andersonville. Indeed, Chaplain McCabe often generously acknowledged that everything was done for the comfort of the prisoners at Libby that seemed possible to the limited resources of the Confederate Administration. Libby was principally an officers' prison, the privates were sent to Belle Isle and Castle Thunder. It has been estimated that during the war from 40,000 to 50,000

prisoners passed through this prison; there were often from 1,000 to 1,200 Union officers imprisoned therein at a time. This building was taken down in 1888, removed to Chicago and rebuilt there as a Libby Prison Museum, which attracted many visitors during the World's Columbian Exposition.

XII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS—LETTERS FROM LIBBY PRISON

INCIDENTS which illustrated the peculiar and pathetic character of the great Civil War are brought out in the Chaplain's first letter dated from Libby Prison. It has been noted that the descendants of Owen McCabe went into Ohio, while those of Owen's brother migrated to Virginia. Of the Virginian McCabes was the Rev. John Collins McCabe, D.D., an eminent minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Richmond when Chaplain McCabe was a prisoner in Libby. This high-minded gentleman and godly minister of Christ visited the Chaplain in prison, and did all that was in his power to ameliorate his misfortune. He doubtless had considerable influence with the Confederate authorities on the Chaplain's behalf, particularly when he was stricken with the illness that threatened his life. The Chaplain never ceased to be grateful to this man for his kind attentions to him in Richmond, and he was proud to know and to boast that so noble a specimen of manhood belonged to his kindred and adorned the name of McCabe.

Another incident is not less touching. It chanced that the Quartermaster of the Post at Richmond, a Captain Warner, of the Confederate Army, had come from Ohio and had gone to school to the Chaplain's

mother. What more was necessary than the thought that Chaplain McCabe was the son of his affectionately remembered school teacher, Sarah Robinson, to stir that gentlemanly and soldierly heart with commiseration for the prisoner and to inspire him with the purpose to do all that was possible to minister to his comfort! How such incidents relieve in memory, as they did in experience, the darkness and miseries of those awful years of war! What the Chaplain might have experienced at the hands of this Quartermaster but for the influence of his mother's memory may only be imagined if we credit the statement of Col. Louis Palma Di Cesnola that he, "an Ohio renegade, was a greater scoundrel than any of the Southern race." Let it be hoped that even Di Cesnola wrote in haste and has repented in leisure this hot-worded estimate of the once boy-pupil of Chaplain McCabe's mother.

The Chaplain's first letter dated from Libby Prison is both interesting and characteristic:

"July 17th, 1863.
"Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

"My Dearest Wife:

"I wish I could write you a good long letter. I must be brief and to the point. My health is first-rate; my spirits *above par*. Gen. Neal Dow was brought in lately, author of the Maine Liquor Law. He gave us a speech Monday. Doctor John Collins McCabe, of this city, an eminent minister of the Episcopal Church, has called twice upon me. He is a perfect gentleman. Looks like Uncle Dow. Has furnished some impor-

tant information with regard to my ancestry. Capt. Warner, the Quartermaster of the Post here, used to go to school to my mother. He is very kind to me. Be as happy as a bird, darling. Go where you please, buy what you want. Borrow all the money you need of the doctor, or of uncle, or of your father. Tell Rob * not to go into the army; his health is not good enough. Write me at once and direct it to me at Libby Prison, Richmond, *via* Fortress Monroe. I only want to know whether you are well. Be short. I am studying hard. Libby Prison is large and airy, the weather cool and delightful. Read my old letters in place of long ones. 2nd Epistle of John, 12th verse: 'Mizpah,' Gen. 31-49."

The Chaplain was a living benediction to the prisoners in Libby, not only on account of his happy, cheerful disposition, his perennial good humour and his inspiring helpfulness, but also because he brought into the prison the spiritual power and religious fervour that had kept the camp in a state of perpetual revival. And what a blessing to that prison life was the "Singing Chaplain," who, with the music of his glorious voice, dispelled the gloom of many a sad, desponding soul! The first notes of that magnetic voice created a sensation in Libby. It was evening, the prisoners were more than usually depressed and early sought their hard beds on the floor, to find surcease of sorrow in pleasant dreams. Soon they heard a song that roused them to attention; they sat up and listened to sweet,

* His brother Robert R. McCabe.

old, familiar melodies of home and loved ones, as they were sung by a quartette over in one corner of the prison. In a moment the men were all on their feet and gathering about the singers. When a pause came in the singing they asked the leader, "Who are you?" "McCabe, of the 122d Ohio." And the quartette which he had organised, struck up another sweet, familiar song. From that night one of the most inevitable expressions heard in old Libby in a time of depression and gloom was: "Chaplain, sing us a song." Chaplain L. N. Beaudry, a fellow prisoner with the "Singing Chaplain," and his intimate friend, relates an experience similar to the above:

"The gloom of night was settling upon our gloomy spirits. An indescribable dread made the moments silent and oppressive. We were like men at the portal of the tomb, and inscribed on that portal these words: 'Who enters here leaves all hope behind him forever.' But this dread was on us but a few minutes. Suddenly we heard nearly over our heads several voices singing lustily:

> "'Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
> Praise Him all creatures here below;
> Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

"The heavy load that oppressed us all seemed as by magic to be lifted. The words of the sacred doxology came to us with a new meaning, and the Divine One seemed to say: 'Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid.' I was instantly filled with inexpressible joy.

I remarked to Turner,* who stood not far off: 'What is this? Are they holding a religious meeting in there? And do you permit the like?' With a sneering voice and manner he replied: 'Oh, yes; you Yankees seem disposed to sing anywhere, and we have to endure it even here.'

"What he said to wound me only comforted me. I was not many days among 'the spirits in prison' before I learned whose voice it was, on that memorable Saturday night, that led and sustained the grand inspiring doxology. There is a certain something in Chaplain McCabe's voice, a deep and tender pathos, which once heard is forever remembered. Until he was taken down with the fever, his voice could be heard almost night and day. At times not a few of the rebel guards and passers-by grouped themselves on Cary Street to hear us. McCabe's voice was wonderfully powerful and inspiring at such times as these. Many of us looked upon him as the 'canary' in that desolate cage. Other good singers were there, but none of them attracted the same attention."

The Chaplain's religious work, his studies and his perfect contentment with the prison régime make up the contents of his next letter.

"Libby Prison, July 22d, 1863.

"My Dearest Wife:

"I am anxious to hear from you. Write often; direct to me, Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., *via* Fortress Monroe. I am having a pleasant time. My

* The Commandant of the Prison.

health is fine. I am studying French and Butler's Analogy. No moment hangs heavily. I see you and Johnnie often in my dreams. I love to think you are so far away from the alarms of war. Willie and I cook for twenty men; they compliment us every day. The surgeons and chaplains form a pleasant company. Be happy, Beccie. I preached to the prisoners last Sabbath; we have good meetings. One man (an officer from Grant's army) who had been an infidel for ten years, told me that after the meeting last Sabbath he went to his cot with the prayer on his lips: 'Show me the way, the truth, and the life.' He is now an earnest seeker of religion and is not far from the Kingdom of God. There are others. The prison is kept clean as a new pin; food plain, and wholesome, *first-rate bread*. I do not know how soon they will get the cartel arranged. Send me half a sheet of paper with each letter. Be patient. All is bright for time and in eternity. Take good care of my little boy. Love to all."

As yet the Chaplain had not heard from his wife since his capture. His only anxiety seemed to be with regard to her health and happiness, but his letters were full of good cheer and assurance. The results of his faithful evangelistic work among the prisoners show how Divine Providence may make the apparent misfortunes of men contribute to their highest spiritual welfare. What came of the impressions made on the convicted officer mentioned in the Chaplain's last letter may be learned from the next:

"Libby Prison, Richmond,
"July 27th, 1863.

"My Dearest Wife:

"I feel a great desire to write to you every opportunity, for I am constantly fearing lest unnecessary anxiety about me should impair your health. Let me say again, be cheerful and look on the bright side. Wait patiently. In heaven there will be no need of patience, because of the absence of sorrow, but the state of mind produced by patience will form part of the bliss of heaven. My health is good. There is not one *very* sick man among us. The Major of whom I spoke, once a great infidel, has been powerfully converted. Said last night that his coming to Libby Prison was the greatest event of his whole life. He lives near Cincinnati. If all goes well, you and I will call on him some day. . . . I am waiting longingly for the first glimpse of your handwriting. Rec'd a long call from Dr. McCabe to-day."

At last, after a long month's imprisonment, the Chaplain with joy receives a letter from his wife, to which he replies in his usual cheerful and optimistic tone. In this letter he tells of the intellectual and spiritual work that occupies his time and engages his heart:

"Libby Prison, Richmond,
"Aug. 4th, 1863.

"My Dearest Wife:

"Your dear letter of the 14th of July came to-day. Although old, never was a letter more warmly received.

Our situation here is unchanged. I see no immediate prospect of release. I am happy here in comparative solitude. I spend my time pleasantly. Can already read the French and am acquiring its difficult pronunciation. I commit to memory and make a commentary upon a Psalm each day. A blessed work is progressing among the prisoners. We have speaking meetings of intense interest. Nothing can be more delightful. I never was happier in my life, never so confident, never so accustomed to a peace which the world cannot give. . . . I am treated with great kindness and respect by all. My health is perfect."

While the Chaplain was in Libby Prison his Conference, the Ohio, met, and one of his severest trials was in being deprived of the privilege of meeting with his brethren at Conference.

"Libby Prison, Aug. 11th, 1863.

"My Dearest Wife:

"I have little hope of being at home in time to go to Conference with you. This pleasure to which I have been looking forward all the year is denied me, but I have learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content. . . . I am well and would be in fine spirits if I could hear from you oftener. Be cheerful. The exchange of prisoners will be resumed some day and then, darling, I will come to you. Write freely to me. I have become acquainted with the gentleman who reads our letters. He is a fine man, and I have no objections to his seeing everything you write. My

health is perfect. I am growing fleshy, for we get plenty to eat."

Here again does the Chaplain gratefully acknowledge the kindness and consideration with which our Union soldiers were treated in Libby Prison. In the following letters it will be seen how the Chaplain usually employed his time and what true pleasure he derived from his literary pursuits and his religious work among his fellow prisoners.

"Libby Prison, Aug. 20, 1863.

"My Darling Wife:

"It is eight weeks to-day since we came to Richmond. The time has passed so swiftly! I have been usefully employed every moment. . . . I am well. Last evening I distributed a large number of books to the prisoners. I am nearly through my French; have procured a German grammar and will enter upon its study to-day. I see no prospect of any immediate exchange of officers. The only way is to be patient and trustful. By the grace of God I can do all things required of me. Believe me, I am happy. Our prison is large and airy and in the coolest part of the city. We suffer no inconvenience from the heat."

"Sabbath Day, Aug. 23d.

"This is the Holy Sabbath. We had prayer meeting last night; it was very largely attended. Great good is being accomplished. We have a debating so-

ciety organised for the amusement and profit of the officers. We also have a paper called, 'The Libby Chronicle,' published every Friday. Its columns are filled by contributions from among ourselves. . . . I am sorry I cannot go to Conference with you. I am well, perfectly."

"Libby Prison, Aug. 28, 1863.

"Your letter of the 7th came to-day. How happy it made me! Thank God, you are all well and seem to be hopeful. That is my great care: I want you to be cheerful. I fear despondency for you more than anything else. I know your anxiety for my welfare, but I know also your fervent trust in God. This has been a busy week. Our prison is transformed into a *college*. The hitherto idle prisoners are *students* now. Classes are formed in various useful sciences. I have bought, through the kindness of the authorities, a large number of books, and all is changed. The men do not seem to feel their captivity as they did before. Only one has died of our number since we came here. He had contracted disease before—Major Morris, grandson of the great Robt. Morris. I was permitted to read the service at his grave. Becca, I am happy, my health is first-rate; we have wholesome food and a good dessert after dinner of lively conversation and laughter. . . . Every prisoner can spend his time profitably if he so desires. The Major of whom I spoke * is writing me a history of his life. I should not be surprised if he would enter the ministry. He

* Recently converted in the prison.

lectured for us Friday; held the large audience spell-bound for an hour and a half. Five weeks to-day since I came to Libby Prison. Get 'Les Miserables' and read it; you can get it at Xenia at the book store. Wonderful book! I have but one shirt, that nearly worn out. I have friends here, however, who will supply me all I need. It is so hard to stop writing. Hope the Adjutant will pardon me for transcribing my limits."

The last few sentences of the above letter are written on the back of the single page which was evidently the limit allowed by the rules of the prison, hence the Chaplain's plea for indulgence, which was of course granted by the Adjutant.

It is in the following letter, of August 30, that he mentions his translation from the French of one of Racine's Tragedies. In this letter, written on the Sabbath day, he says: "I preached this morning to a large assembly. A Colonel from New York City started for the better land, if we mistake not. I wish I had space to tell you about him. I have written my tailor to send you by express a full suit of clothes for me, which you will take care of till I come. No news in our little world. My *college* is prospering. Ask the Doctor if he has any boys to educate. You ask if I need anything. I answer, no! Don't send me any clothes or eatables, I can get along without. Send a stamp with each letter and one-half sheet of paper. I am nearly through the French Testament and ready to read the German."

"Libby Prison, Sept. 1st, 1863.

"DEAREST REBECCA:

"Your letters of Aug. 18th and 22d have just come to hand. I am sorry you are suffering so much from anxiety of mind. You must not feel so. As at other times, trust in God. There is not a calmer, *happier* man in Virginia than I all the time. God is with me. Souls are converted. If I had room I might tell much that would thrill your soul. God is in it. '*Even so Father.*' . . . Don't believe anything you read in the papers about 'fearful diseases in Richmond.' From all I learn the city was never more healthful. As for me, I am able to *surprise* Mary when I sit down at the table once more and partake of viands served up in the *Peter's style.* It always seemed to me you girls had a peculiar way of making good things to eat. So at Mary's, so at mother's, and, begging pardon for the vanity, so in my own *house.* . . . Some rumours of exchange; but I don't let them bother me. Let us be content. See if you can decipher this, Sept. 1st.: *De hoc tempore, Deo volente per annos decem.* That is the expression of a vow which will take for its fulfilment ten years of time if my life is spared. We have classes in French, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Rhetoric, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, etc."

The Chaplain seemed to grow in grace while a prisoner. His spiritual ardour never cooled; his experience became deeper and richer, and his zeal in winning his fellow prisoners to Christ increased. The joy of salvation filled his soul and found expression in his letters.

"Libby Prison, Sept. 6th, 1863.

"My Dearest Wife:

"I have just returned from listening to an excellent sermon by Brother Beaudry, my French teacher. His theme was 'The Judgment.' The congregation was large and attentive. I could not help thinking of you and *home* all the time. This beautiful weather! These bright September days! I go to my grated window often and look out over the green fields and then I sigh for my liberty. Then I turn to the world within me, which was once *so dark,* but now illuminated by a sun which shall never go down, and then I am content. *Hallelujah,* blessed be our Rock and let the God of our salvation be exalted! The Sabbath is a blessed day even in prison. Upon that day more especially do I give myself unto prayer and to the *word of God.* This is my eleventh Sabbath in Libby Prison. Some rumours of a speedy exchange. It is the great topic of conversation. From my manner no one would guess how I long to see my family. I seem so cheerful, so full of life, they have even accused me of indifference as to whether we get out soon or not. The events of the past four months have been a blessing to me. Henceforth my trust in God will be firm and unshaken. Oh, I have proved my *Father.* I know Him now. I want no higher bliss than to do His holy will, or, what is still more difficult, to suffer it. I am well. My health is wonderfully preserved. My constant intercession has doubtless much to do with it. Be cheerful, Betty. *It will all be well."*

XIII

LETTERS—THE FEVER—RELEASE—HOMEWARD BOUND

THERE can be no doubt that the Chaplain withheld from the picture of his captivity many a shadow for the sake of his wife, who was harassed with doubts and fears and was disposed very naturally to look only on the dark side of her husband's condition. If the cheerful and magnanimous Chaplain found the bright side of life in Libby Prison there was, nevertheless, another side which he was too discreet or too generous to describe. In his next letter, while reassuring his wife as to the conditions at Richmond and relieving her of the fear which had been created by the newspaper reports of alarming epidemics in Libby Prison, he indicates that his own health is not as good as it had been, and it proved that the very symptoms which he describes to his wife were the premonitions of the severe illness which soon followed, and which nearly cost him his life.

"12th Sabbath in Libby Prison,
"Sept. 14th, 1863.

"DEAREST REBECCA:

"Your letter of the 26th of Aug. was received day before yesterday. I also had a good long letter from

father. It seems he has been to Washington on my behalf. Of course, he could accomplish nothing. Mary will have a delightful house in Chicago. Father wants us to visit him soon. I am not in a condition to make any promises just now. . . . I am just getting well of one of my severe headaches. I caught cold from going without a shirt while my *only one* should be *washed*. I have sent to a friend of mine in Columbus to send me a good supply of clothes. They will be here soon. The authorities here have assured us recently that they would be delivered to us. Col. Powell is now in our part of the building. He is in our mess. His wound is almost well. He bathes my head with the tenderness of a woman. I am now propped up in his bunk. I shall be well soon, to-morrow. *Be patient.* I have told you all the truth. Check your imagination. I will see you again. There are no *epidemics* in Richmond. There is not a seriously ill man among us that I know of. Do not *you* send me any clothing. I only want it of the plainest material. Keep whatever you may have for me till I get home."

In this letter the Chaplain mentions Col. Powell, the man to whose nursing he ever after attributed his recovery from the fever that threatened his life. The next letter was not as reassuring as the Chaplain may have hoped it would be. Indeed, it lacks much of the usual cheerfulness and indicates a letting down of the physical forces which soon will be prostrated with the fever.

"Libby Prison, Sept. 20th,
"Sabbath Day, 1863.

"My Darling Wife:

"Your two letters of the 5th and the 8th were rec'd to-day. It gives me so much happiness to know that you keep well. My cold turned into a fever, which weakened me very much. I am entirely free from fever now, however, and expect soon to regain my wonted health. . . . No prospects as yet that I can see of an exchange. Still must we wait, and be cheerful. And, thank God, the outlook is as bright as it is. The purest joy my heart ever can know on earth will be to meet my family once more. How long! How cruel the separation! How have I laid my heart, my soul, upon the altar and have stood like the anvil to the stroke! Duty with me has been the all of life. . . . Feel no anxiety for me. All will be well!"

The following letter was the last he was able to write with his own hand before he was confined to his bed with the fever. While this letter lacks the abounding cheerfulness which had filled his correspondence since his capture, it expresses the hope that he will soon be able to throw off his indisposition and be himself again.

"Libby Prison, Sept. 25th, 1863.

"My Dearest Wife:

"Just rec'd five letters all at once. Two from you, one from Mary, one from Col. Ball of Zanesville. Yours were dated Sept. 11th and 15th. How like a

broad gleam of sunlight are your letters to me! . . . Col. Granger says he wrote to you from Harper's Ferry after the retreat. Did you ever get the letter? Brother Scanlin, doubtless, gave you more news than I can about the exchange business. . . . I am getting better in health, hope to be entirely well soon. I have been threatened with my old enemy, *the ague,* but I feel confident I shall escape it now. How I was disappointed at not getting to Conference. I had been looking forward to it all the year, but perhaps we can go together at another time and more prosperous. I think of you so much during the day. This short letter seems but a mockery, but I shall see you some day. God bless and keep you."

The cold which the Chaplain had contracted when his only shirt was in the wash, and the aguish or malarial feeling of which he was conscious when he wrote his last letter, proved to be the incipient stages of the fever which shortly prostrated him. The next communication to his wife was dictated to Col. Powell, the Chaplain's devoted friend, who nursed him through his illness.

"Libby Prison Hospital,
"Oct. 3d, 1863.
"Richmond, Va.

"My Darling Wife:

"I cannot write myself to-day, as I am covered with sweat from head to foot. The least exposure would make me take cold. Col. Powell, however, will write

for me. I am still very weak, but my *fever* is almost entirely departed. The doctors all say that I am doing finely, and that all I need is a little patience and care to come through safely. I feel so sorry for you, but I don't know how I can help you any. There is an effort being made to have me exchanged. I hope it may be successful. Whatever you do, don't try to come here, nor let any other member of the family try to do so. No one could do me any good. I have every attention paid me that is necessary to my comfort. I love to think that all my family are far away in peace and safety. I think myself that I am getting better, and hope that it will not be long until I am able to be up and about all the time. Put your trust in the Lord, He is our sure support. Don't let your anxiety injure your health. Take care of Johnny. Write father as comforting a letter as you can. This is all I want to say now."

Colonel Powell kindly added:

"DEAR MADAM:

"I wrote home yesterday and requested my wife to inform your father of your husband's condition."

On the death of General W. H. Powell the Chaplain paid him a fine eulogy, in which he refers to his own illness in Libby Prison, to the General's nursing, and to other incidents of prison life which illustrate the characters of these patriotic comrades. The Chaplain said of General Powell: "He was a

fellow prisoner with me in Libby Prison in 1863. In the battle of Wythesville, Virginia, he was terribly wounded, and it was supposed that his days were numbered, but he recovered sufficiently to be brought to Libby Prison, and there in his suffering condition a charge of murder was brought against him. One day I saw the sergeant of the guard take him out, and I learned afterward that they put him into the dungeon to await his trial upon the charge above mentioned. He was kept there thirty-seven days and the case was never brought to trial, because no proof whatever was forthcoming. There was no furniture whatever in his cell, except a little wooden bench, and it was dark and dismal enough. The rats, which abounded in the prison, were his only companions. We had a fashion in our room in Libby Prison of singing an evening hymn. One day I received a note from General Powell, brought to me secretly by a coloured man, which read as follows: 'Dear Chaplain: Sing a little louder. I can just hear you.—William H. Powell.' Always after that until his release from the dungeon we pitched our tunes upon a little higher key, so that our lonely and suffering comrade far below could hear the hymns he loved so well. I had with me a little copy of the New Testament and Psalms. I wrote on the margin of the Forty-second Psalm: 'Hope thou in God, all will be well.' The General carried that little book with him (the Chaplain gave it to him) for many years afterwards, and many a time in addressing Sabbath Schools and other religious assemblies he took it out, held it aloft, and told the story.

"Just before he came out of the dungeon I was sent to the hospital, very ill with typhoid fever. General Powell was sent there, too, as he was still suffering greatly from his wound. His sons have in their possession a journal of those days, in which he tells what he did for me. He found me covered with vermin from head to foot and supposed to be dying with the fever. He sat down by my side and took out his little pocket scissors, which he carried with him, and cut my long hair, which hung down to my shoulders. Then he cut my long beard. He then secured from the physician of the prison an insect exterminator and soon relieved me from the suffering I was enduring on this account. He gave me a bath with his own hands, then went down to the prison kitchen and tried his hand at cooking for me, and brought me some nourishing food. In an old scrap book, which I have recently come across, there is pasted a letter bearing date Oct. 3d, 1863, Richmond, Virginia, and addressed to my wife. He took it down from my lips sentence by sentence, and while the tone of it is hopeful of recovery, I thought myself that it was the last letter my wife would ever receive from me. I wish to record the fact, which I have often mentioned in public, that I owe my life to the tender ministry of this great and good man. And he was a great man. When his wound made it necessary for him to retire from the service and he sent his resignation to the Secretary of War, General Sheridan, in approving it, said: 'The army could better spare me.' General Powell always reminded me of that little strain in Bayard Taylor's

poem about singing *Annie Laurie* at the siege of Sebastopol:

> "'The bravest are the tenderest,
> The loving are the daring.'

General Powell was a Christian man, an honoured member of the Presbyterian Church. He died calmly and even triumphantly, bidding his family and his comrades who gathered about him to meet him in the heavenly world."

For this distinguished soldier and truly Christian gentleman the Chaplain ever entertained the most tender affection and the highest veneration; and a life-long friendship bound together in mutual love and esteem those brave and patriotic hearts. Their correspondence was always full of the most brotherly expressions, and their meetings in after years were occasions of great satisfaction and pleasure.

On his release from prison, General Powell, then Colonel Second Volunteer Cavalry, wrote to Mrs. McCabe: "I am again a '*free* man,' left Libby Prison last Friday morning, reached this point [Washington] Sunday evening. And to my great surprise and inexpressible pleasure met your dear husband and my dear friend this morning. Allow me to say that on meeting him I could not, though in the presence of a large number of strangers, refrain from clasping him in my arms. I am very much pleased to find him enjoying such fine health."

As late as 1903, the General supposed that he still had the Testament which the Chaplain had sent him when he was confined in the dungeon of Libby Prison, but he wrote to his dear old comrade, in response to an inquiry concerning it: "I have searched in vain for the precious little Testament you sent to me when I was in the Libby Prison dungeon. It was evidently stolen from my library table."

In a letter urging the Chaplain to attend an army reunion, the General is reminded of the flight of time, the brevity of life, and the near approach of the last reunion of the old comrades who saved the Union, and he recalls or unconsciously reproduces the beautiful thought that was expressed in the dying words of "Stonewall" Jackson. He wrote: "The time of our final separation is nigh at hand. Come, dear brother, and let us 'reune' once more under the old flag before we cross over the River to rest under the shade of the trees on the eternal Shores."

The General's deep affection for Chaplain McCabe was perhaps most tenderly expressed in the closing words of a letter written in 1899:

"Dear Friend McCabe: Should you be living when my days are numbered it is my wish that you shall close up my record on earth in a brief address, at my home or grave. My family lot is in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago. (Simply to Thy Cross I cling.)

"Your Sincere Friend and Comrade,

"Wm. H. Powell."

It is in justice to the humanity of their military enemies, no less than to the soldierly honour of the loyal General and Chaplain, that we add to the record of that Libby Prison experience this statement of General Powell:

"During the early part of October, 1863, a general exchange of Chaplains, held as prisoners of war, was agreed upon by the authorities at Washington and Richmond, Va., whereby all Chaplains held as prisoners of both armies were exchanged. At which time about 100 Chaplains of the Union Army in Libby were sent forward to City Point for exchange. Chaplain McCabe's condition was such that he could not go. The day following *I was especially detailed* * *by the rebel authorities* (through the influence of the Chaplain's uncle) *to nurse the Chaplain,* who was then in the hospital building near the Rockets, in the eastern portion of the city. . . . In three weeks' time he was able to safely undertake the journey to Washington, and in due time to his home. . . . On his departure, I was sent back to Libby Prison."

While the other Chaplains were happily on their way home from their long imprisonment, Chaplain McCabe was lying at the very point of death in the hospital, too ill to realise his disappointment in not being able to enjoy the liberty for which he had been so bravely and patiently looking for four anxious months. In reply to his father's inquiry about him, this official communication was received:

* Italics are our own.

"Office Commissioner for Exchange,
"Fortress Monroe, Va.,
"Oct. 12, 1863.

"R. McCabe, Esq.,
"Sherman House, Chicago.

"Sir:

"Your letter of the 2d inst. is just received and in reply I will state that all Chaplains are released. Your son would have been sent North were it not that he is suffering from typhoid fever, and too ill at present to be removed. I am in hopes he may be well enough to come in the next Flag of Truce, which will be here in a few days.

"Very Respectfully,
"Yr. ob'dt serv't,
"S. A. Meredith,
"Brig. Gen'l. and Com. for Exch."

In a few days the Chaplain was able to leave the hospital, and in the next Flag of Truce reached Washington, whence he sent to his wife the telegram:

"I am coming home, but slowly. Health improving."

This telegram was sent in care of William I. Fee, of Xenia, Ohio, who immediately forwarded it to Mrs. McCabe, with the following letter:

"Xenia, O., Oct. 20, 1863.

"Mrs. R. McCabe.

"DEAR SISTER:

"Enclosed I send you a dispatch, which I received this morning. It affords me unspeakable pleasure to convey such pleasing intelligence to you. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing your husband and to have the privilege of congratulating you both on your reunion. I shall look for him soon. Do not feel uneasy about him. It may require some days for him to get here. I shall expect to entertain him until he can get out to Jamestown. You had better come to our house and remain until he comes. You would see him sooner. Mrs. Fee joins me in this request. Do come. We have a great Union celebration here to-night, etc."

Of his journey home the Chaplain speaks in his great lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison." No tongue or pen can give a more touching and eloquent recital of the incidents immediately following his release than is to be found in that lecture.

One of the first missions the Chaplain felt called upon to perform after his return home, was that of securing the release from Libby Prison of Dr. W. M. Houston, the surgeon of the 122d Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and his companion at Winchester, where they were captured while caring for the sick and wounded soldiers. He went to Johnson's Island with the following letter:

"The State of Ohio,
"Executive Department,
"Columbus, Nov. 12, 1863.

"Maj. Pierson,
"Johnson's Island.

"DEAR SIR:

"This is to introduce to you the Rev'd. C. C. McCabe, who visits your Post with a view to negotiating with some rebel prisoner for the exchange of Dr. Houston, Surgeon of the 122d O. V. I., now in Libby Prison. Please give the Parson every facility in your power to accomplish this mission.

"Yours Resp'y,
"DAVID TOD, Gov."

XIV

LECTURE—"THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE IN LIBBY PRISON"

CHAPLAIN McCABE'S famous lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison" was originally written out in full and was loaned to a friend only to be lost or mysteriously destroyed. The Chaplain never rewrote it and was never after quite satisfied with his extemporaneous or memoriter delivery of it. Perhaps no lecture as popular and familiar as this was ever so difficult to report. The Chaplain would never consent to have a reporter shorthand the lecture. But how could any stenographer catch the spirit of the Chaplain's magnetic oratory? The voice of McCabe, his gesture, expression, and glorious eye were essential, component parts of his eloquence. As with Bishop Simpson, John B. Gough, George Whitefield, Savonarola, St. Bernard, and Peter the Hermit, the orator's personality gave power to his ideas and the charm of eloquence to his words. The Chaplain's lecture cannot, when read in cold type, produce the impression upon the mind of one who never heard him deliver it that its fame might lead one to anticipate. But those who were ever fortunate enough to have heard it from the Chaplain's own burning lips will have the memory of the sensations then

produced recalled as they read it again from these pages. Unknown to the Chaplain a shorthand reporter once caught it as best he could, and as here reproduced:

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE IN LIBBY PRISON

THE first time I delivered this lecture was before a company of Sunday-school children in Philadelphia, just after the war. The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church there asked me to come and speak to the children of his Sunday-school about my experiences in Libby Prison. Because I was going to speak to children I did not wish to relate to them the horrors of prison life, so I prepared a little address and called it "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," in which I told them of the stories we told and the jokes we got off, and I do not doubt that the children went away that day thinking that Libby Prison was a pretty good place to be in. I afterwards loaned the manuscript, which I then used, to Mr. George H. Stuart, and it was somehow lost, so that I never got it again. But I am always meeting comrades who remind me of things I had forgotten, and thus I am always gaining new matter out of which to make my lecture; and so, though it bears the same title, it is not the same lecture. I have not laid it aside, because it has been so useful in helping me in the great causes in which I have been engaged. Many a time when the pastor of a church would have announced that I would speak on church extension or the missionary cause when we needed money I have said to him, "Announce that I will lec-

ture on 'The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison.'" And then how the people would turn out! I talked to them of Libby Prison and then of church extension. I let them in free and charged them for going out. Many and many a time they paid a thousand dollars to go out, and I have found out from careful investigation that fully one hundred and fifty thousand dollars have gone into churches and parsonages and into the pockets of poor preachers in this way during these forty years and more. That is one good reason why I shall not give it up yet. There is another reason why I do not get tired of it. As I speak, I see the faces of my old comrades, the faces of the noblest men I ever knew, the men of the 122d Ohio Volunteer Infantry. It was a regiment of boys whose average age was twenty-five—nine hundred and seventy-five of them when they marched out of Zanesville in September, 1862, with new and beautiful flags flying in the breeze, all unsoiled and unstained, marching to the front to help save their country. They were with Grant at Petersburg; they followed to Philadelphia; they were under Grant at Richmond. Five hundred and eighty-two of them were shot down and many wounded, bringing down the remainder to twenty-two of the original number. They were with Grant at Appomattox when Lee surrendered. It was a glorious regiment. I have written to Emperors about that regiment. I once wrote to the German Emperor about it, and this is the reason why I did it. When he was a very young man he made a speech in which he spoke approvingly of duels. He said they made men brave.

I wrote and told him of the 122d Ohio. Not one of those boys ever fought a duel. The American soldier needs nothing brutal to make him brave. A college professor made a speech not long ago defending the modern game of football. He said it was a good thing to play football that way because it accustoms men to danger. I wanted to write him about my regiment. We played football when I was a boy, but it was the old honest game in which we would kick the ball high in the air and let it reach the goal. We do not need anything brutal to develop the courage of the American soldier when the country is in danger. Call the boys from the farm, the shop, the office; unfurl the old flag above their heads and let the band strike up the music, and in six months you have a conquering regiment of the soldiers of this Republic. That is the kind of regiment we had in the 122d Ohio.

It is surprising how much the modern editor knows about conducting a campaign, especially when he is about a thousand miles from the seat of operations. Perch him on a three-legged stool in his sanctum, with his pen in his hand, and he can tell the greatest general just how to do it. In those days the Southern editors were saying to Lee: "March into the North. Lead the army clear to Boston;" and they expected to call the roll on Bunker Hill. The Southern heart was fired.

Our division was under General Robert Milroy. Robert Milroy! Why, he would attack a force ten times his own number without hesitating a moment! Milroy was at Winchester. They telegraphed him

from Washington to fall back to Harper's Ferry. He had six thousand men and six pieces of artillery. Lee had seventy-five thousand men; and yet with that handful of troops Milroy proposed to fight Lee with his grand army. I was down at headquarters one night. We had a good quartette and while we were singing for Milroy, he put his head out of a window and saw a scout who was rapidly approaching. He rode up and said: "General, the enemy is coming, and in my opinion it would be a good thing for us to be getting out of this." "In my opinion!" just think of it! In England a scout would not dare to say that. But in our army scouts had opinions, and they were not backward in expressing them; and I must confess that we all agreed with the scout that we had better get out of there when Lee was coming; but Milroy had no notion of going. Lee, however, scorned to attack our little force. He did not want to lose his men fighting with Milroy. He was on his way to fight the army of the Potomac. He had tested the qualities of that army so often, that there must have come a doubt in his mind whether he could meet them upon anything like equal terms. Milroy had one gun which was his especial pride. It would send a three hundred pound shot for five miles. It was called the "baby-waker," and I suppose it must have waked all the babies for miles around. He was a Presbyterian, and when I saw him sighting that gun I thought to myself, "Suppose I should ask him now 'What is the chief end of man?'" I know what the answer would have been. "Just now it is firing this gun." And he blazed away at the rebels

with all his might. They went further and further to the right to escape his fire. I saw Milroy go along the lines making little speeches to the boys and these were his very words, "Now, boys, we're in for it; keep cool! keep cool!" It is not always possible to keep cool. Your hair will lift a little, if you have any, on such an occasion as that. "Fire low and fire often." Our boys did it and they fired well. The enemy retired and we held Winchester another day. We saw miles and miles of Lee's men pass by the next day. On the third day, Milroy summoned a council of war. Every way of escape was closed but one, and, as an Irishman would say, that was closed, too! but it was closed four miles out of town. We marched silently along; not a soldier spoke a loud word, not a buckle rattled against a canteen. The camp-fires of the enemy were blazing everywhere. I thought them all asleep, and I wished them sound sleep and pleasant dreams. But they were not asleep. They were waiting for us, and when we got four miles out of town they captured us *en masse*. Our commissary had loaned me a tent to hold my meetings in, for I had three hundred and sixty-two members of Christian churches in my church, and we had meetings every night. There was an everlasting protracted meeting in our regiment. While we were retreating the commissary asked me what I did with his tent. "I folded it up," said I, and was about telling him what I had done with his tent, when the enemy's guns went off on our right and he ran one way and I ran the other. I never met him again until two years afterwards away

out in Iowa, when, running up to him and all out of breath, I told him what I had done with his tent. So it took me two years and seven hundred miles to get it said. That was the hardest work I ever had to get a thing said, but I did it at last, and I am thankful for that. He and I were thrown into confusion, but our regiment was not. They simply cut their way through the enemy's lines. The doctor and I held a council of war behind a tree; it was on the other side of the tree. "Chaplain," said he, "I want you to stay with me and help with the wounded soldiers." So we remained behind. A rebel provost-marshal came up and we were taken into the presence of General J. B. Gordon—the same General Gordon who rose in the Senate of the United States when Debs was threatening to overthrow the country, and said, "I happen to be the commander of the Veteran Confederate League, and I can lead a bigger army to the Potomac in defence of the flag than Lee ever led to destroy it, and if necessary I will do it." And the beautiful thing about it was that every Southern senator said "Amen" to it, and we realised for the first time since the war that we were one nation. And I tell you it was no idle threat. If this country ever goes to war again, the Blue and the Gray will fight side by side for the Stars and Stripes. We were taken into the presence of General Gordon, and when he found what we were doing, he said, "Let them have fifty soldiers and all the ambulances they want to help get their wounded off the field." When we had finished our work, we went to see General Early, who had by this time assumed command. They made me

spokesman of the party, and I addressed him thus, "General Early, we are a company of surgeons and chaplains who have stayed behind to look after the wounded; we have finished our work and would like very much to be sent through to our regiment." He smiled and turning to me said, "You are a preacher, are you?" I answered that I was. "Well," said he, "you preachers have done more to bring on this war than anybody and I'm going to send you to Richmond."

"To Richmond," said I; "that is one hundred and fifty miles away, and it is only thirty to Harper's Ferry, and we would rather go to Harper's Ferry."

"They tell me you have been shouting, 'On to Richmond' for a long time," he said, "and to Richmond you shall go."

Up to this time all captured chaplains had been released, but owing to some dispute that had arisen surgeons and chaplains were now detained. We marched on to Richmond, and in due time stood in the presence of the grim old walls of Libby Prison and waited for somebody to come out and invite us in. We went in. We were invited to register. We registered. Then we were taken into another large room and searched. They took out of our pockets everything that we possessed. If it was not worth anything they gave it back, but if it was worth anything they kept it. I had eighty dollars in greenbacks on my person. Now you will wonder how it was that a preacher ever had eighty dollars in greenbacks in his pocket at one time. It did not belong to me; that was the reason; it belonged to the boys. They had said, "Take this and

send it home to my wife or my mother," and I was saving the very bills for the dear ones at home when this fellow was taking them away from me. "Sir," said I, "that is not my money." "I know it," said he, "it is mine now." And he took it away with him. After a while a receipt was given me which pledged that the Confederate government would pay the bearer in Confederate money at the rate of seven to one, and so I got five hundred and sixty dollars in Confederate money when I left the prison. At that time fifty Confederate dollars would buy a pair of boots. It got so bad that a barrel of flour cost eight hundred dollars! I took my five hundred and sixty dollars, but I could not buy a breakfast with the whole of it in the North. My friend General di Cesnola, who has been for many years in charge of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, had seven hundred dollars in greenbacks on his person. "Now," I thought, "they have struck a bonanza." I remember wondering whether he would lie about it, and I fell to wondering whether if he did, under these trying circumstances, it would be laid up against him. "General," said the guard, "have you no money?" "Look and see," said he. They did look, but not a dollar did they find. Oh, how I bless him to this hour! For I borrowed some of it afterwards. If you had plenty of money in Libby Prison you could get along pretty well. One Confederate dollar would buy about six apples, or a quart of milk, and as one greenback would buy twenty-five or fifty Confederate bills we could get along pretty well. That is the best example of fiat money I have ever known.

I remember some years ago seeing a five-hundred-dollar Confederate note framed and hanging on the wall of a friend's house, and on the back of it were written these pathetic lines by Major S. A. Jones, subsequent to the great surrender. I thought they were so beautiful that I committed them to memory.

"Representing nothing on God's earth now,
And naught in the water below it;
As a pledge of a nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear Captain, and show it.
Show it to those that will lend an ear
To the tale this paper can tell,
Of liberty born of the patriot's dream,
Of a storm-cradled nation that fell.

"Too poor to possess the precious ore,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issue to-day, our 'Promise to Pay,'
And hope to redeem on the morrow.
Days rolled by, and weeks became years,
But our coffers were empty still;
Coin was so rare that the Treasurers quaked
If a dollar should drop in the till.

"But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned,
And these little checks represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it had hardly a value in gold,
Yet as gold the soldiers received it;
It gazed in our eyes with a Promise to Pay,
And each patriot soldier believed it.

"But our boys thought little of price or pay,
Or of bills that were over-due;
We knew if it bought our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our country could do.

Keep it! it tells all our history over,
From the birth of the dream to the last;
Modest, and born of the Angel Hope,
Like our hope of success it *passed.*"

After we were all searched we were allowed to go upstairs. There a great surprise awaited us. I thought that I should see dead men lying around on the floor and that all would be looking sad and broken-hearted. I saw nothing of the kind. As we new-comers began to come in, some one cried out, "Fresh fish! fresh fish!" And one man whom I had never seen before came up to me and shook me roughly and warmly by the hand and said, "How are you, old fellow? How have you been?" I said that I had been well. "Why didn't you come sooner?" and then, turning to an imaginary porter, he said, "Here, Jim, take the gentleman's baggage and show him to room thirty-six, and see that he does not want for anything while he is with us." Baggage, thought I! I had some baggage once, but it was all gone long ago. Every stitch of clothes I had but those on my back were gone, and I was afraid they would take those too, for that was a way they had. If your clothes were pretty good, they would trade with you; and so it came about that many of our boys in prison had on Confederate grey while the guard outside had on the Union blue. When I first saw them I took them for a company of Union soldiers; but by and by one of them spoke and then I knew that I was mistaken. He said something like this: "Post number foah. All right." When I heard

that kind of talk, I knew which side of the line I was on.

"Where shall we three sleep?" said I. There were three of us always together. Dr. Houston, Willie Morgan, and myself. Willie Morgan was a lad of fifteen years of age. His mother consented to his going to the war, providing he would keep near the chaplain and surgeon, and keep out of danger! Willie was our cook. Such a beefsteak as he would toss off the end of a stick on my tin plate, and potatoes cooked in the ashes, and coffee hot as blazes! When I go into the country hotels now, and the girls come in with their arms full of little dishes and set them around my plate, a little dab of this and a little dab of that, I almost wish for another war and that I could again be at the front with the Doctor and Willie. One year after this, at the age of sixteen, Willie was swinging a sabre in the cavalry service. The age-limit for mustering in was eighteen, but the claim of "going on nineteen" admitted many a boy who was several years short of that age. What boys we had in those days! and I think if we should ever have occasion again, we could call as brave boys to the rescue of the country as their fathers were before them.

"Where shall we three sleep to-night?" I asked the officer of the day. "Put your heads up against the door," said he, "and don't obtrude to the right or left, for it's occupied." I laid me down, but not to sleep. After many hours, I was just dozing off when I was awakened by a shout, "Right wheel!" I sat up in bed and looked on. Libby Prison was rolling over on its

left side. I asked an old residenter what it meant. He said, "When your bones get sore on one side don't roll over without giving the word of command, or things will get into confusion here." After a while a voice called out, "Left wheel!" and we all rolled back again. I had often seen Hardee's tactics in the perpendicular, never in the horinzontal before.

The night passed away and with the morning came a man to count us. I said to Mr. Stark, who was standing by me, "What makes him do that?" "To see if we are all here, to be sure," said he. "Why," said I, "can you get out of here?"

"Have you ten dollars?" said he. "If you have you can bribe the guard, but after you get out you will have to look out for the bloodhounds." It was too true, the guards were always ready to mount their horses and scour the country to recapture fugitives. They kept bloodhounds to hunt us. In the books of the Congressional Investigation Committee you can find pictures of these terrible dogs. I confess, I was afraid to meet them. One day an old coloured man came into the prison and I took him aside and said to him, "Uncle, tell me how you coloured people get along with the bloodhounds." He grinned and said, "When I comes in again I'll fotch you a little cayenne peppah, and when you gits out a ways put a little pile of peppah in yo' tracks. By and by, along comes dat dog, sniff! sniff! sniff! and when he sniffs dat cayenne peppah, for a few weeks he's gwine to fergit all about dis war." I knew some of the men who escaped through the famous tunnel. I do not know but that

they would all have escaped if it had not been for an accident. A fat man tried to go through. Now, fat men love liberty as well as thin men, and a big fat Dutchman tried to go through. When he got halfway through he stuck fast. He roared for help; he got help from the next man behind him. Imagine yourself in that next man's place—Libby Prison behind you, and liberty before you, and nothing but a fat man in the way! At last they jammed him through, and so the fat man and the lean man escaped, and in all one hundred and nineteen prisoners escaped in one night. Many of them were afterwards recaptured, with the help of the bloodhounds. Among these was Captain Moran, who afterwards lived to write a most interesting account of the escape through the tunnel, which was published by *The Century Magazine* some years ago. The boys dug the tunnel from the cellar of Libby Prison to an old shed some distance away across the street. They had no tools except an old broken case-knife. They would go down to the cellar two at a time at night and one would dig while the other would gather up the dirt in his hands and pile it up in another corner of the cellar. The hole was made from an old fireplace. When morning came they would cover up their dirt with some straw that was down there, and so clever were they at their work that the discovery was not made by the guards until a tunnel large enough for a man to crawl through had been completed. It was gruesome work. They dared not have a light, and the place was infested with rats, so much so that they had to fight the hungry creatures off

while they worked. After Libby Prison was transported to Chicago, I went to see it one day, and there it was, true as life, every brick and timber in its old familiar place. The guide took me down into the cellar and showed me the hole where the prisoners escaped. "Wonderful enterprise," said I, "to transport a hole all the way from Richmond to Chicago." One day Captain Warner, a commissary, entered Libby Prison and enquired for me. When I presented myself, he said that he had gone to school to my mother in Marietta, Ohio, and that she was the best friend he ever had. He enquired if there was anything he could do for me. I told him I would like a bath-tub. I could have one. Three bath-tubs were provided, and then we had three tubs to six hundred men, two hundred men to a tub. We took turns, and after a while all got clean once more. I asked him if he could get me a book, which he very kindly did. When the men saw me with a book they said, "Why cannot we have books, too?" To be sure they could. I made a long list of the books the men wanted, which list I still have. The men gave him the money and he procured as many of them as he could. We had a notable company of men in Libby Prison. There were doctors, and teachers, and editors, and merchants, and lawyers. There were forty lawyers there. Now some of you will wonder how we could have a good time at all with forty lawyers in prison at once. I do not say that there ought not to be forty lawyers in jail at once, but, I do say, it is an unusual thing to get so many of them there at one time. One of these was Benjamin F.

Blair, of New York. Then there were editors, including Junius Brown, of the New York *Herald*, and Richardson, of the *Tribune*. They got up a paper which was published weekly and called the "Chronicle of Libby Prison," and the guards used to listen eagerly to the reading of these journals. We established a university, called the University of Libby Prison. We had classes in German, French, Spanish, and Italian, and natives to teach all these languages. We bought books when we needed bread. I was cook for twenty men. What I had to do was to make soup out of a quart of wormy beans and put in enough water to go around for twenty men. We made it a rule that no one should have anything to eat at all until he could ask for it in French, and so we would sit at our table empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard and say Avez-vous this and Avez-vous that and Voulez-vous this and Voulez-vous that. There was more of the "Voulez" than of the "Avez," I assure you.

One of the grand events of our captivity was the celebration of the Fourth of July. A committee was appointed on programme and one on decorations. Some of the men were appointed to speak and others to sing. We had great rehearsals. The audience was present at every rehearsal. Everything was going well except that we had no flag. A bright idea dawned on some one. We found a man with a blue shirt and then we found one with a red shirt; then came the tug of war. It was harder to find a white shirt. But finally one was found that had been white, and the three were given into the hands of a tailor,

who in due time produced a tolerably good flag. I saw the committee examining his work and heard one man remark, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." And another, "I can see the stitches four feet away." But the flag would do. It was rolled up and put away in a crack in the wall, and on the morning of the Fourth of July Captain Reed climbed up and fastened it to the rafters.

When you think of Libby Prison you must not think of it as one great room, but as a large warehouse divided into several large rooms. When we had our concerts and celebrations we would crowd into one room. On the morning of the Fourth of July we all crowded into Colonel Straight's room, where our flag was suspended. The Colonel made us a speech. He said, "Gentlemen, if there is anything said here to-day that pleases you do not cheer, for if you do they will know what is going on. Keep still and cheer in your hearts." I know it was bad advice, for we had never been still before and they would think it was a conspiracy. They would think we were going to break out and capture the guards and march north with the whole Confederacy. We often talked of it, but never did it. Sure enough, the guard soon came up to see what we were about. He stood looking at our flag. "Who put that thing up there?" he said. Oh, how mad the tailor was when he called his flag a thing! "Take it down," commanded the guard. Did not General Dix say, "If any man tears down the American flag, shoot him on the spot?" We didn't want to be shot, so we did not take down our

flag; but the guard climbed up and took it down himself and disappeared with it downstairs and we never saw our beautiful banner any more; but we celebrated just the same. It must have required a good deal of patience for the rebels to hear us singing, "We're Coming, Father Abraham, Six Hundred Thousand More," and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." They liked to hear us sing, and frequently crowds of people would gather outside the prison windows and occasionally some one would shout out, "Sing us that song about Old Abe!" They stood it all very well till we came to "Yankee Doodle," but that always made them mad.

Bad news began to come into Libby Prison thick and fast. We heard one day that there had been a great battle at Gettysburg and that forty thousand men had been captured on their way to Richmond. On the morning of the sixth of July, old Ben, a negro who had permission to sell us papers, came in as usual. He looked around upon the prostrate host and then cried, "Great news in de papers!" If you have never seen a resurrection, you could not tell what happened. We sprang to our feet and snatched the papers from his hands. Some one struck a light and held aloft a dim candle, and by its light we read these headlines, "Lee is defeated! His pontoons are swept away! The Potomac is over its banks! The whole North is up in arms, and sweeping down upon him!" We sang all our national airs from "Yankee Doodle" to "Old Hundred." Every voice rang out with the words of the Doxology; it was sung on the key of

"Q," as I remember it. Some time before, I had cut out of *The Atlantic Monthly* Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and committed it to memory; discovering that it would go well to the tune of "John Brown's Body," we learned to sing it in Libby Prison, and we made the welkin ring with its chorus of "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!" The rebel guard came up and compelled us to stop, but the song was out and it still echoes over the city. A few days afterwards, we got the sequel of our celebration. There was in the prison a coloured man whom they called General Jackson, a member of a Pittsburg regiment, that had been captured. They made him the janitor of the prison, and he came up every morning to smoke us with a pine-knot by way of fumigating the prison. Every morning he would shout, "Here's your good Union smoke, without money and without price!" On the morning of the eighth of July he came up and shouted, "Here's your good Union smoke all the way from Vicksburg!" "What do you know about Vicksburg?" asked a hundred voices. "Grant is in Vicksburg." We went to the windows and looked out and saw the newsboys selling extras. The people in the street read them and looked gloomy and sad. Somebody brought us a copy, and the man who got it stood on a table and read aloud these words: "Adjutant-General Cooper: Compelled by circumstances, I surrendered the post of Vicksburg on the Fourth of July to Major-General U. S. Grant of the Federal Army." And it was signed "Pemberton." When we heard this, we sang all our national songs over again.

A guard put his head in at the door and shouted, "You Yanks up there, you'll be singing out of the other side of your mouths in a few days!" In a few days Port Hudson fell, and then we sang them all over again. At the risk of being shot, I saw a man put his head out of the window and call out, "We're a-singing out of both sides now!" Vicksburg captured? Some one asked what day it was and what time of day. It occurred to us that it was the same day and the same time of day when that fellow was pulling down our little old shirt flag, General Grant was pulling down the Rebel flag at Vicksburg. Gentlemen, that was the finest coincidence of the war.

One day seventy-three captains were sent for to come downstairs and two chaplains, of whom I was one. We were formed into a hollow square and the officer in charge addressed us thus, "Gentlemen, I have an unpleasant duty to perform. I am ordered to select two of you for execution; and as the fairest way to do this I have written your names on slips of paper and put them in this hat. One of the chaplains will take out two names and the other captains can go back upstairs." The other chaplain, Father Brown, as we called him, nearly eighty years of age, picked the names from the hat. They were Captains Sawyer and Flynn and they were put into the dungeon and were to have been executed the next day, but owing to some disagreement among the authorities the execution was delayed. A letter to Mr. Lincoln was written by the prisoners and I saw one of them, by the name of MacDonald, who had just been

exchanged, pry open the sole of his boot and hide the letter therein. As soon as he reached Washington he took it to Mr. Lincoln. It so happened that Captain Fitzhugh Lee and Captain Winder, a son of General Winder who had ordered this execution, had just been captured. Mr. Lincoln sent this message, "If you execute Sawyer and Flynn, I will execute Lee and Winder. A. Lincoln." They never were executed. That was a way the President had, and I think it was a pretty good way.

I never thought I should cry "Fresh fish!" to a man I had never seen before and had never been introduced to, but one day the cry of "Fresh fish!" rang through the prison and we ran to see who had come. There was Brigadier-General Neal Dow, of Maine. He was that grand old dreamer who was the first to conceive that it is possible to have one State free from the curse of rum. We made him make us a temperance speech and then the rebels laughed. I had never seen them laugh before, and I remember I used to wonder whether their faces would crack if they smiled, they looked so solemn. But they laughed at our temperance meetings. They said, "Why, you couldn't get a pint of whiskey in Libby Prison to save your life. What's the use of holding temperance meetings?" The newspaper reporters got hold of it, and they would come and report his speeches and print them in the papers of Richmond. One day an invitation came for him to make a tour of the South. He was the guest of the most distinguished citizens of Georgia. He was gone six weeks and came back to

the prison merry as a lark. One day he told us what a fine time he had had. He said that the Confederacy was nothing but a shell. That there was nothing left but old men and boys for them to recruit from. Just then the sergeant came in. I supposed he would stop talking at once, but he went right on as though nothing had happened and said with great emphasis and a forcible gesture of his right fist, "As I was remarking, gentlemen, intemperance is the *greatest evil* in the world!" We all looked as though we thought so too, and the sergeant went off downstairs saying, "That old crank is delivering another temperance lecture."

We got up a singing society and had a concert. It was a grand success. Everybody was present. We had solos, duets, and trios, and a grand chorus. We had Irish songs, French songs, Hungarian songs, Scotch songs, German songs. Sometimes we would wind up our concerts by singing, "There's no Place like Home." One day an Irishman was very much depressed and he sat dejectedly crooning to himself:

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
> Make me a child again just for to-night,"

when another Irishman heard him and exclaimed, "Yis, and a girrul child at that!"

One night when we were giving a concert, the guard outside shouted, "Lights out up there!" The lights went out, but the concerts went on. We had only one tallow-dip, which we fastened to the table by its own grease, and it was so dim that it only served to make the darkness visible. We were a noisy com-

pany and it was hard to sleep. I moved that hereafter at nine o'clock everybody should get quiet. I was voted down unanimously. By and by, another fellow got up and said: ".With the privilege of this association I have a conundrum to propound. Why is Libby Prison like a church?" His answer was, "Because we have fasting and prayer." Up sprang another fellow and said, "Why is Libby Prison like a literary institution?" Nobody could guess. His answer was, "Because it is a *lyceum.*" "Put him out! Put him out!" they cried. We didn't want anybody to know that, and here's a fellow who blurts it right out in meeting. There was one man there who could never see a joke for five hours, and after that he would laugh. How many of us have laughed at John B. Gough's story of the man who said to another man, "A fine day for the race, isn't it?" "What race?" "The human race." That was a fine joke, and he thought he would get it off on the next man he met. Meeting a friend soon after, he said, "Fine day for the trot, isn't it?" "What trot?" "Well, I thought I had a joke, but somehow it is gone from me." So this man who could not see a joke for five hours kept saying to himself, "See 'em! See 'em!" "You can't see 'em, but you can feel 'em all the time." And so we could. Vermin dropped down on us from the ceiling and crawled out on us from the walls. We were covered with vermin from head to foot. This was not one of the least of our troubles in Libby Prison. Men, the peers of any who listen to me to-night, intellectual, refined, sensitive, were forced to

endure daily and hourly torture of this kind, and there was no release night or day. But if you could have seen that company, what would you have thought if you had heard the laugh that greeted this joke! We had seven Irishmen with us who were the delight of my heart. Such wit as they had! If you were dying of starvation and an Irishman would get off a joke, such as I have heard them relate in Libby Prison, it would make you laugh. Dr. Buckley told a joke once which reminded me of these Irishmen. He said, "There was an Irish tax assessor in New York whose friend had a pet goat. He sent him a tax bill for eight dollars. The man came into his office very much incensed and asked why he had made such a tax as that on his goat. The Irishman took down his book of instructions and showed him the page which said, 'All property abounding and abutting on the front street must be taxed four dollars a front foot.'" Two Irishmen were going along the road and they saw a gallows. One of them said to the other, "Pat, if those gallows had their just dues where would you be?" "Sure, I would be walking along here alone." Such wit we were accustomed to all the time in Libby Prison. I think it kept us alive.

One day Dr. Sebal, the Confederate surgeon, who still lives in Jacksonville, Florida, and whom I love, came to me and said, "Chaplain, I will have to ask you to go to the hospital." The fact was, I was coming down with typhoid fever. When I was last in Richmond I saw the canal that flowed by the prison and remembered how we used to get our water to

drink from it, and how our sewer pipe emptied into it, and I wondered that we did not all die. I was taken to the hospital to wrestle for six weeks with the dread fever. As they took me downstairs, I heard footsteps behind me and as I looked around there came Willie Morgan. "Where are you going, Willie?" I asked. "I'm going with you, sir." "You had better go back and stay with the doctor." "No," he said, "I'm going to take care of you." I saw him prepare my bed of straw with a dirty blanket laid over it. I saw him brush off the vermin with his hand. He folded up my old overcoat and it was the only pillow I had. I went down to the gates of death. One day I awakened to consciousness and they were holding a consultation about me. I knew by their faces that they thought I could not get well. The doctor said something to Willie in low tones and then I heard him say, "You're a good boy. Just give him this medicine every hour." One day soon after Major-General Powell, a dear friend, came in and sat down beside me. He took out his pocket scissors and cut off my long beard and unkempt hair and gave me a bath with his own hands. He afterwards told my wife that the condition in which he found me as he turned back the soiled blanket and saw me lying covered with vermin was a sight he could not well endure. After he had made me as comfortable as possible, he said, "Chaplain, there is a letter for you; would you like to hear it?" The letter was from Dr. Isaac Crook, a member from my own Conference. He told me that they had just had a session of Conference

and that when my name was called they had said, "He is in Libby Prison." The bishop who was presiding spoke of the time when Paul and Barnabas were prayed out of prison and suggested that they pray for me. Two hundred and fifty Methodist preachers got down on their knees and asked for my release. I was used to suffering; I could endure loneliness without tears, but I was not used to tenderness, and that tender letter broke me down. The tears rolled down my cheeks like rain. As soon as I could control myself, I began to sing. I broke out into a profuse perspiration and the tide was turned. In the evening the doctor came in and felt my pulse and started back in surprise. "Why," said he, "there's a big change in you. That last medicine has helped you wonderfully," and he rolled up a big blue-mass pill and gave it to me with a drink of water; but I got well all the same!

In twelve days Willie Morgan stood by my side, his face all aglow, and said, "Chaplain, we're exchanged! We are going home this morning and the ambulance is standing at the door. They have sent me to wash and dress you." Then they picked me up and carried me down to the ambulance. I weighed less than one hundred pounds.

We went to Petersburg by water and there took the train. A man came into the car with a basket and walked right up to me and gave me a piece of fried chicken and some bread, and also gave some to Willie Morgan; and I said to him, "Sir, what is your name?" "I am Captain Hatch," he said. I asked

him how he knew me, and he answered, "Ask your father when you get home." When I reached home I asked my father how Captain Hatch happened to know me, and he said, "My son, I went clear down to Fortress Monroe after you and, when I could get no further, I sent word along the line; and if you were a *Mason* you would understand." So I never knew how Captain Hatch happened to know me; but somehow I have always associated Masonry and fried chicken; and if any one asks me what Masonry is, I answer, "It is a thing that gives a fellow fried chicken when he is hungry."

Oh, friends, not a word of exaggeration shall pass my lips, when I tell you of the voyage home. What was it just to be going home! They laid me down on the deck of the vessel under the flag that was floating above me. Willie was by my side, his blue eyes out on the James River down which we were steaming. By and by, a Union soldier stepped in front of me and called out, "Hello, don't you want something to eat?" Then he put a tin plate down on my breast and on it was a piece of beefsteak and a baked potato. Friends, I have seen Niagara, I have walked amid the grandeur of Yosemite Valley, but I never saw anything that moved my soul like that beefsteak and baked potato! Then they brought me coffee and it was hot, and in half an hour I was able to walk. I took Willie's arm and we strolled about the boat. There were four hundred men on it. I saw that two of them were dying. The doctor was leaning over one to catch his words. He was saying, "Doctor, couldn't

you give me something to strengthen me a little so I could just get home? I want to get home once more." But the doctor could not. They placed the men in rude coffins and nailed them up and sent them home to their loved ones.

Down the James we went and up the Potomac, and landed at Washington. As soon as I put my foot on land I enquired for a telegraph office and sent this message, "We are safe and coming," and a few hours afterwards the despatch was thrown into the lap of a blue-eyed lady out in Ohio, and she and our little boy went aside to give thanks. I cannot forget that many a wife and mother in this audience had a different message from that. When we went away, the regiment turned the corner of the road and the band was playing and the flags flying and your boy turned and lifted his cap and swung it over his head and sent back a cheerful smile, which meant that he would come back again; but he never came back. He sleeps in a soldier's honoured grave.

God bless you who have lost your loved ones, and God bless you, old soldiers, whom I see before me to-night! You are the men who saved your country! If it had not been for you and men like you, the Republic would have been lost and we would have had no flag flying over our homes to-night. God bless you! and when Death beats his low tattoo for you, I hope that the next sound you hear will be the *reveille* of angels, and that you will hear God's voice saying, "Well done, old soldier, the war is over. Come unto me and rest," and may I be there to greet you!

XV

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION—PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AND REFLECTIONS

AFTER his release from Libby Prison and during the closing months of 1863, while recovering his health, the Chaplain became interested in the United States Christian Commission. It appealed so strongly to his patriotic and Christian sympathies that he gladly accepted invitations to take part in their meetings, and when it was discovered that his magnetic song and oratory roused and thrilled his audiences the managers of the Commission lost no time in enlisting him in this beneficent cause. Resigning his chaplaincy, January 8, 1864, he soon after, on March 29, 1864, received his commission as a delegate of the United States Christian Commission and entered more fully into the work in which he had already proven his marvellous efficiency. The Christian Commission was an organisation that grew out of the efforts of the various Young Men's Christian Associations of the North to minister to the physical and spiritual needs of the soldiers and sailors in camp, and field, and hospital. Many young men from these Associations had gone to the war. Their friends at home conceived the idea of sending them such help as could be furnished in special articles of clothing, food, del-

icacies, religious reading, and the consolation of men who had been commissioned to visit them in the army. At a convention of these Associations, held in New York, November 16, 1861, it was resolved to organise the United States Christian Commission. In the first report of the Commission, published in 1862, the design of the organisation is stated to be as follows: "The design of the Commission has been to arouse the Christian Associations and the Christian men and women of the loyal States to such action towards the men in our army and navy as would be pleasing to the Master; to obtain and direct volunteer labours and to collect stores and money with which to supply whatever was needed, reading matter and articles necessary for health not furnished by Government or other agencies, and to give the officers and men of our army and navy the best Christian ministries for both body and soul possible in their circumstances." Of this Commission George H. Stuart, a wealthy and philanthropic Christian layman of Philadelphia, was the chairman, and among the members were such prominent ministers and laymen as Bishop Matthew Simpson, Bishop Edmund Janes, Bishop C. P. McIlvaine, Rev. Rollin H. Neal, D.D., Rev. F. Wayland, D.D., Rev. W. E. Boardman, D.D., General Clinton B. Fisk, Jay Cook, J. V. Farwell, W. E. Dodge, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, and others. The Commission issued its last report in 1866 with the statement: "By the blessing of God on the Federal Arms, this the fifth Annual Report closes the work of the United States Christian Commission." And what a noble work it had accomplished! Dur-

ing the four years of its existence it had collected and distributed money and supplies to the sum of $6,291,107.68. The Commission established agencies throughout the loyal States and sent out delegates to solicit funds. In every city the cause was presented and collections were taken to aid the work. Agents or delegates followed the armies and coöperated with the surgeons, chaplains, and nurses in distributing food, clothing, medicine, fruits, tracts, Bibles, and other reading matter. The work expanded into a distinctly religious and evangelistic movement, Gospel meetings were held in the camps, and revivals of great interest were conducted in which hundreds and thousands of soldiers were converted.

It may well be imagined how congenial such a work as this was to the intense evangelistic temperament of Chaplain McCabe. How splendidly did his glorious song and burning eloquence fit him for this mission among the soldiers whom he loved! And what a power to move great audiences had he acquired in the experiences of Libby Prison! In both departments of the work he was one of the most efficient agents of this great Commission. Whether pleading for money throughout the North or singing and preaching to the soldiers in Southern camps, he was equally happy and successful. His love of church and of country was a consuming passion, and his very zeal did well-nigh eat him up. It cannot be said that at any time during these years of 1864-1865 he was a well man. His excessive labours, travelling, preaching, singing, delivering ad-

dresses, holding revivals, and collecting large sums of money, often so exhausted him that several days of painful illness would follow his tremendous exertions.

But Chaplain McCabe never suffered so much from the pain of illness as he did from the idleness which an illness necessitated. He was never patient when doing nothing. In his journal of those years are frequent expressions revealing his love for work, his impatience with enforced idleness, and his appreciation of the value of time. "Spent the day in hard work. In one thing I want to rival the great apostle. In labours I would be abundant. A life of ceaseless activity is a life of ceaseless pleasure." "Kept my bed all day. It is well to suffer; it is well to do; it is sometimes better to suffer than to do, because it requires more self-denial. I am so sorry to be compelled to leave my work at this time. The place of labour and sacrifice is my Peniel, where I see God face to face. What a joyful chapter this history of the past three weeks forms in my life. I have been happy because I have been successful in my great work. What joy is like the joy of harvest? If I had been more careful of my health I might have prolonged my labours; perhaps I am to blame in the matter; yet it is hard to be prudent when there is so much to do. I suppose I shall lecture a while for the Christian Commission when I get able to do anything." "There is no place like home, and there is no home like mine. To me it is an enchanting place. I would never leave it did not duty so peremptorily call me. I very much re-

gret that I am compelled to be inactive at the present time, but 'they also serve who only stand and wait.'"

"Labouring and enjoying seem to go together in my Christian experience; seldom do I enjoy near views of the glory of God unless some flash of light from the Cross of Jesus upon the path of some poor sinner led thither by my hand reveals it to me. Yet I know this is not as it should be; why not grow in grace in the sick-room? Others have! Why may not I? Here I am, just at the moment I fondly expected to be winning an immortal fortune in the army, a helpless invalid. I have not even the consolation of saying: 'Let God's will be done,' because I have brought this last sickness upon me by my own excesses. Who can preach four or five times upon the Sabbath without soon impairing his health. Yet I have been foolish enough to think that I could do so. The temptation is very great in the army to excessive labour. There are men ready, eager for the word of life. There is the Gospel, the blessed Gospel—the waiting host and the everlasting promises. Who can help utter them? Oh, who that has ever felt a Saviour's love in his own heart can refrain from lifting up his voice like a trumpet and calling the sorrowful and sin-burdened souls around him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world? I would give anything to be able for duty." "Resting, reading, chafing, I wish I could go to work with vehemence. I weary of doing little or nothing."

"From all accounts I must be a very stubborn and

self-willed sort of person. That is the character I get from all my relatives, even from my wife. I hope I do not deserve all they say of me. They think I am killing myself. That I will fill an early grave as the result of my own excesses. Well, be it so, rather than my zeal should be quenched or even dampened. At the risk of being thought self-willed then I hope to continue my labours for others' weal with even more intensity than ever. I cannot blame my friends, however, for their anxiety, but the place of labour and of sacrifice is my Peniel! Until I get there my soul is not at rest. My family talk to me as though I was stubbornly bent on suicide. They do not know how I want to live on and accomplish something ere I fall asleep. While I do not think that death would in the least appal me, I am not anxious to die until I can afford it. It is a great matter to wind up a probation on earth and close forever one's opportunity for doing good. I aspire to rival Paul in one thing, and that is hard work. I tried it in the army last spring, and wore my body down until I was forced to abandon the field. A life of activity is the life for me, and especially when I labour directly for Christ in the work of saving souls."

"God repays me so amply for the little service I render Him, and how small that service is! How easily might another perform it and I be unmissed in the round of duty and in the Lord's vineyard! Yet God more than repays me for each effort I make for the advancement of His Kingdom. With the work of the Lord, when prosecuted with vigour, there is con-

nected a richness of enjoyment not elsewhere to be found. Labour is my rest."

Few men have ever put a more conscientious value on time than Chaplain McCabe. His was a life crowded with unremitting activity. His work completely absorbed him. He was consecrated, soul, mind, and body, to the promotion of the interests of God's kingdom in this world. He seemed to be dominated by the idea, "The King's business requireth haste." While in the world he was not of it. From childhood to the hour in which he heard "the one clear call," time was to him a sacred thing, life one holy day, and the greatest satisfaction and glory of living was found in noble duties nobly done. If in speaking of the value of time he now and then becomes facetious, he is none the less sincere. "Wasted most of this day shopping," he writes in his journal; "Job never shopped all day, or there might have been at least one stain on his marble reputation. It may be a pleasure to ladies to pull down goods and examine them, but I never could see just where the pleasure lies. My chief regret is, however, the loss of time which can never be made up. We can waste years of time, but we are utterly unable to create a moment. All our wisdom, all our efforts, could not delay one moment the knell of time. It is of time I wish to be careful. I have lost much, and it seems to me my progress has been slow, considering the efforts I have made." "Spent the day wasting time, fearful work!" Again he writes, on a late December day, in 1864, "The old year is dying, and I have not accomplished

what I have intended. Did any one ever come up to his ideal? I suppose not; if it were so, there would be nothing left to aspire for. I would see the year close with better feelings if there were not so many actual transgressions to set over against the mercy of God."

At ten o'clock of New Year's eve of that closing year, he wrote: "I am taking leave of the old year. It is a sad parting: I have not fulfilled the promises I made to myself and the blessed Master when the year opened. 'Thou that takest away the sins of the world have mercy on me.' I have been greatly blamed for hard work, but my only answer to all such accusations is, I have not done enough; profitless came the year, profitless it departs; yet I would not take a gloomy view of 1864, some sheaves I shall bear in the great day when angels shout the 'Harvest Home,' which shall bear the mark of the year that is dying now. My labours in the army last spring afford me much pleasure in memory. God was with me there. Souls were converted and many quickened. Would that I could labour thus until the end of the war."

He begins his journal for 1865 at 12:30 o'clock on New Year's morning with these reflections and resolutions: "I live to see the beginning of another year, a year which I trust, should I live to see its close, will prove the most profitable of my life. I have seen the old year die and the new year begin to live. Almighty Father, forgive the errors of the one and assist me to fulfil in my life and labours the hopes of the other! I desire during the year that lies before me or during

that part of it in which my life may be spared to live to purpose, to accomplish more for God and the truth. I hope to improve my mind more diligently than ever; to study the Scriptures with greater care and patience; to commit to memory at least five verses per day; to perform better and more constantly the duty of self-examination; to preach more earnestly and to aim more directly to save souls; to pray more than ever, lingering at the throne of grace; to magnify Christ, whether by life or by death; to be ready to die at any moment. It is a mighty task, but God is mighty. In Him is everlasting strength and He is my inheritance."

XVI

WORK AMONG THE SOLDIERS—REVIVALS—CONVERSIONS

CHAPLAIN McCABE was never happier than when at the front, holding revivals and leading the soldiers to Christ. When the request came to him at Washington, in February, 1864, that he prepare to take the home field for a while in the financial interests of the Christian Commission, he wrote in his journal: "I will do so rather under protest from my own conscience. I feel a yearning to be at the front, and to share the dangers and privations of my old comrades. Yet I suppose I can go to the front in a few weeks at the farthest."

The extent and success of his labours, and the great joy he experienced in preaching and discharging the other duties of a delegate of the Commission to the soldiers, he recorded with great satisfaction, as the following extracts from his journal testify:

"Instead of rest, I have had exceptional labours to-day (Sunday). Have held four or five meetings in the different hospitals and camps around the city. Started this morning upon my preaching tour. I preached at Kendal Green and in the afternoon at Camp Barry. Mrs. Beck, daughter of Judge Greer, one of the judges upon the supreme bench, accom-

panied me to Camp Barry. There we had a most delightful meeting. Many tears were shed. It is a solemn sight to gaze upon a large body of soldiers waiting for the Gospel. Mrs. Beck is a most delightful singer: she has been with the Army of the Potomac a great while. In the evening I preached at Asbury Chapel to the coloured people. The congregation was immense. The well-trained choir gave us some music, the equal of which I never heard from any choir. They sang one anthem, 'Behold what manner of love,' that thrilled the depths of my soul. I had a good time preaching."

This reference to the singing of the coloured people and his preaching to them with much liberty and satisfaction will justify the insertion here of other extracts from the Chaplain's journal, in which he refers with pride and pleasure to the people for whose liberty he was fighting, and in whose possibilities he had the greatest faith, and of whose mental, spiritual, and political future he never ceased to prophecy with abounding hope and confidence.

"I have passed a delightful day," he writes at Camp Stoneman. "Brother Adams and I went about to visit the soldiers, carrying with us reading matter and distributing it to them. We found some in whom we were greatly interested. We also visited the coloured hospital. I asked one coloured man, who was very sick, whether he knew how to pray. 'I do,' said he. 'What do you say when you pray?' I asked. 'Our Father which art in heaven,' then looking me steadily in the face with a feeble voice and many tears

he repeated the whole prayer through. I sang him a song and prayed for and with him. This evening we had a meeting in the chapel tent. My chains fell off and God made my great commission known. Three noble young men came forward for prayers. The work is deepening. I am getting more interested in its progress. . . . I feel happy to-night; God smiles upon me."

When the Chaplain was at City Point, in October of 1864, and visited all the important localities, he wrote in his journal: "The negro troops hold much of the line between this Fort and the extreme right. If they *are chattels,* a mighty trust is reposed in them. Should they prove unfaithful, it would be disastrous to the entire army. But no one expects anything from them like unfaithfulness. They will be true. I could but admire their cheerfulness. They are fighting in no common way. If captured, their death is well-night certain. Fort Pillow is still unavenged, yet still they fight on. They still enlist, and God grant that they may fight their way to liberty and social position."

Chaplain McCabe lived to see not only the freedom of the negro, who had been unrighteously held in bondage on this continent for two hundred and fifty years, but also to witness the marvellous development of the race in all that fits them for American citizenship. In domestic economy, industrial efficiency, mechanical skill, professional ability, in education, morals, self-reliance, patriotism, and spirituality of religion, no race ever made such improvement in

forty-five years' time as the negro race has made in the United States since Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. But to continue the Chaplain's record of his work while at the front as a delegate of the Christian Commission: "I love to preach to the soldiers. They are the best men of the country. I hope I shall never forget what they have done for me."

"Everything looks favourable for a good work at this station (Camp Stoneman). This preaching place is like an oasis amid the wild wastes of war." "A most laborious day, I have attended two prayer-meetings, and have preached three times. The congregations were all large and attentive. The work is progressing. We are hoping for a great ingathering of souls. I am weary in the work of my Master, but, thank God, I never weary of it. How I love it! Oh, that all my powers might be consecrated to this blest employ!" "Brandy Station. Came down to the army to-day. Had no difficulty in finding my old regiment. Was warmly greeted by all. I tried to preach this evening from these words: 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.' Two seekers of religion presented themselves. The meeting was a very profitable one, and I doubt not much good may be accomplished here. There is a general desire for me to come back into the regiment as Chaplain. I will wait awhile before I decide to do so. In the meantime, I will pray for the direction of the Holy Spirit. I am glad I am back in the army again. It is good to be

here. I love to labour among these noble men. No man, surely, could ask a better field of usefulness." "Our meeting to-night was well attended. The chapel was full. Fourteen souls asked the prayers of God's people. The conflict deepens. Hell is gathering its forces, but our Jesus will conquer, as usual. In His name I will set up my banner. I feel a longing desire to win an immortal fortune. Lord, breathe upon my soul and let it live anew in Thee!"

"Delightful day! How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend! I arose this morning with a great desire to see the salvation of God. Held my seekers' meeting at nine o'clock; it was a good time. My heart was greatly melted. No one was converted, however. Can it be it is through our want of faith that souls do not enter into the light and liberty of God's dear children with more rapidity? I preached to the regiment from 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' The congregation was large and attentive. I felt considerable liberty in preaching. I feel an increase in my longing to see souls converted. Preached to-night in the chapel from Isaiah 48:18. Had a charming meeting. Four new souls asked the prayers of God's people. There are now eighteen. O for convicting power!"

"Had a most blessed meeting this morning at nine o'clock. Quite a large number present. To-night, at the call for seekers of salvation, there were seventeen new ones. They now number thirty in all since last Friday evening. Several were converted this evening. The work goes forward. To God be all the glory!"

"The work goes on with power. Souls are being converted. I am full of labours, and I love to work for the weal of others. Jesus has shown me the secret of happiness."

"Preached a dedicatory sermon this evening in the new chapel of the 110th Ohio. We had a large congregation, and there is every prospect of a harvest there also. The regiment has a Chaplain, but the religious element is so strong in the army meetings, and religious services can be kept up with or without a preacher. The number of names upon my seekers' list now amounts to thirty-seven. I have commenced a Bible Class with the young converts. We shall doubtless find it exceedingly profitable. I find a liberty in preaching and talking to the enquirers such as I never felt before. The convictions are pungent. The conversions are clear and powerful."

"Our meeting this morning was of great interest. I never knew a service more easily managed than this is. It is no trouble. Everything is done so promptly. When I call the seekers of religion to the altar, they come at once. Even before the words of invitation are spoken, the altar is full. The speaking is done with great promptness. There are none of those long, chilling pauses which are so common in many meetings. 'Love makes labour light.' Our Bible Class is getting very large. I shall divide it to-morrow. It is too large for me to manage; I think of dividing it into four classes. Our meeting to-night was a success. Eight new souls started in the way of life. We have now in all fifty-three. Blessed be God! One

week ago to-night, I met with the brethren here for the first time. To God be all the glory!"

"Attended my meeting for enquiring souls this morning at seven-thirty. It was well attended. Held a meeting in the chapel of the 6th Maryland at half-past ten. At one, I went to the prayer-meeting of the 110th Ohio, where God is working in a glorious manner. At three-thirty I met my Bible Class. At night I preached for the 6th Maryland. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Four were converted and testified to the power of Christ to save, before the congregation. I feel quite weary to-night, but I love this blessed work far more than I can tell."

"A most delightful day (Sunday)! I have been very happy in the Saviour's love all day long. My meeting at the chapel this morning for the benefit of seekers of religion was of great interest. It does seem that this blessed work had but just commenced. At ten-thirty I preached to the 6th Maryland assembled in front of regimental headquarters. At half-past two attended a communion service at the chapel of the 126th Ohio. It was a precious service. How it nerves my heart to see those brave men weeping around the Cross! Many communed; several were baptised. Took tea with Chaplain Foote of the 151st New York. I preached for him this evening. Now worn out with manifold labours I seek my bed. I am happy in God. I rejoice in the privilege of labouring for Christ. I am glad I was called to preach the Gospel. I put the seventieth name upon my seekers' list to-night.

"'Breathe, blessed Jesus, a Sabbath o'er my soul.'"

It was in the midst of these strenuous labours in which he found so much joy and satisfaction that his strength gave out and he was obliged to leave the front and return to his home, then in Chicago, to regain his health. During these spells of exhaustion he suffered much pain, but bore it heroically, complaining only of the time lost in lying idle when his eager spirit longed to be in the thick of the toil and battle.

With all the power and success of his later secretarial activities with which we are most familiar there is no part of this good and great man's life more worthy of his Church's and his country's gratitude, and of every preacher's, every Christian's, every army chaplain's study, praise, and emulation, than the part of his life which was so fully consecrated to evangelistic work among the soldiers of those Civil War days.

XVII

"DOOMED TO RAISE MONEY"—SUCCESS—ESTIMATE OF MEN—FISK, VINCENT, SIMPSON, AMES, MERRILL

AS soon as he was able to leave his bed, the Chaplain was in the home field pushing forward with extraordinary vigour and success the financial interests of the Christian Commission. Wherever he appeared to present the cause vast multitudes greeted him, eager to hear the "Singing Chaplain" tell the thrilling story of his Libby Prison experiences, describe the glorious work of revival among the soldiers at the front, and sing the songs which melted them to tears or roused them to a wild pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. The Chaplain was assigned to the district which comprised the States of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois, and it was his desire and purpose to raise no less than $250,000 for the work of the Commission. While in this field he laboured so constantly if not intemperately that he was often suddenly attacked with complete exhaustion and a painful illness that alarmed his friends. But he was always buoyed up with the hope: "I shall soon be able to again take up the work." Nevertheless, with all the success that attended his efforts in the North, he longed to be with the soldiers at the front. It was

when in this mood that he recorded in his journal what may be considered as nearly as anything a prophecy of his future career. He wrote in his journal of 1864 these significant words: "*I seem doomed to raise money.* And I hope I am not grieving the Lord when I do it." Yes, that was, indeed, his destiny. But little could he have imagined what that reflection fully meant. He had no vision of that great future which awaited him in the Church Extension and Missionary secretaryships, yet was he "*doomed to raise money.*" Was not God fitting and training him for his remarkable career in which he was "doomed to raise money" by millions for the Church and for the Kingdom of Heaven? It was while engaged in raising money for the Christian Commission that he first became acquainted with the noble men who in their Christian patriotism and their patriot Christianity coöperated with him in organising meetings and enlisting the sympathy of the liberal-minded people in their communities. Men who have since reached distinction were then pastors in comparatively obscure fields. Their names frequently appear in the Chaplain's journal in connection with the records of those stirring days. It is interesting now to read this extract from his record of a visit to Detroit: "Brother Palmer, a young man of this city, came to take me to his Sabbath-school. I addressed the children. I went there to hear brother Buckley * preach at Woodward Avenue Church. He was a stranger to me, a young man from New Hampshire recently. Brother Palmer at

* Dr. J. M. Buckley, now editor of *The Christian Advocate.*

the close of the service told him of my presence and I was permitted to announce our Christian Commission meeting for to-night. When the benediction was pronounced hosts of friends gathered around me in good old Methodistic style and invited me to dine. I went with the host of brother Buckley, and found a charming family."

In the record of his visit to Rockford, Illinois, we find this charming reference to a Sunday's experience:

"Was invited to preach, but declined; am not well enough to preach. Went to hear brother Vincent.* His sermon was refreshing to my soul. His subject was the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. It was an excellent discourse and was delivered with great power."

"I became acquainted with brothers Chadwick, Mead, Vincent, and Blanchard. The last named is the Presiding Elder of the District."

"Am invited to breakfast this morning with brother Vincent."

"Met some pleasant society around brother Vincent's table."

An interesting extract from the record of a Sunday's work at St. Louis reads: "This morning I visited the Sabbath-school at brother Cox's church. I was perfectly delighted, and made them a short address. The singing was glorious. Mrs. General Fisk presided at the organ. I tried to preach to the mighty congregation from, 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy

*Bishop John H. Vincent.

peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes.' Was invited to dine with General Fisk. The country is happy in having a few generals at least who are Christian men; seldom have I met any more deeply religious than General Fisk."

It was during these years of extensive travel throughout the country, in the work of the Christian Commission, that the Chaplain had the opportunity of meeting and hearing the most distinguished preachers and orators of the day, and in several instances he recorded his impressions of them. "New York. Called upon Dr. Foster * and family. Randolph Foster's name is like a household word to me. His work on 'Christian Purity' I regard as one of the most beneficial I have ever read. I met it years ago, and have read it often since."

"Altoona, Pa. Was pleasantly surprised by meeting Bishop Ames at the hotel. He is one of the most genial of men. It is a very great pleasure to spend a few hours in his society. He is now fifty-nine years old, yet he is seldom hindered by want of perfect health from the performance of any of his duties. I wish I could attain such health; but perhaps an experience in the hands of the rebels such as mine would break his constitution also."

It was during the session of his Conference, which met in Chillicothe, Ohio, in the month of September, 1864, that the Chaplain enjoyed one of the most delightful experiences of his life. It was the first Conference after his release from Libby Prison, and, as

* Became a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

he said, he "was anticipating a most delightful time of it." His anticipations were fully realised, as may be learned from his journal, in which he sets down his just and generous appreciation of the great men whom he there met and heard. A few of their number are still living and will recall the memorable experiences of that Conference as they read these extracts from the Chaplain's diary, written forty-four years ago. "September 8, 1864. Conference opened this morning with most of the members present. Bishop Ames is presiding. The venerable Bishop Morris is here and sometimes takes the chair. He is almost home. Never did a man enjoy more perfectly the confidence and esteem of all his brethren than does this good old man. He has seen the little one become a thousand in this western land. Immediately is his history bound up with the history of Methodism in this part of the country. There is a prospect of having a good spiritual Conference."

"Sept. 9. I was invited to preach to-night, but declined and secured the services of brother Thoburn,* the returned missionary, in my place. The congregation was intensely interested in the account he gave of life in India, and while he gave some portion of his religious experience shouts of praise filled the house."

"Sept. 10. The business of the Conference is progressing so rapidly that there might be a probability of being able to adjourn very soon, but we are to remain here until next Wednesday in order to meet the

* Since became Missionary Bishop for India.

Cincinnati Conference. I am very glad of it, for the whole thing is a delight to my soul. I am happy every way. God is with me, and I am with my brethren of the past. Men who have known me from my boyhood are here. The Missionary Anniversary was held this evening. Addresses were made by Dr. Reid, brother Thoburn, and Dr. Durbin."

"Sunday, Sept. 11. One of the days of the Son of Man! A high day! A pentecost! I shall never, never forget it. The love feast in the morning was overwhelming. I shall not attempt a description. Bishop Ames preached in the morning upon *Faith.* It was glorious; not one of the Bishop's mightiest efforts, but a sweet, mellowing, heart-searching sermon, full of the Word of God and heartfelt experience. It was too short. That was its only fault. This evening we heard brother Thoburn preach again."

"Sept. 12. Spent almost the entire day in the Conference room. This evening I was invited to tell a part of my Libby Prison experience. I did so to a large congregation. Brother Philips,* of Cincinnati Conference, conducted the singing. I never heard a sweeter singer in all my life. To-morrow we are to meet the Cincinnati Conference."

"Sept. 13. The Conference assembled at the usual hour and transacted business until the arrival of the Cincinnati Conference. The Lord's Supper was first administered, after which the time was taken up by the rehearsal of Christian experience. It was a blessed time. On motion of brother Van Anda,

* Philip Philips.

Bishop Simpson was requested to deliver an address upon the affairs of the country at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The Bishop assented, and at the appointed hour we assembled again. I never heard the equal of that effort, I know."

No other man of his time seems to have made so profound an impression upon the Chaplain by his preaching as Bishop Simpson. He writes: "Heard John B. Gough to-night. It was a fine effort. His acting is to the life. Surely no man can tell a story more effectively than can he. There are many speakers, however, I would rather hear. Bishop Simpson is my *beau ideal* of an orator. He stirs the foundations of my soul." "Went this morning to hear Bishop Simpson preach at Liberty Street, Pittsburg. His text was the 6th verse of the 4th of Malachi: 'And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.' The discourse closed with a powerful appeal to parents which thrilled the audience, moving them to tears, and doubtless causing the forming of many resolutions of reform in family government."

"Philadelphia, Sunday, June 25, 1865. Heard Bishop Simpson preach the dedicatory sermon of Spring Garden Street Church this morning. It was a great sermon on *Faith:* 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' Gen. Grant was in the audience. The desire of the people was so great to see the General that he was compelled to stand up and let the audience greet him. There was

no demonstration of applause, at the request of the Bishop."

Of Daniel Dougherty, one of America's finest orators and the most distinguished ornament of the Philadelphia Bar, the Chaplain wrote, during the second Lincoln campaign: "Attended the meeting this evening and heard a magnificent address by Mr. Dougherty, of Philadelphia. In his own city and among his own friends he can draw a larger audience than almost any speaker they have had during the campaign. I failed to report myself in time to speak. I was very glad I got out of it, for there was nothing more necessary to be said after Mr. Dougherty got through. It would be folly to add any ornament to the *Greek Slave*."

His visit to Baltimore, in 1865, was memorable in the Chaplain's experience. He there heard Dr. Littleton Morgan, one of the giants of his day, and he was most gratefully impressed with his preaching: "Heard brother Morgan preach upon 'The Work of the Spirit' this morning. It was like manna. I go hungry for the most part, for the Word of God. Oh, how refreshing to find a man who is not a mere essayist, who feels and knows the power of the grace of God and who earnestly desires to benefit his hearers. Preached at old Light Street this afternoon. Upstairs in the building in the rear of Light Street Church is the old Conference room. Once within its narrow limits was held the General Conference. The little one has become a thousand. The walls of the old room have enclosed the noblest men that ever trod this

continent, men who lived and laboured and suffered for the truth. Became acquainted with some noble people to-day. My short visit to Baltimore will result in the formation of immortal friendships."

It was an impressive coincidence that at the General Conference, held in Baltimore in May, 1908, the memoir of Bishop McCabe was read. Many there heard the soul-thrilling record of his life with sympathetic hearts who were among those with whom years ago he formed "immortal friendships"; but some, yea many, are fallen asleep, and those "immortal friendships" have been transferred to Heaven.

It was in the years of his early ministry, and before he had reached the age of thirty, that Chaplain McCabe began to admire and appreciate the great ability of that Daniel Webster of the pulpit and John Marshall of the Methodist Episcopacy, Stephen M. Merrill. As both rose to the highest office in the Church, and as both were called to their reward of immortality during the same quadrennium, McCabe's estimate of Merrill, as it was penned when they were comparatively young men, is now read with interest. "Portsmouth, Ohio, Sept. 23, 1865. In Conference all day. Brother Merrill gave us an overwhelming sermon this afternoon. It stirred our souls completely. He is a mental giant." We read these recorded estimates of men written years ago to learn with what generosity of feeling, unenvious appreciation, and wise discrimination and judgment this beloved minister of God measured the mental and spiritual stature of his brethren in the Gospel. He was a

keen and fair-minded judge of men. And this gift or genius to read character, weigh the true qualities of men, and to interpret their feelings, aims, and purposes gave him such a power over them as few men of his generation possessed. It was this gift of knowing men and of knowing how to approach and appeal to the right men that made him the most consummate money-getter that was ever "doomed to raise money" for preparing the way in this world for the coming of the Kingdom of God.

XVIII

CO-WORKERS—CHRISTIAN PATRIOTS—D. L. MOODY—JACOB STRAWN

CHAPLAIN McCABE'S generous and grateful opinions of noble-minded laymen were no less marked than his high and unselfish appreciation of the preachers whom he knew in his early ministry. He found in their patriotism, religious devotion, and philanthropy an inspiration to his own unflagging zeal and tireless activity. Nor did he ever assume any supercilious ecclesiastical dignity in the presence of godly laymen whose experience and spiritual power may have been an incentive to the higher aspirations of any clergyman. Long before Mr. Moody was known to the wide world as the most successful evangelist of the nineteenth century, Chaplain McCabe made this reference to him in his journal of 1864: "Chicago. Attended Church to-day at Wabash Avenue. This afternoon went to Plymouth Church Sunday-school, afterwards went to the mission school over on the North Side. Became acquainted with Brother Moody, one of the most zealous and untiring labourers in the vineyard of the Lord I have ever known. His praise is in all the churches of this city, and his name a household word in the homes of the poor."

Among other public-spirited and loyal Christian laymen whom the Chaplain found ready to coöperate with him in the noble work of the Christian Commission was John V. Farwell, "one of the merchant princes of this city," who "is an earnest Christian and makes his great influence tell for the cause of Christ." B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, an earnest Baptist layman, still of blessed memory, and M. P. Ayers, a devout and most patriotic business man of Jacksonville, Illinois, gave him very hearty and generous support in this work. Mr. Ayers was a man of reputation and influence throughout central Illinois; he was a most excellent platform speaker and was enthusiastically devoted to the Union cause. The Chaplain wrote in his journal, under the date of July 19, 1864: "Here I would record how deeply grateful I feel to Mr. M. P. Ayers and his dear family for the delightful visit we have had at their home. Mr. Ayers gave us his time, going with us through the country and stirring the people up by his telling speeches to deeds of munificence."

William Reynolds, a wealthy banker of Peoria, Illinois, was one of the Chaplain's most liberal and indefatigable co-workers. He was one of God's noblemen, a Christian layman of powerful and widespread influence, a philanthropist, and a sterling patriot. By a mysterious Providence this great-hearted man outlives his splendid fortune, but did not outlive his good name or the influence of his beneficent life. Day after day and night after night, in company with the Chaplain, he turned aside from his extensive business affairs

to press upon the people the cause of the Christian Commission. He liberally gave his time to travelling, holding meetings in all the cities and towns of consequence, looking up the leading business men of every community, and securing donations of money from all who were generously disposed. It was in company with Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ayers that the Chaplain secured the largest single subscription that was made to the cause. The journal, under the date of June 6, 1864, contains this recorded incident:

"Jacksonville, Ill. Went out with some friends to visit a singular old gentleman by the name of Jacob Strawn, Esq. He lives about four miles from the city. He has an immense farm. Is said to be worth $1,000,000. He was not at home; we saw his wife, however, who gave us some insight into the old gentleman's character. His liberality is worthy of mention. We hope to get to see him, after a while at least."

How they got to see him has been most interestingly told by the Chaplain, who, years after the incident, recited its details as accurately as memory would allow, as follows:

"When I had the work of the Christian Commission in hand during the war, I got on the train in Illinois one day in company with Mr. William Reynolds and Mr. Marshall Ayers, of Jacksonville. We had been holding a meeting in Jacksonville. I saw a rugged, uncouth, but great-looking man and inquired who he was. Mr. Ayers told me that he was the giant

farmer of the west, Jacob Strawn, who had thirty thousand acres of land under cultivation. He was a great cattle king. I thought I might perhaps get a hundred dollars out of him for our work, but was assured that he would not give me anything, that he hated ministers, and would repulse me if I spoke to him. This quickened my curiosity, and I went and sat down in the seat with him. I think I was divinely guided in my treatment of him. He sat looking out of the car window. When I sat down beside him I turned my back partly toward him and looked out of the opposite window. By and by, his curiosity got the better of him and he said to me, 'Who are you?' I responded just as bluntly, 'I'm a man. My name is McCabe.'

"'Where are you going?' said he.

"'To Springfield,' said I.

"'Where did you come from?'

"'From Jacksonville.'

"'What did you do there?'

"'Made a speech.'

"'What about?'

"'The Christian Commission.'

"'Are you the man,' he said, 'the gals talked about last night?'

"'I don't know,' I said. 'What did they say?'

"'Well, they said a fellow made a speech, and right in the middle of the speech he sang a song.'

"'I suppose I am the man,' said I. 'For that is what I did.'

"'Well,' he said, 'sing now.'

"'I can't sing now while the train is going,' I explained.

"He replied, 'When I was a youngster I could sing too.'

"I said that I would be very glad to hear him sing. Whereupon he took a very much soiled scrap of newspaper out of his wallet and on it was a long hymn. I think it was something about the Revolutionary War. He sang it entirely through in a cracked and wavering voice and when he had finished he asked me how I liked it. I said I didn't like it very well.

"'Can you beat it?' said he.

"'Yes, I can beat it.' I took the paper from his hand. As he had been singing I noticed that the words would go very well to the tune of 'Bonnie Doon.' I called Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ayers, who were both good singers. They looked over my shoulder and we three sang the hymn to the good old tune of 'Bonnie Doon,' and, when we had finished, he said, 'Well, that is pretty good.' He asked me if I was going to speak that night in Springfield, and I said that I was, and that Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ayers were going to be there and that we were going to sing. Then I began talking about the work of the Christian Commission and what we were doing for the soldiers at the front. He took a letter out of his pocket and asked me to read it. It was from his boy who was in the army, and in it his son said that he had just been converted; that he should always be glad he had gone to the war on that account. It was a good letter, and before I had finished reading it the old man's head was bowed and

tears were raining down his cheeks. He came to the meeting that night, and after the meeting he came to me and asked me to call at the hotel to see him the next morning, which I did. I was shown up to his room and rapped at the door. A gruff voice called out, 'Come in! Come in!' He was lying on the bed resting. When he saw who it was he said, 'Come here, sonny; can you put on my shoes?' He swung his feet off the bed, and I took his old cowhide shoes and tied them on for him. He arose and put on his coat and took a small vial from his vest pocket in which he had a little piece of ink-soaked cotton. He put a few drops of water into it and shook it up, then took out a quill pen and began to write, remarking that that was a good way to carry ink about with you. I took out my gold pocket pen and gave it to him. He looked at it, put it in his pocket and went on writing with his quill pen. 'Now,' said he, 'I give you this check for five hundred dollars; if you'll come down to my county and make the farmers there give you ten thousand dollars, I will write you a check for nine thousand five hundred dollars more. They're a stingy lot, but they ought to give you something.' I was delighted. We canvassed the county and planned our meetings. We had them every morning, noon, and evening, in different parts of the county. I told them what Jacob Strawn had said. The old farmers would walk up to the table and throw down their bills, and say, 'There, that means that old Strawn will have to double it. *We'll sock it to him!*' By the end of the week the money was all raised, and we called upon Mr.

Strawn at his home. He had all his farmhands come in to dinner, and we sat down at an immense table loaded with everything good to eat. He was happy and talkative that day. He said he always believed in treating his help to as good as he had himself. He was a strict disciplinarian, and among his rules for his household and farm were these:

"'When you wake up in the morning, don't roll over but roll out.'

"'Always pay a poor hand as much as you promise him and a good hand a little more.'

"He remarked to a lady of our party who was rather slender and delicate, 'You'll never get fat, your neck is too long. Long-necked steers never get fat.'

"After dinner he took us up to the cupola of his house and showed us with pride his lands. He pointed east and west, and north and south, and as far as the eye could reach he owned it all. He would say, 'Do you see that herd of cattle way over there? That's on my land.' Mr. Reynolds said to him, 'Mr. Strawn, there is one direction in which you have not pointed.' 'Which is that?' said he. Mr. Reynolds pointed upward and said, 'How much have you up there?' His countenance fell and he said solemnly, 'I believe it all, just as you do, boys, but I've been so busy that I haven't had time to think about that.' We had prayers with the old gentleman and his large family, and then we left him after he had given us the check for the rest of the ten thousand dollars.

"When I got home I sent him a beautiful Bible in large type. I never saw him again. In a few months

he was called to his reward, but his wife wrote me that he was a very much changed man after our visit—that he would sit for hours by the window with his Bible on his knee, and a great peace seemed to come over him. I believe that I shall meet him again."

About a year after this interesting event, the Chaplain made the following tender entry upon the page of his journal: "I am going to Jacksonville to-night to attend the session of the Morgan County Sabbath-school Convention. Hope to meet many of my old friends there and have a pleasant and profitable time. Jacob Strawn is dead! He will not be there to bid us welcome. Only last summer he entertained us and sent us away with the magnificent present of $10,000 for the Christian Commission. He was a singular man, but he had a generous heart."

XIX

BACK TO THE ARMY—WAR SCENES—CONVERSIONS AMONG THE SOLDIERS

BUT with all the success that attended his efforts in raising money for the Christian Commission his heart was with the soldiers at the front. "I wish my work were assigned me in the army. There I would rather be than anywhere else. How delightful to be permitted to preach the Gospel to the men in the trenches, as they lie patiently waiting the order to advance. This is a glorious army. It is the Old Guard of the Republic now and as such should live in the Nation's history."

In the fall of 1864 he is again with the army, holding meetings, singing and preaching, and leading the soldiers to Christ. What a joy to him to be again with the brave men who were fighting for human freedom and for our national Union! It was during this visit to the army that he went to City Point, where he wrote: "I have just returned from a ride of thirty-five miles through the army. Have been twelve hours in the saddle. Saw a great deal to interest me and I trust to profit me. From a hill just outside this place I comprehended for the first time the extent of this city of tents. There are here from six to eight thousand sick and wounded men. What a work is here

for the faithful ministers of Christ! We have about twenty delegates here all the time. Each man's work is assigned him, and an effort is made to extend the beneficence of the Commission to each man every day in some form. Meetings are held here every day for those able to be out of their tents. At the meeting last night twenty rose for prayers. There is an indication of a blessed work of grace among the dear defenders of the Union. Oh, how I long to give myself to it!"

It appears that on this ride during which he inspected the Commission stations he wore a grey coat of which he writes: "My grey coat attracted much attention among the boys as I rode along. Some playfully remarked that I must be 'a Reb.' They said I looked like one. We rode out beyond our lines, and in returning some of the soldiers seemed to think we were captured rebels and called attention to us. Brother Cole suggested that I should say a few words. I rode up into their midst and commenced to speak. Several hundred men gathered round us at once. I talked to them in a patriotic strain for some time, I sang for them 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and then I talked to them of Jesus and His dying love. Oh, it was a magnificent opportunity! We were within six miles of Richmond. We sang the Doxology with might and main. The old woods rang with the sublime song, and, doubtless, far away the rebels heard it. It was an inspiring moment for me. I love such a work as that. I so much wish I could spend my life at it, or rather my time so long as the war lasts."

Incidents of thrilling interest came to the Chaplain's attention as he laboured among the soldiers. Mrs. Beck, the daughter of Justice Greer, of whom mention has been made, told him of a young lieutenant who had been converted and at once began labouring for Christ. "His efforts were greatly blessed. A revival broke out in which eighty souls were converted. The battle below the Rapidan came on. They passed away and when the army went into winter quarters at City Point all of the fruits of that revival, save the young officer himself, had been swept away. Every man of the eighty was killed or wounded."

During the war the Chaplain was quite a popular correspondent and often sent letters to the newspapers, which were eagerly read by the people. One of those letters was on "A Night in the Hospital."

"The orderly of Company B and I are sitting up at the hospital to-night. I was down during the day, and in passing around had spoken a few words to a young soldier of the 10th Virginia. Little did I think that at that moment he was seeking the salvation of his soul, for he answered me nothing, being very sick. While the attendant was down to supper he heard a wonderful uproar in the room he had just left, and hastened back to find this young man shouting the praises of God and calling for his clothes, saying God had healed him, soul and body, and he must go to camp and tell the wondrous story. The attendant thought he was crazy and called for help; but they soon found that he was in his 'right mind and sitting at the feet of Jesus.' As soon as I came down this evening they

told me about it, and I went to his bedside to hear from his own lips what God had done for his soul. Oh, how sweetly did he tell his experience! 'When the Lord blessed me,' he said, 'I was saying: "Here's my soul and body and all I have and am," and, glory to God! He took me at my word.' He began to shout again. I thought it best to check him a little, lest it would prove too much for his strength. However, I have never known any one to be injured, even when sick, by any religious exercises whatever.

"Lying in the same room is a young man, by name E. S. D., a fine-looking fellow, with high forehead, dark, luxuriant hair, and an exceedingly pleasant countenance. He is the son of praying parents. He spoke of them to-night, and said he knew they prayed for him before they slept. He has been a prodigal; says he was convicted at one of our prayer-meetings this winter, has been unhappy ever since. As soon as I returned from Ohio he sent for me. I found him in deep distress about his soul. I pointed him to Jesus, and told him I would come and spend the night with him. The conversion of the young Virginian right by his side greatly encouraged him. When I came this evening he was not far from the Kingdom of God. His chief difficulty seemed to be to get rid of the memory of his past sins long enough to think of the willingness of Christ to save. He talked so much about the past; he seemed to *love* to repent. We had a glorious season of prayer together. He began to comprehend the plan of salvation more fully. His

sorrow was turned into joy, his darkness into light. His face shone. He sang with me:

"'Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted glory, glory!'

His cup of repentance has been bitter, indeed, but the cup of salvation is all the sweeter for that. While I write this note in my pocket diary he lies upon his pallet before me praising God in a whisper. I hear him say: 'O blessed Jesus! He is my Saviour, hallelujah! My heart is full.' The orderly sits by his side, listening first to the Virginian and then to brother D——, and trembling with fulness of joy; and I, did not I fear to wake the inmates of this great hospital, would not refrain longer to shout the praise of God till heaven and earth might hear.

"What scenes have I witnessed in this hospital! How many have passed from my gaze to the better land, often leaving for a while the pearly gate ajar till I have almost longed to depart also! But I turn to the life before me with new vigour, saying:

"'This work shall make my heart rejoice.'"

An incident that impressed the Chaplain was told him by a fellow-worker among the soldiers; he was ministering to the wounded during the fight of the Wilderness, "A son of Germany, a smooth-faced Teuton, was lifted from an ambulance all covered with blood and dust. He was carried into the hospital and

made as comfortable as possible. As the delegate was going, the soldier said: 'Chaplain, can you get me a German testament?' He said he thought he could, and added he would try. The Commission furnished the book. The delegate wanted him to read but little and turned to the 14th of John and asked the soldier to translate it for him. He put it into English thus: 'Don't let your heart be afraid. You have believed in God, believe in Me, too. In the house of My Father there are a great many palaces, if it were not so I would tell you all about it. I am going to fix one place for you. And if I go I will come back again and take you away to be with Me all the time.'"

As an instance of fortitude and loyalty on the part of a Union soldier the Chaplain used to relate the following incident, for which at the time the papers of the country quoted him as the authority.

"In an hospital at Nashville a wounded hero was lying on the amputating table, under the influence of chloroform. They cut off his strong right arm, and cast it bleeding upon the pile of human limbs. They then laid him gently upon his couch. He awoke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left arm he lifted the cloth and there was nothing but the gory stump. 'Where's my arm?' he cried; 'Get my arm; I want to see it once more—my strong right arm.' They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold clammy fingers and, looking steadfastly at the poor dead member, said: 'Good-bye, old arm. We have been a long time together. We must part now. Good-bye, old arm. You'll never fire another carbine nor

swing another sabre for the government,' and the tears rolled down his cheeks. He then said to those standing by, 'Understand, I don't regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one State shall be torn from this glorious Union.' He might have added:

"'Some things are worthless, some so good,
That nations that buy them pay only in blood;
For *Freedom* and *Union* each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart.'"

Such scenes and incidents as these made the front very attractive to the great-hearted Chaplain, who had such unwonted power to win men to God, and such a magnetic tenderness in comforting the sick and dying. But he is soon compelled to return North and resume the work to which he was "doomed," and in which he continued to be engaged to the close of the war.

XX

THE GIFT OF SONG—"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC"

THE Chaplain was endowed with a rich baritone voice which, for power and pathos and what, for a better term, may be called magnetism, will forever be remembered by all who ever heard it. Many a stubborn heart was melted to repentance by the tender unction of that wonderful voice. Great audiences were thrilled and roused to patriotic enthusiasm by its clarion tones. Thousands of "desponding freemen" lifted up their eyes with new hope at its clear triumphant accents. The soldiers in camps along the weary march, in hospital, and within the gloomy prison, heard that sweet and manly voice to take heart again, to weep and shout and set the dungeon or camp or battle line on fire with patriotic ardour and aflame with song. Men would saunter about the breastworks, and lie patiently upon the sick-cot, and march into battle whistling or humming or with gusto singing the Chaplain's songs. Bishop Ames once paid a tribute to McCabe's power in song which thousands of men and women would gladly acknowledge as the expression of their own sentiment. The Rev. J. W. Cheney sent to *The Christian Advocate* an account

of the Chaplain's singing at a session of the Iowa Conference, held at Albia in the fall of 1870: "One day Bishop Ames said: 'Well, brethren, we have been working hard this morning; let us rest a little while Chaplain McCabe sings for us.' The Chaplain went to the organ and began to sing, 'I love to tell the story.' The most of us had never heard the song or the singer. I sat in the 'Amen' corner where I could see the people well, and noticed in a little while that they were being deeply moved—and soon about all of them were weeping. A preacher at my side began a struggle for self-control. He put his hands to his face and bowed upon the back of the seat in front of him; for a moment I could feel him swell and sob against me, then he broke down utterly and sobbed like a schoolboy.

"Just before Conference opened the next morning a group of us were in front of the church talking about the singing. Bishop Ames came along and overheard us. He stopped and said: 'The Chaplain's singing is perfectly wonderful. He has been with me in the Conferences this fall. I have heard him sing that song a half dozen times and I cried every time. Yesterday I resolved that I would control myself, but soon saw the people breaking down and felt myself going. I thought if I could look at some brother who was not crying it would brace me up. I looked about for brother Cowles, but when I found him a tear or two had already started down his face. Then I said there is Dr. John H. Power—he never cries. I soon saw him sitting bolt upright as usual, but his eyes were

shut and his face wrinkled as never before; then I gave it up and cried with the rest of them.' "

Who has not paid to that plaintive, pleading, tender, and triumphant voice the tribute of his tears? It possessed a quality no training could have imparted to it, no art could have developed, no analysis could have described or classified; a quality that came from heaven, a gift of nature from his God. And what a glorious use did he make of that glorious voice!

It was in those great Christian Commission meetings through the North during the war that the Chaplain often achieved triumphs with his song which would have been impossible to the logic and eloquence of oratory. Thousands came to those meetings just to hear the Chaplain sing. And they heard, never to forget, the strange, irresistible, fascinating spell which that singing threw over their feelings, and with which it won their hearts to the cause for which he pleaded. It was the singer and his song that made those meetings memorable, and that fairly charmed thousands of dollars from the people whose purse strings they had loosened while their money flowed as freely as their tears.

Among the vast number of songs which the war inspired were a few that belong to our best poetry and have been assigned a rank in our imperishable literature. While no one will deny the temporary popularity and thrilling influence of such songs as " Yankee Doodle," " Dixie," " Kingdom Comin'," and " John Brown's Body," the poetry of the songs is the veriest doggerel.

Still another class of songs, heard more frequently in the homes of the people than on the street or in the political meetings, songs that touched the heart of the sorrowing millions, was represented by: "Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground," "Just before the Battle, Mother," "When the Cruel War is Over." These tender songs served the time and the cause that called them forth, but they cannot be assigned a place in our national literature. The same may be said of such heroic, eloquent songs as, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and "Marching through Georgia."

But the war gave birth to at least two great poems that take their place with the world's best patriotic songs. "The Song of a Thousand Years" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" rank with "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia!" and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," as valuable contributions to the literature of American patriotism.

Chaplain McCabe had as fine a taste for good poetry as for good music, and he made use of the nobler, more dignified war songs to stir the feelings and kindle the loyal devotion of the people. Who that heard him in the days of his magnificent voice can ever forget the thrill, the enthusiasm, the patriotic exultation, produced by the singer as the majestic strains in baritone power rolled forth:

"Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
Fling to the winds your needless fears!
He who unfurl'd your glorious banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years!

"'A thousand years'! My own Columbia,
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight,
Washington saw in times of old."

But of all the war songs of the sixties, Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has by common consent, as well as by the best literary judgment, been accorded the preëminence. Its patriotic fervour, its religious spirit, its prophetic glow, its majestic stride and glorious swing of thought and measure, embodied the very soul of the Union cause.

Next to the all but inspired authoress we are indebted to Chaplain McCabe for this great war song. He with his glorious voice introduced it to the country and made it popular with the people. And who shall say that swords and guns, forts and battleships, did more to save the Union than that magnificent song which roused the North to an enthusiasm such as battle-pean never roused an army for victorious combat? McCabe sang it in Libby Prison; he sang it to the soldiers in camp and field and hospital; he sang it in schoolhouses and churches; he sang it at camp-meetings, political gatherings, and the Christian Commission assemblies, and all the Northland took it up:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

"I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

Care Rev. Melville Station.
Newport. R. I. Sept. 22nd
1904.

Dear Bishop McCabe,

I send herewith an autographic copy of my Battle Hymn, promised to you years ago. The wavering of my aged hand is clearly discernible in the script. I hope that the old adage "better late than never" will avail for me in

this instance. That adage
has now with me given
place to "Now or Never."
Craving your spiritual
blessing, I am ever
cordially yours,
Julia Ward Howe.

I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

"I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;'
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

The authoress of this immortal Battle Hymn, and, happily, she is still living, tells us in her "Reminiscences" how the hymn came to be written. She was visiting Washington with friends, among them Governor Andrew of Massachusetts and her pastor, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. After an interview with President Lincoln they attended a review of the troops at some distance from the city, and on their return in the evening they sang from time to time snatches of the army songs so popular at the time, among them "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the *ground*." * As they sang the last verse of the song, Mr. Clarke said: "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" "I replied," says Mrs. Howe, "that I had often wished to do this, but had

* "Grave."

not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it." Mrs. Howe further writes: "I went to bed that night as usual and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the grey of the morning twilight, and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So with a sudden effort I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. Having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself: 'I like this better than most things that I have written.'"

The literary merit of this poem received the approval of so high an authority as *The Atlantic Monthly,* in which it was published.

Chaplain McCabe read it in the magazine, committed it to memory, heard it sung at a war meeting, then carried it with him to the front, where he was soon captured and sent to Libby Prison, whose walls were to echo and re-echo with that "Battle Hymn."

In a letter written to Mrs. Howe acknowledging the receipt of an autograph copy of the hymn, the Chaplain says: "The Hymn came out first, I think, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1862. I was so charmed with it that before I arose from my chair I committed it to memory, not knowing it would go to the tune of 'John Brown's body lies mouldering in

the grave.' Shortly after I learned it I heard the people sing it at a great war meeting in Zanesville, Ohio. The following year, in the month of June, I was captured at the battle of Winchester under General Milroy, while taking care of my wounded men. I was taken to Libby Prison. When we heard of the battle of Gettysburg I had your hymn all ready to sing. Everybody knew the chorus, but I knew the hymn and sang it through without a break, and the men joined in the chorus, making the welkin ring. I have sung it a thousand times since, and shall continue to sing it as long as I live. No hymn has ever stirred the nation's heart like 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

Of the Chaplain's part in making this hymn so universally popular, Mrs. Howe speaks in her interesting "Reminiscences":

"The poem was somewhat praised on its appearance, but the vicissitudes of the war so engrossed public attention that small heed was taken of literary matters. I knew, and was content to know, that the poem soon found its way to the camps, as I heard from time to time of its being sung in chorus by the soldiers. As the war went on, it came to pass that Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a public lecture in Washington, and recounted some of his recent experiences. Among them was the following: He and the other Union prisoners occupied one large comfortless room, in which the floor was their only bed. An official in charge of them told them, one evening, that the Union arms had just sustained a terrible defeat. While they sat together, in great sorrow, the

negro who waited upon them whispered to one man that the officer had given them false information, and that the Union soldiers had, on the contrary, achieved an important victory. At this good news they all rejoiced, and presently made the walls ring with my Battle Hymn, which they sang in chorus, Chaplain McCabe leading. The lecturer recited the poem with such effect that those present began to enquire, 'Who wrote this Battle Hymn?' It now became one of the leading lyrics of the war."

Thus does the generous authoress give full credit to Chaplain McCabe for popularising her noble hymn.

When the Chaplain was released from Libby and returned to the North, as soon as his health would permit he took up the work of the Christian Commission, and in this cause made wonderfully effective use of the Battle Hymn, and with it sang thousands of dollars out of the people's pockets into the treasury of the Commission.

XXI

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE BATTLE HYMN

THUS the great war lyric became identified with the name of Chaplain McCabe. It did seem that the song was composed for his voice and his voice had been created for that song. Not only were his fellow prisoners in Libby cheered out of their despondency by the Chaplain's singing of that "Battle Hymn," and not only were Northern audiences fairly lifted to their feet and soldiers in camp and on the march roused to new enthusiasm and valour by its power, but Abraham Lincoln heard it—for the first time—with the tears rolling down his cheeks as the Chaplain sang it one memorable night in Washington. On the evening of February 2, 1864, a meeting was held in the Hall of the House of Representatives in the interests of the Christian Commission. Under date of February 1, 1864, the Chaplain wrote in his journal, "Started this morning with Mr. Stuart * and others for Washington, where to-morrow evening is to be held a Christian Commission meeting in the Hall of Representatives."

At the close of the next day, February 2d, he wrote: "Spent the day in looking round the city with my dear old friend, Col. Powell, whom to my great joy I find

* President Christian Commission.

here just released from Libby Prison. He had a hard time there, but it is over now and he has the satisfaction of knowing that while there he tried to do his duty as a Christian soldier. The meeting to-night was a grand affair for the most part. The audience was immense. Vice-President Hamlin presided, speeches were made by Speaker Colfax, Senator Sherman, two delegates of the Commission, and others. The President honoured the meeting with his presence. He was greeted upon entering by loud applause. His popularity is wonderful."

Before he slept that memorable night, the Chaplain wrote to his wife and described the scene in which he had taken a conspicuous part:

"Feb. 3, 1864, 2 A. M.

"DEAREST WIFE:

"I have just returned from the room of Mr. Stuart, whither we repaired after the great meeting in the Capitol. I wish beyond measure you had been there. It was in the Hall of the House of Representatives. That room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Vice-President Hamlin presided. Mr. Colfax received us in his own private room and treated us with the greatest cordiality. Mr. Hamlin made the opening speech. It was very short, but contained some good points. Mr. Stuart then gave a statement of the doings of the Commission during the past year. It was enough to cause one's heart to swell with gratitude to God that so much good has been accomplished. While Mr. Stuart was speaking, Mr. Lincoln walked in. The

audience rose to their feet and sent forth cheer upon cheer. My seat was just in front of the one he occupied. Often during the speeches that followed, those of Brothers Parvin and Mingins, the tears rolled down the rugged cheeks. The band gave us now and then some fine music.

"Next Mr. Colfax addressed us. His was a masterly effort, but it was difficult to realise that a man so young as he should hold the 3d office in the U. S. Government. Colfax is not much of an orator, yet he has great power over an audience, from the fact that he weighs well his words and every sentence is burdened with truth.

"Gen. Martindale then addressed us. It was a speech abounding in genius. He showed that the religious element was the powerful bulwark of liberty. Senator Sherman was then called out. He only made a few remarks, as the hour was late.

"Then, after all these great men, your 'little hubby' was called out and Col. Powell and I stood side by side. I made a brief address and wound up as requested, by singing the 'Battle Hymn,' Col. Powell singing bass. When we came to the chorus the audience rose. Oh, how they sang! I happened to strike exactly the right key and the band helped us. I kept time for them with my hand and the mighty audience sang in exact time. Some shouted out loud at the last verse, and above all the uproar Mr. Lincoln's voice was heard: 'Sing it again!' Then I told them of that man who said to me, 'Tell the President not to back down an inch,' 'and here,' said I,

'I deliver my message to you, Mr. President, in the name of the martyrs of Liberty.' What an uproar! Father Abraham rose to his feet and the people cheered him again and again. Dear old man, his very appearance is the signal for applause."

On the 5th of February the Chaplain, in a letter to his wife, refers again to this impressive incident and explains one or two points more fully. "Yesterday I spent in visiting places of interest. Mr. Stuart, Col. Powell, and I called upon the President, but we did not try to see him as he was in close conference with some committees. If Mr. Stuart had sent in his card we would have been admitted at once. We went up to the House; we did not stay long. We went over to the Senate. Senator Foster, of Conn., had said to me the night before: 'When you come up to the Senate send in your card.' I had a notion to do so, but then I thought what if he should—well! what if he should make me speak or sing before that remarkable body! For the first time for years my courage utterly failed me, and I did not send my card, although I had promised to do so. Mr. Hamlin came out and greeted our whole party with great warmth. We were shown through the magnificent Capitol. It was a grand sight. Col. Forney, secretary of the Senate, came out to see us and to welcome us to his private room.

"Our dinner over, our whole party got into carriages we had ordered and went out to Camp Convalescence, about four miles from the city, on the Virginia side. The Commission had built a tabernacle there which will hold one thousand persons. It was the night for their

temperance meeting. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. An address was delivered by a reformed drunkard, a roll of honour was exhibited containing 1,500 names. The address was splendid. Others followed. Mr. Stuart arose and told them that now they would listen to a man from Libby Prison. It is a far greater bore to me than ever to hear this so much, but I must endure it. Mr. Stuart went on and told them about my singing in the Capitol and about the President saying, 'Sing it again.' Mr. Stuart said, I told the audience about a man who, enduring all the horrors of Libby Prison, said to me when leaving, 'McCabe, if you see the President tell him not to back down an inch on our account,' and then he told them about the applause and shouts of the multitude. Old Abraham himself said, 'I won't back down' loud enough to be heard by all in his immediate neighbourhood. When Stuart told them about the President saying 'I won't back down,' as Wesley says, 'they tore things up by the roots.' Oh, how they shouted, and then I sang and spoke and spoke and sang, and when the meeting was over shook hands with hundreds of the boys. Ah! Beccie, it was a sight worth the seeing. Col. Forney told Mr. Stuart that nothing like our meeting in the Capitol had ever been held in Washington."

There are those still living who witnessed that scene, and they declare it to have been the most thrilling event in their lives. The singing of Chaplain McCabe electrified the great throng, men and women

sprang to their feet and wept and shouted and sang, as the Chaplain led them in that glorious Battle Hymn; they saw Abraham Lincoln's tear-stained face light up with a strange glory as he cried out, "Sing it again," and McCabe and all the multitude sang it again. The question has been raised as to whether Mr. Lincoln called out and said, "Sing it again," or whether he simply wrote the request on a slip of paper and had it passed to the singers. This first description of the scene as it is preserved in the Chaplain's letter, written the very night of the event and the day or two after, puts beyond all question the fact that Mr. Lincoln called out for the repetition of the song; but the statement was frequently made in after years by the Chaplain, as it was also made by Col. Powell, that the President wrote out the request on a piece of paper and had it sent up to the singers. It would seem therefore that Mr. Lincoln called for a repetition of the song both vocally and in writing. He may have thought his voice was not heard above the uproar of the shouting and repeated the question in writing; while some heard the President call out, others saw or were told of the written message. Hence there have arisen contradictory reports as to just how Mr. Lincoln made his request known. The reasonable solution of this apparent difficulty is to be found in the assumption that he made his request known both vocally and in writing. A further reference is made to this great meeting, in which the Chaplain sang before President Lincoln. Under date of Feb. 20, 1864, the Chaplain's journal contains this entry:

"Attended the reception of the President to-day. Mrs. Lincoln was present; they received their guests with the utmost cordiality. Mr. Lincoln recognised me as the man who sang the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' at the Capitol and was kind enough to compliment both the song and the singing. My vanity was considerably delighted. Sure, and how could I help it?" The Chaplain afterwards stated that in his conversation with Mr. Lincoln at his reception the President said to him, "Take it all in all, the song and the singing, that was the best I ever heard."

XXII

DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN—FUNERAL—BURIAL

CHAPLAIN McCABE'S great admiration for Abraham Lincoln is frequently manifest by expressions in his journal. Absorbed as he may have been in his work, he kept his eye on the political situation during Mr. Lincoln's second campaign for the Presidency. He writes: "I have no doubt Mr. Lincoln will be elected by a large majority; I sincerely hope so." On the night of the election, he wrote: "Greatly cheered by what little election news we have received: Mr. Lincoln is without doubt elected. Thanks be to God."

It was with most profound emotion, however, that he referred to the assassination of the President and how he first received the sad intelligence. He gives interesting and historically valuable details of the funeral in Chicago and of the burial in Springfield, Illinois.

April 14, 1865, the Chaplain with patriotic exultation wrote in his journal:

"Cincinnati, Ohio. To-day the old flag is to be raised over Sumter. This day will be had in everlasting remembrance. Four years ago the rebels compelled this nation to look upon what well they knew they must not endure, if they desired to have a place among

the people of the earth. To-day the same flag with every star remaining, with a higher and holier meaning attached to the blessed symbol of our nationality, that flag is to rise again above the walls of Sumter. Who does not feel that we are saved at last? This has been a joyful day. This city has been given over to enthusiastic demonstrations of rapture upon the part of the people; cannon and fireworks have filled the air with sounds familiar to every soldier's ear, and which cannot fail even in the midst of this rejoicing to bring to memory the terrible field of carnage. O! what it has cost to save this land, yet we are saved; thank God, we are saved."

What an ardently patriotic spirit pervades this diary! The Union cause had no more devoted a champion than this great-souled Chaplain McCabe. But, alas, how suddenly his rejoicing was turned into mourning and lamentation! On the opposite page of this journal, and facing his fervent expressions of joy over the re-raising of the flag upon Sumter, we find the startling exclamation, "Abraham Lincoln is dead!" The page seems to sob with the grief of him who penned the impassioned lines.

"Saturday, April 15, 1865. Steamer Telegraph. Abraham Lincoln is dead! Oh, that I could have saved his precious life by the offering of my own! How freely would it have been laid upon the national altar. Never did we seem to need him more than now. Yet he is dead, and Seward, too, the great, the wise, the good! The Champion of Liberty, Seward, lies at the point of death. Cursed be slavery! for it was

that which nerved the assassin's arm. Cursed be slavery! Let it perish from the Earth! O God, help this land to free itself forever from human bondage; my soul is sick with grief! My heart is heavy. 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places.' Last night I left Cincinnati after participating in the joyful celebration of the recent victories. As we neared Portsmouth to-day, I observed a flag at half-mast, and then another and another. Then we knew that something awful had happened. A man with whom I was acquainted answered my question too suddenly. I came near falling overboard. I retired to my stateroom to feel for the pillars of everlasting strength."

For several days thereafter the Chaplain's journal is burdened with the grief of his soul. As we read these pathetic pages they reflect not only the feelings of the patriot who wrote them, but they express the feelings of the nation, and tell us again as we read them to-day how the people suffered and mourned over the tragic death of the great and good Abraham Lincoln.

"Ironton, Ohio, Sunday, April 16, 1865. Behold how they loved him! The people are in tears; universal gloom prevails. I tried to preach this morning; while I was reading the lesson the pent-up fountains burst forth, the congregation wept aloud; it was to-day our Bochim, 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for the

shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain upon the high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me. How are the mighty fallen!' "

"Steamer Telegraph, April 17. I am restless and want to rush out into the great world; yesterday and to-day my soul has been oppressed. O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me. Mine eyes fail with looking upward. This to me is a personal bereavement. It seems to be to all. These two men were the champions of truth. O Lord, why could not our Moses have entered the promised land of Liberty? Often I fancied him living and enjoying the prosperity of the land he saved for years to come. At a green old age we would have chosen that he might descend to his grave, but he is gone, in the prime of life, in the glory of his manhood, in the noontide splendour of his fame. Each moment he grows upon me; his character brightens with each passing hour. The cause for which he died will live. His enemies have taken his life, but they cannot rob the nation of the priceless boon which he gave us, when he said, 'upon this act I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favour of Almighty God.' Abraham Lincoln is dead! farewell,

great soul, passed to the realms of light. Take thy station with Moses, whom thou hast indeed made thy great exemplar."

"Cincinnati, Ohio, April 18. This evening was held at Mozart Hall the anniversary of the Cincinnati Branch of the Christian Commission; the hall was crowded of course. It was rather a pleasant affair, not much money, however; I fear we are going to feel the effect of approaching peace in our treasury too soon. It will come inevitably, nothing more sure. When the people know that the soldiers are being sent home, that the hospitals are being emptied, they will cease to give so liberally. However, they have been giving here constantly. Members of this branch have held meetings in some one of the churches each Sabbath night. The occasion was a wonderful one. How could it be otherwise! Our President is dead! Abraham Lincoln is dead! 'Our Atlas has gone to the shades of Erebus; who now shall uphold the falling skies?' The people seemed depressed to-night. To-morrow is the day for services in all the churches. It is well for the people to go up to the House of the Lord, for God is known in the palaces of Zion for a refuge."

"Cincinnati, Ohio, April 19. Attended services to-day at Morris Chapel. The sermon upon the life and character of Abraham Lincoln was by the pastor, brother Runiche. It was a good discourse, but no part of it so moved my heart as his quotations from the sayings of the departed statesman. Many of these sayings are worthy to become immortal

maxims. If followed, the advice contained, and the policy indicated therein, will make the nation immortal. It does seem that God raised up that man for the very work which he so ably performed. It is wonderful now to look and see the hand of God in his mental, moral, and political training. Oh, he has lifted from the nation the awful burden of slavery. Moses was a deliverer, but his ransomed host was only three millions, while Abraham Lincoln was God's almoner of the priceless boon of Liberty to four million human beings. Nothing is more sad than the silent, undemonstrative sorrow of that long-suffering race whose best friend he was."

The Chaplain's journal contains many of the most valuable details of Abraham Lincoln's funeral in Chicago and Springfield that have been preserved of that melancholy event. The Christian Commission was holding its convention in Chicago at the time, and the Chaplain was attending as one of its delegates, when in his thoughtfulness he recorded in his diary the thoughts, feeling, and incidents connected with the funeral of the martyred President.

"Chicago, Ill., April 27. Convention adjourned to-day after a short session. The funeral of the President is to take place earlier than first announced, and I will have to recall some of my appointments in order to be present. Slowly, slowly, they bear on the dead; his march is like the march of a conqueror. The whole nation rises up to greet him sadly as he passes on to the grave. Nothing can comfort this bereaved people. Time will accustom us, in some de-

gree, to the presence of this sorrow, but in many a heart it will be life-long. We wanted him to live in the nation that he saved. It was expedient for him that he should go away; yet he is more powerful now than ever, more mighty in his influence. It is proved that a man can be successful who does right. That was doubtful for a long time. Steadfast adherence to principle without regard to party was not so much admired in a man by politicians as steadfast adherence to party without regard to principle. Alas! my brother! would God I had died for thee! He is still our President. In calm and storm, we will still feel his hand on the helm."

"Chicago, April 28. The brethren have gone home, I shall remain to witness the funeral pageant of Mr. Lincoln. Great preparations are being made to receive his remains with solemn splendour. Nearly every house is already draped in mourning. The mansions of the wealthy and the cottages of the poor are all clad in these significant emblems of national bereavement. More tears are shed for Mr. Lincoln than for any man that ever lived and died. It seems to bring the people nearer together to have one object whom they all loved so fervently.

> "'We know him now: all narrow jealousies
> Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
> How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
> With what sublime repression of himself,
> And in what limits and how tenderly!
> Whose glory was redressing human wrongs,
> Not making his high place the lawless perch
> Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground

For pleasure, but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.'"

"Chicago, Sunday, April 30. We went down to hear the address of Mr. Colfax. It was gloriously sad. The people wept profusely. Bryan Hall was crowded to its utmost. Mr. Colfax gave us the graver side of Mr. Lincoln's character. How many things he revealed from which the death of the President removes the seal of privacy. Ah, what a wild, weird, solemn, sorrowful enthusiasm swept through the audience! Tears came to my relief; I wept freely and my overcharged heart found a little rest. More than ever before, I bewail his loss. Yet, blessed be God that he ever lived. His fame was full. His work was done. After the address I was requested to sing the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic'; I did so. It did not seem appropriate to me at first, but, as we sang on, it was the natural expression of our gloomy joy."

"Chicago, Ill., May 1. To-day the body of the Martyred President arrived at the metropolis of his own State. Never did my eyes witness such a sight! An arch was built in Park Avenue. The train arrived precisely on time. The body was borne out by private soldiers and placed upon a platform under the arch where the people could see it. After some delay, it was placed in the hearse made for it and the procession began to move. On we marched, the people uncovering their heads, the vast multitude silent and awed. No confusion, no noise. What orders were necessary were given in a low tone.

Men whispered a sentence now and then into some listening ear, which told the mighty love they bore their fallen Chief. All classes were in that procession. All nations were represented there; all religions too. The Hebrew stood side by side with the Roman Catholic. They forgot in that great moment the strife and hatred of centuries. The son of Africa was there, too, and his mute grief moved me most of all. There, in that coffin, was the hand that had smitten off his fetters. His Moses was dead, dead on the border but still on this side Jordan."

The Chaplain went on to Springfield to witness the burial of the President, and there he continues his account of the incidents of the solemn obsequies.

"Springfield, Ill., May 2. Came down to-day in advance of the crowd. Last night I had the privilege of spending several hours with Mr. Colfax. To a little circle of us he told many things in Mr. Lincoln's private history which were of intense interest. We begged him to write them all out and give them to the public. He will do so after a while. Ages hence, anything said by that great man will live in the remembrance of millions. Dr. Eddy and I went together last night at 12 o'clock to look upon the face of the President. The crowd had greatly diminished on account of the lateness of the hour and of the heavy rain. Seizing a favourable opportunity to go in when but few were there, we were permitted to stand for several minutes and look upon that craggy countenance, always so sublime to me, more so than ever now.

"They were chanting dirges on the left. The singers were screened by a large black curtain, and there they wailed out, with inexpressible sweetness, the sorrow of each beholder as he looked upon the dead.

"Farewell, Abraham Lincoln!"

"Springfield, Ill., May 3. All day long the people have been passing through the State House to look upon the remains of the President. They came this morning at eight o'clock. Old men and women go up, take their last look at him they loved so well, and weep all the way downstairs and into the street. It is wonderful, wonderful! The city is full of people, yet to close one's eyes it would not be difficult to imagine that a little company were in the midst of a great wilderness.

"I was put upon the committee from Chicago to-day and permitted to wear their badge and share their lodgings. This evening, Dr. Eddy delivered a beautiful address upon the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. I sang the 'Battle Hymn' when he finished his lecture. We all called upon Governor Oglesby afterwards. I was requested to repeat the 'Battle Hymn' there, which I did, the whole company of civil and military officers joining in the chorus. They wanted it sung because Mr. Lincoln loved it so."

"Springfield, Ill., May 4. My soul will ever revert to this as one of the saddest days of life. The President's funeral was to-day. Last night at midnight I went to take my last look upon his dear, dead face. The crowd had greatly diminished and the guard per-

mitted us to stand by his coffin for several minutes. There lay my Brother, my Friend, my Liberator, for such he is to me. Never have I been so free as since he said, 'Let us disenthral ourselves and then we shall save our country.' Abraham Lincoln is dead! Behold how the nation loved him! For fifteen hundred miles they have brought his body, his poor mangled body, through crowds of mourners who hastened to pay their last tribute of respect to the saviour of his country. The procession to-day was most imposing. The address of Bishop Simpson was like all his efforts, masterly. The nation needs just such a voice as his to utter for them their mighty sorrow and just such a heart to feel it.

"Abraham Lincoln is dead! I turned from his sepulchre to-day thanking God that he ever lived, and that his brilliant example shines upon the nation's pathway."

"Chicago, Ill., May 5. Left Springfield this morning at 11 o'clock. Bishop Simpson and his good lady were on the train, so that I had a most pleasant interview with them. The Bishop still desires me to come to Philadelphia. I feel almost that my occupation is gone, now that the war is over, or nearly so. I begin to long for the pastoral work; I wish I could go into it, but I will permit the Bishop to control my destiny. I have little heart just now to do anything. We left the great man in the cemetery just outside Springfield. The triumphal march is over and he sleeps quietly now. Abraham Lincoln is dead! Oh, what a bereavement! It is no comfort to think that

his murderer is slain. A thousand worthless lives like his would be no compensation for the death of Abraham Lincoln. The nation will perform its pilgrimages to his tomb year by year. The lovers of Liberty in other lands will come and stand by his resting-place and say: 'Here lies the saviour of his country.' Farewell, Father Abraham, or rather, All Hail! Thou art to live forever in my heart, and already thy memory is there embalmed and there shall it always be."

The religious nature of Abraham Lincoln, his faith in God and in the efficacy of prayer, were touchingly illustrated by an incident which was related to Chaplain McCabe by Bishop Simpson. "He told me," said the Chaplain, "once on a train as we were sitting together, that Abraham Lincoln was a man of prayer, and that once in the darkest time of the war after a long conversation in the White House, Mr. Lincoln rose and turned the key in the door and said: 'Bishop Simpson, I feel the need of prayer; won't you pray for me?' Bishop Simpson told me they fell on their knees and while he led in prayer the President responded fervently all through it."

On another occasion, the Chaplain himself witnessed an impressive scene that revealed the religious side of Mr. Lincoln's nature, which he thus describes:

"Once upon a time, in the year 1864, I went with a company of fifty men, members of the Christian Commission and officers of the army, to thank Mr. Lincoln for what he had done for the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy. We formed in semicircle in the East Room to receive the President. He

came in, and our chairman, George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, made a grand speech, fully ten minutes long, full of complimentary remarks to Mr. Lincoln. When he had finished, the President replied: 'Gentlemen, I owe you no thanks for what you have done; you owe me no thanks for what I have done. You have done your duty, I have done mine. Let us keep on doing our duty, and by the help of God we may yet save our country. I should be glad to take each of you by the hand.' He passed around and shook hands with all present. Bishop Janes said: 'Let us pray.' We all fell on our knees, and such a prayer as followed seldom has been heard on earth. Mr. Lincoln responded heartily all the way through. It was next door to heaven in the White House that day."

XXIII

CLOSE OF THE WAR—RETURN TO PASTORATE—INNER LIFE

THE work of the Christian Commission was drawing to a close with the war. The last convention of the Western Branches met in Chicago in April, 1865. The Chaplain, who was one of the most prominent and highly honoured delegates, recorded his estimate of the good accomplished by the Commission.

"Thank God that it has been so well done. That our armies are to return to us as an element of moral power among the people instead of coming like a wave of desolation, I verily believe is chiefly owing, under God, to the labours of the Christian Commission. For once the Church has been in some degree adequate to the demands of the times upon her. And O what a blessing she has thrown upon the darkest page of our national history! Glory be to God for all His mercy and long-suffering to us as a people!"

Reflecting upon the future of the Commission, he wrote: "Will it end with the war? Is its mission well-nigh done? or will it become a permanent organisation? It seems too glorious an institution to disband its forces. It is Christianity in a more earnest, a more efficient type than we have seen it since the

days of the Apostles. It is a brotherhood of Good Samaritans; how blessed have been its labours! How wonderful has been its success! In the oblivion of its mighty charity seem buried forever all demonina-tional differences and sectarian prejudices. It seems the answer to the prayer of the Blessed Master, 'that they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they all may be one in us.' Ah, fel-low-labourers, henceforth we are brothers beloved in the Lord. One work, one victory, one rest!"

The work and influence of the Christian Commis-sion did not end with the great civil war, if we may believe that the Red Cross movement of these modern days is but an evolution of the humane idea embodied in that Commission. True, a broader, an interna-tional scope has been given to the Red Cross organ-isation, and a more scientific, medical, and sanitary, if a less directly moral and religious, character. Nevertheless, the seed-thought of this humane care for the sick and wounded in war, if not planted in the hearts of the nations by the beneficent work of the Christian Commission, was greatly nourished thereby; and philanthropists at home and abroad were encour-aged by its successful operation to perfect the society which had been dreamed of since the Crimean War.

But with all the devotion which he had shown to this religio-patriotic Christian Commission the Chap-lain longed for the work of the regular ministry, and with great joy anticipated his return to the pastorate. The evangelistic spirit that characterised his college days and his first pastoral work had not been quenched

by the experiences of the war, rather had it been kindled to a brighter flame. Hence the feelings which he records in his journal during those April days of 1865. "Went over this evening to attend service at Brother Moody's church. It was full, and a great solemnity pervaded the congregation. Every time I get into such a meeting a longing which I cannot describe comes over me to get back into the regular work of the ministry and labour for the salvation of souls alone. Yet this unspeakable pleasure seems denied me now; some day I shall, thank God! Blessed work! Oh, what can equal the rapture of its harvest! What joy is like the joy of saving souls? It is the only way to conceive of what is their eternal fulness who dwell near the Everlasting Throne. There is a whole Heaven in this one joy. Blessed Lord, make me successful!"

After a summer filled with travel and devoted to evangelistic work, church dedications, and the raising of Missionary and Freedman's Aid collections, the Chaplain had the satisfaction of meeting with his Conference at Portsmouth, Ohio, in September, 1865.

Fresh from revival scenes among the soldiers, his heart aflame with patriotic fervour and evangelistic zeal, he was evidently expecting too much of the occasion, and therefore showed no little feeling of disappointment with the spirit of the Conference. He frankly said: "The attendance at Conference is quite large. Very little spirituality, however. I fear we are not going to have a very good time."

"It is currently reported that I am going to Spencer

Chapel (Portsmouth). I have no uppermost wish in the matter. May the Lord direct me in the future as He has done in the past!"

"Conference adjourned unexpectedly to-night. The evening session was hurried and unprayerful. The brethren have an absurd fashion of being in haste to get home again when they come to Conference. The appointments were read about midnight. My appointment is Spencer Chapel, Portsmouth. I am glad of it. I have already begun to love this people."

Pastor McCabe entered upon his work with the true evangelistic spirit, and a gracious revival followed his appointment to Spencer Chapel. His first prayer-meeting in the new charge was held on his twenty-ninth birthday. Shortly after the close of the Conference, and before he had settled at Portsmouth, he received a despatch that summoned him to the deathbed of his uncle, Wesley McCabe, in Delaware, Ohio, where, on October 8th, the Chaplain wrote in his journal:

"All is over. Wesley died in holy tranquillity on Friday evening (Oct. 6th). His last words were: 'I want to go home.' President Merrick preached his funeral sermon. The students were present in a body."

The prayer-meetings and Sabbath preaching services at Spencer Chapel were now generally revivalistic. If great power did not attend his preaching and if sinners were not awakened, Pastor McCabe was prone to charge the lack of interest and the dearth of spiritual results to himself. This only deepened his

concern for souls, intensified his spirit of consecration, urged him to more constant and fervent prayer, until the unction of Heaven came upon him, and he was able with joy to see the ingathering of a great harvest. In less than three months thirty persons were received into the Church on probation and the little society was on fire with the revival spirit. Conversions followed every preaching service.

It is not to be supposed that the journal of this true man of God reveals a fickle mind that caused him to waver between faith and doubt, earnestness and indifference, in his religious experience; but rather that he was an honest, sincere man who never tried to deceive himself or his God, and who had very clear and Scriptural conceptions of the spiritual life and of the secret of Christian joy and power. He never professed an experience which he did not possess; he never claimed a spiritual power which was not manifest and demonstrated in the effects of his preaching. Never did he superciliously exalt himself above his brethren and assume a superior virtue when he had it not. Many a good man has been honest enough with himself to search his own heart, deplore his own lack of spiritual life, and condemn his own faults, who has not possessed the courage to put on record his experiences and make his daily journal a perfect mirror of his soul, as did this man during the early years of his ministry.

His diaries of the years 1864 and 1865 permit us to look into his inner spiritual life, for there he sets down in the most naïve simplicity and ingenuous

plainness the diagnosis of his feelings, and often records his spiritual temperature with the greatest frankness of speech. We are not accustomed to think of this strong, energetic, resourceful, and independent man as the slave of rules and petty forms. He was no military or ecclesiastical martinet, but in his personal experience he placed less emphasis on the form than on the power, on the letter than on the spirit. Nevertheless, he was given to laying down very strict rules for himself for the government of both his intellectual and spiritual life, and when he failed to measure up to the high standard of his ideal it caused him humiliation and sorrow, which often approached melancholy. The intense spiritual purpose of his life is revealed in the aspirations, the rejoicings, and even the lamentations, which are found in his journal. He writes: "There are two duties which in my earnest, active life I too much neglect. They are *self-examination* and *fasting*. I propose hereafter to be more diligent in the performance of these duties. I hope God will assist me. I want hereafter to spend the first Friday of each month as a day of fasting and prayer for the continued evidence of my pardon, and the permanent indwelling of the Holy Spirit. In order to facilitate the work of self-examination, I desire to propound to myself the following questions at the close of each day:

"Question 1st: Did I strive to begin this day with God?

"Question 2d: Have I diligently studied some passage of Scripture?

"Question 3d: Have I committed to memory some portion of the Word of God?

"Question 4th: Has my conversation been in heaven?

"Question 5th: Have I made any personal effort for the salvation of souls to-day?

"Question 6th: Have I enjoyed this day the evidence of my acceptance with God?

"Question 7th: Have I reason to think that I am growing in grace?

"Question 8th: Am I looking for full redemption?

"These are close questions, but I ought to live up to the standard they indicate. May God help me so to do!

"This has been a blessed day. God is carrying forward His work."

That he observed the first Friday of each month as a day of fasting would seem quite evident by the occasional reference in his journal to omissions of this duty which he had imposed upon himself. He now and then wrote such statements as these:

"Failed to fast to-day. Was not in a condition to spend the day as I desire to do. Hope to be more regular in the performance of this duty after a while."

"Last Friday was my fast day. Passed it unobserved on account of my illness."

These expressions indicate that the Chaplain was most earnestly devoted to fasting on the appointed Friday, and that these very rare occasions of neglect

or even unavoidable omissions were causes of regret: so tender was his conscience on this matter.

His experience was honestly and frankly recorded, whether in praise or sorrow, as these extracts from his journal reveal:

"I feel uneasy until I am labouring for the good of souls with all my might. Alas, how poorly am I keeping my vows made upon my bed while near death's door! How I thought I would gladly live in a higher and purer atmosphere if permitted to come back to life once more. I have but poorly kept those sacred promises. O, my God, when shall I be wholly thine?"

"My mind to-day has not been in a very peaceful state. I am sorry I am not more conformed to my Master's image. Lord, arouse me from my lethargy!"

"This journal does not record much of my religious experience. It has not afforded me as much worthy of record as I hoped it would at the beginning of the year. I cannot but feel mournful as from this midnight hour I look over the way which I have come. My wasted opportunities, my broken vows, my waywardness, all come up before me. 'I the chief of sinners am.' I wonder if God will ever *forget* my sins! He will remember them no more against me, but will He always remember, even should I reach the better land, that here upon earth I grieved His love so often? 'Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon *me.*' Wherefore should I renew my vows to *God;* yet I will do so: perhaps

I shall be more watchful hereafter, and if I only *watch* and *pray* I shall conquer all my spiritual enemies. God has been calling me to a higher life. Oh, at what influence I ought to aim for the Church of God! The maxim deduced from the last sermon I made still rings in my ears—'Obey and be at rest.' Perfect obedience will bring perfect peace. None save a cleansed spirit can keep the law of God."

"What are the outward hailings of my immortal spirit? Do I seem to be what I profess? I fear not. Lord God of my Fathers, help me to live for Thy glory!"

As we read these revelations of the good man's inner experience, nothing impresses us more profoundly than the simple honesty and genuineness of his religious life. The success that attended his labours, the power which he had over vast audiences, the applause that greeted him in every city, did not deceive him into the notion that these were the evidences of a perfectly satisfactory religious experience. He entertained very exalted ideas of the spiritual life and of the heights of joy and power attainable by faith in Jesus Christ. These recorded experiences breathe the most earnest spiritual longings. Rather than indicating a lack of divine life, they reveal the mighty struggle of a soul pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus with the sincere consciousness of having not as yet attained his ideal or reached the goal of his holy aspirations. It is from this view-point

that we must interpret the Chaplain's written testimony. And how noble, true, and conscientious are these longings and regrets, these expressions of self-depreciation, of soul-hunger, and of desire for the realisation of the joys of the higher life! They are no less spiritual, no less the evidences of the life and power of God within, than the feelings of ecstasy which often swept through his soul. Here are the expressions of a devout religious nature:

"Spent the day [Sunday] in silence and solitude. Read much of the blessed Word of God and something from Bishop Hall. It is irksome to be sick upon the Sabbath, more so than upon any other day. 'I long for the courts of the Lord.' I am not impatient during my days of confinement. God forbid! I think I have also learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. The severe lessons of my past have not been lost upon me. My life is changed to a very great extent. What were mountains once are molehills now. What would once appear to me severe afflictions now come and go almost unnoticed. My imaginary sufferings have also disappeared, put to flight by the real calamities which have become my richest blessings. 'Blessed be our Rock, and let the God of our salvation be exalted!'"

"Am troubled that I am not more holy, more truly the Lord's. Would that I might be His, soul, body, and spirit! My seasons of prayer are liable to be brief and interrupted. When, oh, when, shall I wear His image?"

"Happy will it be for me if I can maintain that

inner tranquillity which only comes from deep and constant communion with the Throne of God."

"Arose quite early and had before commencing the labours of the day a most delightful season of prayer. What a glow of peace comes upon the heart at the mercy seat which imparts a steady cheerfulness, not otherwise acquired! 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.'"

"Raining hard all day. I have spent this entire day in study. Have enjoyed it so much. I have had access to the Throne. God has permitted me to approach His blessed mercy-seat, and I have rejoiced. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His mercies! I would I were a better exemplar of my own teachings! How often my very soul has been stirred as with a trumpet peal when I have been trying to tell in the pulpit what is the privilege of a child of God. Oh, what a grand uplifting to the eye of faith, that eye that learns to look undazzled for a time upon glories far outshining anything that belongs to earth! Yet how little ardour to prove the possibility of attaining to such a state myself! Oh, to be free from *sin!* to be the victor in my long contest with myself! To be disenthralled and ready for the journey toward the land of Beulah!

"'For in the blue long distance
By lulling breezes fanned,
I seem to see the cloudless shore
Of old Beulah's land.'

Oh, I long to be there, to live a witness of God's power to save, to sit by the wayside a saved and redeemed soul, and tell forever what a power there is in a word falling from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth!"

It was on a Christmas day during the war that he wrote: "The world rejoices in the gift of a Saviour, and millions of souls are celebrating His birth to-day in Heaven. Christ came to hush the sounds of war, to procure universal emancipation of the race from the servitude of sin. He will accomplish the object of His mission. How glorious to think that He for whose parents there was no room in the inn, He who came into the world, His own world, welcomed by so few of those He came to save, He who came unto His own and His own received Him not, must reign over this very earth when it has again been reinstated to a lost position amid the sisterhood of worlds and shall be again pronounced *very good!* O Jesus, I trust to-night there is room for Thee in my poor heart. Oh, cast out all things thence that grieve the ever-blessed Spirit. Come and dwell in me, and let my life be hid with Thee in God."

The life of this earnest and consecrated man was controlled by the very maxim and prayer which we find in his journal: "It should be the serious question with every Christian at the evening of each day, 'What has been the influence of my life during the day now closing?'

"O Lord, search my heart; remove all that is sinful, and help me to cast out of my heart whatsoever is not pure and lovely."

Need we look elsewhere for the philosophy of this man's power and success as a minister of God than into that deep, strong, pure heart of his, filled with spiritual life, permeated with the very genius of religion? God was with him; his whole being seemed to be enveloped in a religious atmosphere. He looked upon every life problem from a religious point of view. The Gospel was the divinely ordained panacea for all the ills of human life, for all the distractions of society, for all the sins and wrongs of men and nations. Believing this, and believing that he was divinely called to preach that Gospel and to live it as he preached it, he threw his whole being by masterful achievements into the mission whose accomplishment made his life splendidly useful and gloriously great.

XXIV

SECRETARYSHIP—CHURCH EXTENSION—DR. A. J. KYNETT—THE LOAN FUND

SPENCER CHAPEL in Portsmouth enjoyed an almost uninterrupted revival during Pastor McCabe's two years' administration. A new church was built and the society became strong and prosperous. But, happy and successful as were the two years of his pastorate at Portsmouth, the occasion arose which opened the doors to a wider world of usefulness for this man, whose every step thus far in his ministry seems to have been ordered of the Lord. The voice of the Church, which was to him the voice of God, called him away from the peaceful and congenial pastorate to the battlefield of great problems and vast issues in the mighty movement of the Church, which was to evangelise a continent and Christianize the world. It was that call and his loyal response that settled irrevocably the destiny which he had predicted when he wrote in his journal: "I seem doomed to raise money."

Here was the most genius-gifted, divinely-anointed, and irresistible money-raiser of his generation just quietly and comfortably settled in the pastorate, where much of his superlative light must have been hidden under a bushel, when the call of God lifted the bushel,

CHAPLAIN McCABE, 1887

placed the lamp of his extraordinary gifts upon the stand, and it began to give light to all that were in the house.

The observance of the Centenary of American Methodism marked a turning-point in the career of Chaplain McCabe. Of the many projects conceived as most fitting to signalise the triumphs of Methodism and to express the Church's gratitude to God for a century of His favour and blessing, one was that of raising a great educational fund for the better endowment and equipment of our schools of learning. Chaplain McCabe was called into the field by his Alma Mater, dear old Wesleyan University, of Ohio. He loyally responded to the call, and with the same magnetic power of song and persuasive eloquence with which he had raised so many thousands of dollars for the Christian Commission, he went forth to raise no less than $87,000 for the University endowment. In those days the raising of such a sum of money was regarded as a great achievement.

The Chaplain's remarkable success in this undertaking attracted still more widely and intently the attention of the Church and especially of the leaders among the pastors, educators, secretaries, and bishops.

Two of the then but recently organised benevolent societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular had their eyes upon him. He had already taken a deep interest in the Freedmen's Aid Society, had championed its cause, and had raised considerable sums of money for it throughout the country. His great heart went out to that work. He would have

gloried in devoting his life to the education of the race which he had suffered to help emancipate, and of whose future he entertained such high and rational hopes.

The coloured race never had a truer friend than Chaplain McCabe. He believed that the churches of all denominations ought to pour money into the South to educate the negro, in whose bravery and patriotism he had the greatest faith. He took pleasure in illustrating these virtues in his army reminiscences. He used to say: "The negroes are a patriotic people. You will not find an anarchist among them. We are in far more danger from foreign anarchists than from our negro population. I used to think the negroes lacked courage; that they wouldn't make good soldiers; that they couldn't stand before white men in battle. Let me tell you a story. In 1864 General Grant's battle line was forty-two miles long. I took a notion to ride from one end to the other, and I stopped now and then, and with my horse for a pulpit, preached to the soldiers. I came to a black place in that line. There was not a white soldier to be seen, except the officers. I called an old coloured man, in his shabby uniform of blue, to my side and said to him: 'How is it that General Grant trusts you with these lines? Suppose the enemy should break through here?' The old darkey was mad in a minute. He showed the whites of his eyes and his white teeth, as he replied: 'General Grant trusts us with these lines, *because we took them.*' And that indeed was the fact, as I afterward learned. These coloured soldiers had been pitted

against the very flower of the Confederate army, and had beaten it back and held the position from which they had driven the sons of the South. They turned their own guns upon them as they fled from the field, and the Confederates never attempted to go back through that black spot in General Grant's army. Before any one gets prejudiced against the coloured race, let us wait awhile until we see what the Monroe Doctrine is going to bring us. If it brings us a war with any nation of Europe, we can depend on the coloured men to enlist by the hundreds of thousands. The best way to help the coloured race is for all the church denominations to pour their money into the South, build churches, establish schools, and the negro will demonstrate his ability to take care of himself."

What a work could have been done for the coloured race by the man who spoke those courageous and hopeful words can only be imagined.

But the Church Extension Society was more prompt in appreciating the opportunity and in soliciting his services than the other society which might have had them for the asking. It is claimed, however, that a letter from the Freedmen's Aid Society, inviting him to enter the field in their interests, never reached him. It was through the influence and by the urgent request of Bishop Simpson and of Dr. A. J. Kynett and by the appointment of Bishop Kingsley, that Chaplain McCabe took up the Church Extension work as financial agent of the Society.

Although the establishment of this Society was authorised by the General Conference of 1865 and

Drs. Monroe and Kynett had already done heroic work in introducing the great enterprise, Chaplain McCabe must forever be recognised with them as identified with the deep, broad, and sure foundation-building of the Society. Up to the time of his becoming associated with the work the contributions had been only encouraging, but through his efforts they began rapidly to increase and multiply. This new voice fairly electrified the Church. Chaplain McCabe's conference addresses were anticipated with keenest interest and enjoyed with infinite pleasure by the preachers and the people. Whatever he put his heart into, whatever cause his eloquent tongue advocated, whatever message he had to deliver, became a live, glowing, interesting subject to the listening multitudes. His presentation of "Church Extension" before a Conference was never to be forgotten. His power as a mere money-raiser, great and unequalled as it was, was by no means his highest gift. His power to awaken interest in and enthusiasm for his cause, his power to make men feel religious and spiritual and happy in giving, his power to move the feelings, stir the convictions, rouse the conscience, and awaken the slumbering spark of spiritual life to a flame of joy and fervour of devotion, was manifest wherever he went with his message. Not only did young ministers go home from Conference after hearing him with a new devotion to the cause of Church Extension, but they went to their work with revival fire in their souls which insured both a spiritual awakening throughout the Conference and a revival of benevo-

lence, with an increase in the collections, all along the line. Very rarely have these two qualities, the financial and the evangelistic, been so conspicuously united in one secretary. The gift of clear, methodical, business-like statement has been and is possessed by many. But who ever made a business proposition heart-reaching, who ever set statistics on fire, who ever made men give with a "hallelujah" of joy, like McCabe?

One of the most thrilling portions of Methodist history has been the glorious church-building record of the Church Extension Society. Methodism has marched westward with empire; it has blazed the track for freedom through the wilderness; it has been the forerunner of our expanding and progressive Americanism through the agency of this divinely inspired movement. The men who were foremost in building up this Society, and by their counsel or their money filled the great growing West with churches and lighted the frontier with the Gospel, contributed to their country's development in power, wealth, and grandeur, while they were promoting the spiritual interests of the Kingdom of God in the world. To Christianise the national genius, to preserve the soul of this country, to give character—high, virile, divine character—to American life, was this Society most manifestly ordained by Providence. The true philosophy of the prosperity and greatness of the still marvellously developing West, the philosophy of the wonderful beginnings and of the mighty unfoldings of that social, industrial, educational, political, and religious

life cannot be written without a recognition of the work and influence of that organisation which for the past forty years has been planting churches from ocean to ocean and thereby furnishing a moral and spiritual impulse and impetus to the growth of American society.

It was Chaplain McCabe's intense patriotism and his enthusiastic Americanism, glowing with religious fervour and evangelistic zeal, that qualified him in a preëminent degree for this work of Church Extension.

A more fortunate relationship could not have been created than that which existed between Alpha J. Kynett and Charles C. McCabe. As unlike in temperament, mode of thought, method of work, style of address as two men well could be, they were like David and Jonathan in their attachment and worked together in the most effective harmony. No two men just like Kynett, no two men just like McCabe, could ever have accomplished what Kynett and McCabe accomplished during those sixteen years of their coöperation in the Church Extension Society.

Dr. A. J. Kynett was one of Nature's noblemen and a stalwart son of God, magnificent in soul-stature as in physique. A more unselfish and devoted workman God's vineyard has rarely known. He brought to the initiation of this work an intelligence, a devotion, a business sagacity, a brain power, and a genius for hard, painstaking toil without which this Church Extension movement could never have been successfully inaugurated.

When this great and good man laid down his work and passed to the company of the heavenly immortals, his comrade, his friend, his brother, McCabe, then Bishop, penned these noble words of eulogy:

"The first time I ever saw Dr. A. J. Kynett was in the pulpit of old Zion Church, Burlington, Iowa, in the year 1851. We were having a revival. Landon Taylor, the 'Weeping Prophet,' of the Iowa Conference, was our pastor. The interest was very deep in the church and in the city. Kynett had come to our help. He rose in the pulpit to give out his hymn. What a noble-looking man! He was tall and straight as a pine tree. His face was lit up with holy joy. I loved him as soon as I saw him, before he had spoken a word. The sermon that followed made a profound impression on me. Nearly forty-eight years have rolled away since I heard it, and it lingers with me yet. The forceful logic, the pathetic appeal, the powerful unction of that sermon helped to shape my whole life.

"In 1868, when he was elected secretary of the Church Extension Society by the General Conference, after a visit to Philadelphia, and careful investigation of the affairs of the Society, he came to Ohio to ask me to come to his help. Bishop Kingsley, at his request, appointed me, and we became yoke-fellows from that hour. For sixteen years we worked together. In all those years not one harsh word ever passed between us. I had such confidence in Dr. Kynett that, when I differed with him on any ques-

tion, I reviewed my opinions, generally to find that he was right. He was a delightful man to work with.

"I will not attempt an analysis of his character. Think of all the noble and manly qualities which form a character fitted for the society of the best, the purest, the greatest on earth or in heaven, and I will say A. J. Kynett was the possessor and illustrator of every one of them. I knew him. You cannot live and work with a man sixteen years and not know him well. I pronounce him an 'Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile.' His work will live on. He has built for himself a monument which will endure forever." *

It was an auspicious day when, in 1868, Chaplain McCabe was called by this strong man to come to his help as the financial agent of the Church Extension Society. In 1872, the title of "financial agent" was dropped, and on motion of Bishop Harris the Chaplain was elected Assistant Corresponding Secretary.

There were at that time few platform speakers in America that could rival Chaplain McCabe in true, heart-moving oratory. There were Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Daniel Dougherty, Henry Ward Beecher, and other orators of national fame, but those who heard these men at their best will not claim that Chaplain McCabe was inferior to any one of them in wit, humour, pathos, imagination, command of forceful language, power of persuasion, real and effective eloquence. He was a true, heaven-born orator: not the declaimer, not the pedantic lecturer, not the

* The Philadelphia "Advocate."

elegant and graceful essayist, but the orator and the mighty mover of men. When he advocated his high cause, his thoughts did breathe and his words did burn. What a providence that with the great official, Kynett, was associated this Grand Field-Marshal, McCabe! Let who may have planned the campaign, it took a McCabe to fight it. Whoever furnished the fuel, McCabe always furnished the fire. The desk was not his place, nor could he tie himself down to an office chair. The field, the fight, the world of action and execution was his place. As the Assistant Corresponding Secretary he was called to undertake a special work for the Society. In 1867, the Board established its Loan Fund, and the following year the Chaplain was invited to take the field in the interests of this Fund. It may almost be said that he created this Loan Fund. It was largely through his efforts that it was augmented to $500,000 by 1884, when he severed his connection with the Society.

One of the Chaplain's letters to the Church was so characteristic, had such a clear, clarion, McCabe tone of faith and courage in it, and so well represents the very spirit and genius of his work in building up the Loan Fund, that our pulse moves to quicker motion as we read it again:

"The loan fund of the Board of Church Extension has been increased since January 1st from $329,000 to $353,775, paid up. The last $25,000 of a half-million is pledged already when the paid-up capital shall reach a total of $475,000. Please give the Board $121,000 more *very soon.* M. De Lesseps wants

350 millions to carry out a commercial enterprise. He will get it, too. The Board of Church Extension asks for one million in its loan fund, to secure the erection of 1000 churches every five years. Can we have it? Of course, we can. Give it to us and we will set a thousand bells ringing all along the frontier line. Give it to us and we will add 300,000 people to your great Methodist army every time the financial wheel makes a revolution, and it will make a revolution every five years. Lesseps wants to connect the stormy Gulf with the Pacific Ocean. Give us the money to build the churches, to create the pulpits, to organise Sabbath-schools, to inspire the erection of the family altars, and who doubts but that we shall open the way before myriads of sin-wrecked souls into the Pacific Ocean of God's everlasting love? Send for a copy of our last annual for full information. Address Rev. A. J. Kynett, D.D., No. 1026 Arch St., Philadelphia.

"If you are trying to get the better of your love of money, and want a little help in your tug with 'Old Natur,' send for me. I would love to help you. Let us sing a little now:

"'Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
Till all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

"'Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs,
Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues.'

Now after you pray I think you will subscribe."

A collection of Secretary McCabe's "Reports," "Addresses," "Calls," "Circulars," and "Letters," making up the leaflet and pamphlet literature of his secretarial work, would make very interesting reading; they might be gathered into a text-book for the Conference Course of Study, just to kindle the flame of benevolent money-raising enthusiasm in the heart of every newly-consecrated minister of Methodism.

XXV

SUCCESS—FRONTIER WORK—LIBERAL LAYMEN—GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES—BISHOP SIMPSON AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN

SECRETARY McCABE'S zeal was not without knowledge, nor was his enthusiasm without business discretion. He was most careful and painstaking in all his accounts with the Christian Commission and with the Benevolent Societies, as he was in his own private business affairs. Moreover, with all his power to stir the emotions, he was endowed with a still higher and greater power to enlighten the understanding and inspire the convictions. While many under the spell of his holy eloquence would give with the laughter of joy and the tears of devout feeling, others were moved only by enlightened judgment to consecrate their thousands to the evangelising of our country as the religious, patriotic, and business duty of Stewards of the Lord. Secretary McCabe won to the cause he advocated the heart and brain of many a calm, sagacious, worldly-wise business man. And by his influence over those cool-headed, rather unemotional men of affairs the Society became familiar with the names and the princely benefactions of such men as David McWilliams, Bowles Colgate, J. Perkins, T. T. Tasker,

Amos Shinkle, A. V. Stout, H. W. Drakely, James Long, E. Remington, W. C. De Pauw, H. C. Sigler, Clem Studebaker, William Deering, George I. Seney, John D. Slayback, J. B. Hobbs, Ex-Vice President W. A. Wheeler, and many others who were among the first to respond to Secretary McCabe's appeals in creating the Loan Fund and developing his plans for the frontier work. The letters written to him by these men were couched in the most affectionate terms, showing that they believed in him, loved him, and trusted his judgment. Every contribution made by them was sent with a hearty good will. Banker A. V. Stout's letters were those of a brother, loving and beloved. George I. Seney was fond of beginning a letter: "Boss McCabe," or "The Great American Champion Beggar, Chaplain C. C. McCabe," and closing with: "Take the inclosed check in reply to yours, etc."

His influence with men of business sense and benevolent spirit was illustrated by the development of Eliphalet Remington's devotion to the Church Extension cause. This broad-minded and most liberal layman of the Wyoming Conference, who had been accustomed to donate ten dollars a year to the work, heard McCabe preach on the subject, and under the inspiration of the sermon gave five hundred dollars. The Chaplain went back the next year, and told the congregation what had been done with the money they gave the year before and Mr. Remington gave a thousand dollars. "The next year," said McCabe, "I preached again, and when the subscription was taken

he gave nothing. I was greatly disappointed. But the next morning we stopped in at his place of business on the way to the train, and he said: 'You are not going yet? I thought you were not going to leave till afternoon. I have something for you.' He took me into his office, drew out his check-book and began to write. He made a figure one, then a cipher, another cipher, and another cipher. Then he held his pen in his hand as though undecided what to do. I said, 'Lord help him,' and down went another cipher, and he gave me his check for ten thousand dollars. He said he had not been able to decide what he ought to give the day before. Next year he gave twenty thousand. I saw him a short time ago, and he said, 'My only regret is, I did not give a hundred thousand when I could.'"

Among the most devoted friends of the Chaplain was Ex-Vice President W. A. Wheeler, a true blue Presbyterian, but a believer in men like McCabe, of whatever denomination. The Chaplain greatly prized and often quoted in conversations and in Conference speeches the now well-known letter addressed to him by that distinguished gentleman; a letter worthy of preservation as reflecting honour alike upon its author and its recipient:

"Malone, New York.
"April 17, 1882.

"DEAR CHAPLAIN:

"Please get out of this region while I have something left. To reconcile you in some measure to

going I inclose my check for $1000. Put the money into your frontier work and in multiplying the fountains of Christian Citizenship and may God's blessing go with you, as mine does. When you get the country well 'underbrushed' we will send out some Presbyterians and put on the finishing touches.

"Very cordially yours,
W. A. WHEELER."

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Chaplain and Mrs. McCabe this same Christian gentleman wrote in response to an invitation to be present: "I shall be with you in spirit on the twenty-fifth anniversary of your marriage, for I love you as tenderly as if our brotherly blood flowed from the same fountain. There is coming a marriage supper, from which, with God's grace, no earthly ailment or distance shall prevent my sitting at the table with both of you—the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Not only was the Loan Fund of the Church Extension Society in large measure the creation of his herculean efforts, but the important frontier work was inaugurated and prosecuted with remarkable success by Chaplain McCabe's sagacity and untiring labours. In 1879, he explored the great Northwest, saw the needs of that vast and rapidly developing portion of our country, and recognised the opportunity which there presented itself for the promotion of God's Kingdom in the building of churches to Christianise new communities and spiritually care for the thou-

sands who were pouring into the land from the East and from Europe. The resources of the Church Extension Society were of course wholly inadequate to meet the demands of that vast frontier. But, inspired by the Chaplain's report and on his suggestion, the Society inaugurated a plan by which Methodist societies were encouraged to build hundreds of commodious churches throughout the West. By the donation of $250 the erection of many a church edifice to cost not less than $1250 was made possible. Special subscriptions of $250 were solicited from individuals and from societies, and each subscription insured the building of a church somewhere on the frontier. Hundreds of loyal Methodists responded to this novel and attractive proposition and churches began to spring up in the wilderness with remarkable rapidity, churches ranging in value from $1250 to $9000, which were to be the religious centres of what have since become large and flourishing communities. During his connection with the work, the Chaplain and his associates secured nearly $70,000, which encouraged the building of about 270 churches at an aggregate cost of more than half a million dollars. At this day no less than 850 churches at a cost of nearly $2,000,000 attest the wisdom of that great frontier plan which had its inception in the fertile brain of Chaplain McCabe.

In his devotion to this work of building new churches and redeeming others from debt he often assumed personal obligations and made sacrifices which not only transcended the legitimate demands of

his office but conflicted with the judgment and staggered the confidence of his dearest friends and most generous supporters. But Chaplain McCabe's courage, his confidence in the generosity of the people, the very audacity of his faith in God, never met with disappointment or defeat. Though he took upon himself obligations that might have crushed an ordinary man, and which only a man of astonishing faith in God and in God's people could ever have had the courage to assume, the benevolent spirit of the Church in the contributions of her noble laymen always came to his relief. Atlas with the world upon his shoulders is not a more inspiring conception of personal responsibility and obligation than was this soul of faith and courage, with the great debt of a church like Metropolitan at Washington or the church at Salt Lake City resting upon his personal promise and honour. But, Atlas-like, he never staggered with the load, for underneath were the everlasting arms of the infinitely more than Atlantean power. To save Metropolitan Memorial Church in Washington he went on personal notes of large amounts with Bishop Simpson and trusted the Methodist people of the nation to help him to pay the notes and save the church.

As is well known, this National Church of Methodism originated in the mind of Bishop Simpson. From the foundation stone, laid before the Civil War, to its completion and final redemption from all debt, the great Bishop took a pride and interest in it as the child of his brain. It was when he was apprehensive that the church might be lost to Methodism by reason of the

large debt resting upon it that he persuaded Chaplain McCabe to come to the rescue. Bishop Simpson had great love for the Chaplain and regarded him as the most successful money-raiser in the country. He was instrumental in securing his services for the Church Extension Society, and he believed that Society could not do a grander thing than to save Metropolitan Church and preserve the good name of Methodism at our national capital. The Bishops as a body approved the employment of the Chaplain for this great undertaking, and Bishop Harris communicated the decision of the Board to him.

"Rev. C. C. McCabe, D.D.,

"My Dear Brother:

"The Bishops have instructed me to say that you are requested and authorised to raise money to pay the claims against the Metropolitan Church in Washington City. The Church is in imminent financial peril, and its loss would be a denominational dishonour, and an almost measureless calamity. We do most sincerely and heartily commend this cause to the liberality of the friends of Methodism in this land and earnestly pray for your complete success.

"Yours truly,

"William H. Harris.

"New York, Dec. 1, 1880."

The Chaplain quickly and cheerfully responded to this appeal and saved Metropolitan. One of the last cares that rested upon the mind of Bishop Simpson

was that of the heavy obligation which he and the Chaplain had assumed in putting their names to personal notes for large amounts in behalf of the church which he had been instrumental in having built. The original note had been gradually reduced by payments to a final obligation of $10,000. And one of the noblest acts of the always noble and generous McCabe was the strenuous and successful effort which he made to secure from loyal ministers and laymen subscriptions to pay this note. The Chaplain was particularly fond of telling how Oliver Hoyt treated him when he came to him, for perhaps the third time, in the interests of the National Church. "No," said Mr. Hoyt, "I have helped to pay off that debt two or three times and I am through with it." The Chaplain, undaunted, told him he must give once more, and named the amount which he expected that generous layman would give him. Then he told Mr. Hoyt of the note for $10,000, of Bishop Simpson's anxiety of mind in his serious illness, and before the Chaplain left his office that great-souled layman gave him twice the sum he had asked him to subscribe. One of the happiest moments in the Chaplain's life was when he assured the then dying Bishop that the note had been paid and his obligation had been discharged; they had raised the money which they had promised to raise, and had not trusted to the loyalty and generosity of the Methodist laymen of our country in vain. That, too, was a happy moment to the Bishop as the Chaplain placed in his hand the last cancelled note and he felt the last burden lift, the last cloud of anxiety drift away, and

a great peace and quiet come into life's closing hours. Bishop Simpson and Chaplain McCabe raised no less than $52,000 to save Metropolitan Church. In a letter from Washington, given to the press January 31, 1865, the following incident in the history of Bishop Simpson's relation to the building of Metropolitan Church is narrated:

"Last Wednesday evening the people of Washington had the privilege of listening to the great lecture of Bishop Simpson on 'Our National Conflict.' The Bishop, by that lecture, added greatly to his reputation, which had already placed him among the first orators of the country. The proceeds of the occasion were for the benefit of the Metropolitan Church, commenced here a few years ago, on the foundation of which exists a debt of about $5000. An interesting episode occurred as the audience was passing out. The Bishop in the course of his lecture had alluded to the great mineral resources of our country, and spoke particularly of the gold and silver mines of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Coast. At the conclusion of the lecture, President Lincoln, who was present in the congregation with his son, and with whom the Bishop is on intimate terms, waited for an opportunity to greet the speaker. As soon as he came near he extended his hand, and remarked in a peculiar way: 'Well, Bishop, I don't know that I ever heard a better lecture, but I notice you never *struck oil!*'

"After a little conversation the President good-humouredly said: 'Well, now, Bishop, I would like to know whether you regularly put into your lecture that

little allusion you made to the "Rail-splitter," or just slipped it in to-night because I happened to be present?' The Bishop assured him that he had always made use of it, but on that night had really hesitated whether to mention it or not. 'All out of deference to my modesty, I suppose,' added Mr. Lincoln."

Chaplain McCabe was in Washington at that time and was doubtless present at the lecture, if he did not witness the scene and hear the conversation between the great Bishop and the great President.

XXVI

THE RESCUE OF SALT LAKE CITY CHURCH—POWER OF SONG—RESULTS OF LECTURES—INGERSOLLVILLE

SECRETARY McCABE, in personally assuming the entire debt of the church in Salt Lake City, put himself under a burden of $40,000. But while this was a courageous thing to do, it was not a reckless and ill-judged assumption of financial obligation. He knew the generosity of the people. If he was a great money-getter, the laymen who knew and loved and trusted him were great money-givers. Thousands of loyal and liberal Methodists followed him and had all confidence in his daring but consummate leadership.

His productive brain and confiding heart again conceived a plan for raising the last of this debt on the Salt Lake church which he had assumed. It was original, like McCabe himself. He called upon the women of Methodism to save the church that had been planted as a light in the very centre of Mormon darkness. He issued a card with one hundred squares upon it, each representing ten cents and the entire card representing $10. The card read:

"I hereby pledge myself to be one of One Thousand Ladies to raise the sum of

Ten Dollars Each

for the rescue of our Church at Salt Lake City.

"Signed ——"

Not less than 1175 women took these cards, signed them, and pledged themselves to this Christian and patriotic work. More than 800 responded with the cash. Later calls upon individuals and Sunday-schools met with the response that completed the raising of the last dollar. For this church Secretary McCabe raised in round numbers $43,000.

Undertakings of such magnitude are not required of our secretaries, but when McCabe achieves these marvellous victories of faith and courage and self-sacrificing energy, while we may not say: "would that every secretary were a McCabe!" we must admire the leadership, emulate the courage, and aspire to that faith in God and His people which makes men great and masterful; we must catch the spirit of that devotion to and absorption in the work of God's Kingdom which such a man as McCabe has proven to be possible to the called and consecrated minister of the Gospel.

But these incidental cases of the assumption of great personal obligations, of which there were many, with the building up of the Loan Fund and the inauguration and successful operation of the frontier plan of church building, constituted only a part of the tasks of this indefatigable Secretary. The annual

collections of the Church Extension Society rolled up to magnificent proportions, and by the impetus which his strong mind and burning eloquence gave the work, the Society secured a place of importance and consideration in the thought and conscience of the people, if second to any only to that of the Missionary Society. With all the credit due to Dr. Kynett, and that is very great, for the extraordinary development and achievements of the Church Extension Society, Secretary McCabe's name will forever be identified with its most brilliant and marvellously successful undertakings, and his work in that great religio-patriotic benevolence will remain in the Church's history as a monument to his faith, eloquence, and genius; as a monument perpetuating the memory of achievements such as may well be recognised as sufficiently important for the life-work of any truly great man.

To this field Secretary McCabe consecrated all his splendid powers. His gift of song contributed largely to his success in the work. Here was a new influence which had never before been fully appreciated or utilised in secretarial work. The power of song in revival had been known from the beginning in the history and evolution of Methodism, but it remained for Secretary McCabe to introduce it into the promotion of the church benevolences. What vast audiences would pack the churches at Conferences to hear Chaplain McCabe sing! And how he moved and melted the listening throngs by the sweet and subtle power of his song! In the Church Extension work

the Chaplain could with a forceful and thrilling eloquence present the patriotic phase of the subject to the audience, and, with the spirit of the old war-times, how often would he rouse them with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," and "The Sword of Bunker Hill"! But with even a more strangely sweet and touching charm there linger in the ears of memory the simpler, more religious songs, which he sang so plaintively and with such a heart-melting pathos. Can one ever forget how he sang, as no other could sing, "The Lost Chord," "My Ain Countrie," and "Beautiful Hands"?

So popular did this last touching song become that wherever the Chaplain preached or presented the cause of Church Extension, the request would be made that he sing it. Many will be pleased to read again the words written by Mrs. Ellen H. Gates, set to music by Dwight Williams, and so tenderly sung by Chaplain McCabe:

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all;
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
That the children might be glad;

I often weep as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now,
And time and pain have left their mark
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! Alas! the nearing time
The sad, sad day to me,
When, 'neath the daisies cold and white,
These hands will folded be.

"But oh, beyond these shad'wy lands
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands."

There was a charm in the Chaplain's voice beyond the gift of the schools and all the possibilities of art—a strange, plaintive sweetness, a thrilling, magnetic power, a spiritual unction, rarely possessed by the most artistic singers of the world. It may be truly said that Chaplain McCabe sang many thousands of dollars into the Lord's treasury, many a soul to Christ, and many a splendid church into existence. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that he did not wish to have the credit of his success given to the power of his song, nor should it be. It was a rule of his to sing after, rather than before, the collection was taken. It was his eloquent, intelligent,

masterly presentation of his subject that moved the people to liberality. His most powerful appeals were to individuals in the quiet of the office or the home, where great-hearted laymen were moved to give their thousands for the cause of Christ. And when any great victory of debt-raising had been won it was after long, careful, and most wise planning: never on the spur of the moment and under the exciting influence of a song or an address. The Chaplain very justly resented the notion that he was phenomenal. If men who lacked the genius to move the people to large giving superciliously insinuated that they could do the same thing if they were singers it hurt the Chaplain's feelings, especially after he had worked for weeks to make possible the final victory of a great money-raising campaign. To others, such insinuations brought the memory of Charles Lamb's witticism on Wordsworth. The author of "The Excursion" once said of the plays of Shakespeare: "I might have written them myself if I had the mind." "Yes," said Lamb, "but he hadn't the mind."

It was intellect, power of thought, the genius of initiative, high generalship, that made this servant of God and of the Church the master of the situation that he ever was. It cannot be said that he was most successful as a subordinate. Where he sat, that was the head of the table. He was at his best in planning and fighting his own campaign, not in simply executing the plans and orders of others. He was not a Marshal Ney, but a Napoleon with a genius both to initiate and to execute, to plan a battle and to fight it.

In the use of his famous lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison" he might have made a personal fortune. No lecturer in his time ever gave greater and more invariable satisfaction to his audiences. He might have commanded the highest fees from lecture bureaus had he given them his entire time, and ten thousand dollars a year would have been a moderate estimate of his income had he not again and again refused tempting propositions. But all his powers were consecrated to God and belonged to the Church, and he would not sacrifice his convictions of duty for gain or for public applause. Consequently, the Church was the sole beneficiary of his genius. His eloquence belonged to Christ and the Kingdom of Heaven; and by a single lecture, often delivered throughout the country, no less than $300,000 have been realised by churches and by the various benevolent interests of Methodism. It may be doubted if any pastor, secretary, or bishop in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been so popular on the lecture platform, and certainly no one else has turned into the Church treasuries such magnificent results of his eloquence. Perhaps no man since George Whitefield's day has possessed such money-raising genius and eloquence as Chaplain McCabe.

It was while he was engaged in this Church Extension Secretaryship that he thrilled the Church with his famous reply to the infidel Robert G. Ingersoll. The Chaplain was on a railway train one day, and as he read the newspaper his eye fell upon the report of a freethinkers' convention in which Mr. Ingersoll had

said in an address: "The churches are dying out all over the land; they are struck with death." At the first station on the line where the opportunity offered the Chaplain left the train and sent this telegram:

"DEAR ROBERT:

"'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' We are building more than one Methodist church for every day in the year and propose to make it two a day!

"C. C. MCCABE."

This incident fairly electrified the Church and inspired the Rev. Alfred J. Hough to write the following song:

"The infidels, a motley band,
In council met, and said:
'The Churches die all through the land,
The last will soon be dead.'
When suddenly a message came,
It filled them with dismay:
'All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building *two* a day.'

"The King of Saints to war has gone,
And matchless are his deeds;
His sacramental hosts move on,
And follow where he leads;
While infidels his Church defame,
Her cornerstones we lay;
'All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building *two* a day.'

"'Extend,' along the line is heard,
'Thy walls, O Zion fair!'
And Methodism heeds the word,
And answers ev'rywhere,

'A new Church greets the morning's flame,
Another evening's ray,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,'
We're building *two* a day.'

"When infidels in council meet
Next year, with boastings vain,
To chronicle the Lord's defeat,
And count his Churches slain,
O may we then with joy proclaim,
If we his call obey:
'All hail the power of Jesus' name!
We're building *three* a day.'"

This song immediately spread like fire over the land and the Chaplain sang it from ocean to ocean, and by its note of faith and victory the song, as the singer sang it, gave a new and wonderful impetus to all the benevolent enterprises of the Church. Thus was the ignorant boast of infidelity gloriously refuted and the very wrath of man made to praise our God.

As clever an argument against Ingersollism as ever appeared at the time of the infidel's greatest popularity was "Chaplain McCabe's Dream of Ingersollville." It reads like a product of a John Bunyan and possesses many literary felicities that remind one of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Dry and subtle arguments of academic merit, which even the schoolmen never wasted their time to read and which the people could not understand, were very weak defences of the Gospel and very harmless answers to infidelity compared to this simple, witty, yet unanswerably logical allegory of "Chaplain McCabe's Dream of Ingersollville." If one's highest interest in such a Bunyanesque

production passes with the controversy that called it forth, as was the case with many a tractate from the pen of Bunyan and even of Milton, the wit and homely wisdom of it remain to amuse if not to instruct the reader.

XXVII

CHAPLAIN McCABE'S DREAM OF INGERSOLLVILLE

I HAD a dream which was not all a dream. I thought I was on a long journey through a beautiful country, when suddenly I came to a great city with walls fifteen feet high. At the gate stood a sentinel whose shining armour reflected back the rays of the morning sun. As I was about to salute him and pass into the city, he stopped me and said:

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?"

I answered, "Yes, with all my heart."

"Then," said he, "you cannot enter here. No man or woman who acknowledges that name can pass in here. Stand aside!" continued he, "they are coming."

I looked down the road and saw a vast multitude approaching. It was led by a military officer.

"Who is that?" I asked the sentinel.

"That," he replied, "is the great Colonel Robert I——, the founder of the City of Ingersollville."

"Who is he?" I ventured to inquire.

"He is a great and mighty warrior, who fought in many bloody battles for the Union during the great war."

I felt ashamed of my ignorance of history, and

stood silently watching the procession. I had heard of a Colonel I—— who resigned in presence of the enemy, but of course this could not be the man.

The procession came near enough for me to recognise some of the faces. I noted two infidel editors of national celebrity, followed by great wagons containing steam presses. There were also five members of Congress.

All the noted infidels and scoffers of the country seemed to be there. Most of them passed in unchallenged by the sentinel; but at last a meek-looking individual with a white necktie approached, and he was stopped. I saw at a glance he was a well-known "liberal" preacher of New York.

"Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" said the sentinel.

"Not much!" replied the doctor.

Everybody laughed, and he was allowed to pass in.

There were artists there, with glorious pictures; singers, with ravishing voices; tragedians and comedians, whose names have a world-wide fame.

Then came another division of the infidel host—saloon-keepers by thousands, proprietors of gambling-hells, brothels, and theatres.

Still another division swept by: burglars, thieves, thugs, incendiaries, highwaymen, murderers—all—all marching in. My vision grew keener. I looked, and lo! Satan himself brought up the rear.

High afloat above the mass was a banner on which was inscribed, "What has Christianity done for the country?" and another, on which was inscribed,

"Down with the Churches! Away with Christianity —it interferes with our happiness!" And then came a murmur of voices, that grew louder and louder until a shout went up like the roar of Niagara: "Away with him! crucify him!" I felt no desire now to enter Ingersollville.

As the last of the procession entered, a few men and women with broad-brimmed hats and plain bonnets made their appearance, and wanted to go in as missionaries, but they were turned rudely away. A zealous young Methodist exhorter, with a Bible under his arm, asked permission to enter, but the sentinel swore at him awfully. Then I thought I saw Brother Moody applying for admission, but he was refused. I could not help smiling to hear Moody say, as he turned sadly away:

"Well, they let me live and work in Chicago; it is very strange they won't let me into Ingersollville."

The sentinel went inside the gate and shut it with a bang; and I thought, as soon as it was closed, a mighty angel came down with a great iron bar, and barred the gate on the outside, and wrote upon it in letters of fire, "Doomed to live together six months." Then he went away, and all was silent, except the noise of the revelry and shouting that came from within the city walls.

I went away, and as I journeyed through the land I could not believe my eyes. Peace and plenty smiled everywhere. The jails were all empty, the penitentiaries were without occupants. The police of great cities were idle. Judges sat in court rooms with noth-

ing to do. Business was brisk. Many great buildings, formerly crowded with criminals, were turned into manufacturing establishments. Just about this time the President of the United States called for a Day of Thanksgiving. I attended services in a Presbyterian church. The preacher dwelt upon the changed condition of affairs. As he went on and depicted the great prosperity that had come to the country, and gave reasons for devout thanksgiving, I saw one old deacon clap his handkerchief over his mouth to keep from shouting right out. An ancient spinster, who never did like the "noisy" Methodists—a regular old blue-stocking Presbyterian—couldn't hold in. She expressed the thought of every heart by shouting with all her might, "Glory to God for Ingersollville!" A young theological student lifted up his hand and devoutly added, "Esto perpetua." Everybody smiled. The country was almost delirious with joy. Great processions of children swept along the highways, singing,

"We'll not give up the Bible,
God's blessed word of truth."

Vast assemblies of reformed inebriates, with their wives and children, gathered in the open air. No building would hold them. I thought I was in one meeting where Bishop Simpson made an address, and as he closed it a mighty shout went up till the earth rang again. O, it was wonderful! and then we all stood up and sang with tears of joy:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

The six months had well-nigh gone. I made my way back again to the gate of Ingersollville. A dreadful silence reigned over the city, broken only by the sharp crack of a revolver now and then. I saw a busy man trying to get in at the gate, and I said to him, "My friend, where are you from?"

"I live in Chicago," said he, "and they've taxed us to death there; and I've heard of this city, and I want to go in to buy some real estate in this new and growing place."

He failed utterly to remove the bar, but by some means he got a ladder about twelve feet long, and with its aid he climbed upon the wall. With an eye to business, he shouted to the first person he saw:

"Hello, there!—what's the price of real estate in Ingersollville?"

"Nothing!" shouted a voice; "you can have all you want if you'll just take it and pay the taxes."

"What made your taxes so high?" inquired the Chicago man. I noted the answer carefully; I shall never forget it.

"We've had to build forty new jails and fourteen penitentiaries—a lunatic asylum and orphan asylum in every ward; we've had to disband the public schools, and it takes all the revenue of the city to keep up the police force."

"Where's my old friend I——?" said the Chicago man.

"O, he is going about to-day with a subscription

paper to build a church. They have gotten up a petition to send out for a lot of preachers to come and hold revival services. If we can only get them over the wall, we hope there's a future for Ingersollville yet."

The six months ended. Instead of opening the door, however, a tunnel was dug under the wall big enough for one person to crawl through at a time. First came two bankrupt editors, followed by Colonel I—— himself, and then the whole population crawled through. Then I thought, somehow, great crowds of Christians surrounded the city. There were Moody, and Hammond, and Earle, and hundreds of Methodist preachers and exhorters, and they struck up, singing all together:

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy."

A needier crowd never was seen on earth before.

I conversed with some of the inhabitants of the abandoned city, and asked a few of them this question:

"Do you believe in hell?"

I cannot record the answers: they were terribly orthodox.

One old man said, "I've been there on probation for six months, and I don't want to join."

I knew by that he was an old Methodist backslider.

The sequel of it all was a great revival, that gathered in a mighty harvest from the ruined City of Ingersollville.

XXVIII

A GLANCE BACKWARDS

THE Chaplain's love for the Church Extension work never died. After he had been promoted to a new field by the call of the Church, he continued to take a deep interest in the cause to which he had given so many of the best years of his life. One of the most telling productions of his pen is a four-page pamphlet on "A Glance Backwards," in which he gives a résumé of the work of the Society for the previous twenty-one years and expresses his hopes for its future great success and usefulness. It may appropriately close these chapters that record his achievements as Secretary of the Church Extension Society.

A GLANCE BACKWARDS

When a man has spent sixteen years of his life in trying to build up a great cause, it is impossible for him ever to lose interest in it.

With the most pleasurable emotions I take up the Twenty-first Annual Report of the Board of Church Extension. There is the familiar map of our country, spangled more thickly than ever with crosses, showing where 511 churches have been helped into existence during the year 1886—nearly one and one-half per

day. Surely the time is rapidly approaching when the Board of Church Extension may without rebuke open their monthly meetings by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name: we're building two a day!"

The dreamers of this world have their way at the last. Joseph and Isaiah, John of Patmos and John of Epworth, all saw their dreams fulfilled. And the dreamers of to-day who plan and struggle and hope and sing and pray for the coming Kingdom of our Lord, are permitted sometimes to see their dreams fulfilled here and now. The stalwart dreamer of the Congo will see his dreams fulfilled; and his successors in office will hold great conferences and send presiding elders to their districts and pastors to their charges with shout and song when the last vestige of heathenism shall have disappeared from Africa forever.

Sometimes the fulfilment of the dream far exceeds in glory the vision itself. The Lord of the Harvest does not "make a word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." He fulfils His promise according to His interpretation of its meaning and not according to ours.

Not many have ever heard much about the unfortunate beginning of the Church Extension Society; how it was involved in debt at the very start; how the dreadful word "protested" was written across the drafts upon its treasury for fifty thousand dollars; how its credit was gone and its best friends were despairing. Fortunately for the Church, the cause seemed so hopeless that the office of its Corresponding Secretary was not an object of ambition. The task of

saving this apparently ruined cause, after Dr. Monroe's tragical death, fell upon Dr. A. J. Kynett—a man, I verily believe, chosen of God to shape its policy, to make a strong administration in which everybody might have confidence, to project its Loan Fund, to guard it from spiritual weakness in high places, until to-day, whether men realise it or not, whether men acknowledge it or not, the Board of Church Extension is one of the most marvellous evangelistic forces in this or any other land.

This Report tells us that since the Board began its work in the year 1865, it has helped to build 5805 churches—more than half of the entire increase of Methodism since this work began. It has collected and disbursed nearly $3,000,000. It has built up a permanent Loan Fund of $555,000. Out of this fund it has loaned $954,792, aiding by loans 1763* churches worth $6,918,950, with sittings for 507,515 persons; and if we average the 5805 churches aided by both grants and loans as having a seating capacity of 300 for each church, the Board of Church Extension has helped to furnish a place to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ to 1,741,500 persons.

I look back to those old days,—those days of anxiety and trouble,—and realise how blessed a thing it is simply to follow the infallible counsel of the Spirit of God.

The first official act I saw Dr. Kynett perform was to sign a note for $25,000, which was indorsed by two

* Loans return and are again loaned.

members of the Board, to take care of those protested drafts.

I received a letter from one of the leading men of one of our greatest conferences, which contained this sentence in reference to the Church Extension Society: "Let the thing sink. It is hopelessly bankrupt." He was a good man, but on that subject he had no revelation. Agabus was a prophet, and a good man. He took Paul's girdle and bound himself and said, "So shall be bound the man that owneth this girdle." But even a prophet could not turn Paul from his purpose to go up to Jerusalem. The divine revelation made to him at his conversion was, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my sake." And so some men, good and true, do not understand how God is leading other men; and hence, sometimes, little short-lived divisions among the workers, little contentions which are sure at the last to end in tears and songs at Calvary, because the love of Jesus conquers all.

The pages of this Report not only furnish an argument for greater collections, but they are a prophecy of the future. Methodism has secured the erection of 3800 more houses of worship in twenty-three years than the entire possessions of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. What is going to be the future of a Board that helped to build half of all those churches! Its income is steadily increasing. Its Loan Fund has passed the half-million limit and is sweeping on to the million. That Loan Fund is already large enough to secure the erection, in its quintennial revolutions, of four churches for every

Sabbath morning that shall dawn upon the world forever.

Well do I remember the night when Bishop Morris, then the primate of Methodism, gave the first hundred dollars to this fund. I glance down the list of donors since. Dr. Kynett speedily inaugurated the plan of allowing any person contributing $5000 or more to name the fund, and promised that a separate account should be kept with it, and that a statement of its working and success should be furnished the donor every year. That was a happy thought. If you put it into the scales and weigh it, it is worth at least one million of dollars. Armed with that promise I was taken into the counsels of men who desired that their money should work for the increase of the Kingdom when they should have gone to stand with the ransomed army before the throne of God. That promise is a direct appeal to one of the most powerful and holy instincts of a redeemed soul. I have seen its power on the rich man who was able to draw his check for $10,000. I have seen its power upon the poor widow who by dint of toiling and saving for many months could heap together enough money to secure the building of one church every five years forever.

There are twenty-five of these named funds; and then there is a great fund of nearly a quarter of a million made up of the contributions of the many. Into that have gone the gifts of the ploughboy and the mechanic, the seamstress and the servant-girl. Into it has gone a gift of $3000 from a widow upon the one condition that the Board of Church Extension

—composed of men she never saw—would promise that the meal should not waste in the barrel nor the oil in the cruse.

Many of the donors to this sacred fund are gone. The A. V. Stout loan fund of $10,000 has aided in the erection of 55 churches with 13,695 sittings. The Freeborn Garretson loan fund of $20,000, given in his name by his daughter Mary, has aided in the erection of 82 churches worth $327,925, furnishing 24,300 sittings. The John Stewart loan fund of $10,000 has helped to build 65 churches worth $105,000, with 17,050 sittings. But the time would fail to speak of all. Some of the givers are with us still and think with ever-increasing pleasure of what has been done with their money. The Eliphalet Remington loan fund of $30,000 has furnished $77,000 in loans, and has aided in the erection of 97 houses of worship worth $494,055, furnishing 28,820 people an opportunity to hear the Gospel.

The special effort to secure $250 subscriptions to be used as grants in aid of frontier churches has brought in $82,500; the number of churches built through its instrumentality, 329, valued at $665,750. These gifts were accompanied, however, by loans amounting to $67,700.

Thank the Lord! Let us take courage! The income to the General Fund will increase. The Loan Fund, like the wheel in Ezekiel's vision, erect, self-moving, full of eyes to see the wants of the little struggling bands of my Father's children all over this Republic, will roll on through all the coming years, and

the income from it at two per cent. per annum will soon be more than sufficient to pay all the current expenses of administration.

Guard against the impression that this fund is a vested fund like the endowment of an institution of learning. It is far better than that. The principal itself is loaned to needy churches at a low rate of interest, and sometimes without interest, to be paid in small annual instalments. And thus the same money is used over and over again forever. A million of dollars is not too large a sum for such a magnificent work.

It was not, then, a spasmodic effort. The prophets of evil have again been disappointed. Wise men are still bringing their gifts of gold to lay them at Jesus' feet. The General Conference may be depended upon not to seriously interfere with plans which have worked so well, and it may be relied upon to put this great trust in the charge of men who love the Church better than life itself. Moses is still at the head of his army, while Joshua is out in the field preaching, praying, singing, holding conventions, helping people to decide what to do with their money, loyally telling them to give the most to missions and to stand by the whole work of connectional Methodism.

To my friends everywhere, I would like to send this message: Stand by Kynett and Spencer. Give them the quarter of a million for which they ask. You can do it so easily. The story of the work from each pulpit will bring the money. The money will build the churches. The churches will bring the congrega-

tions. Our missionaries can have pulpits in which to preach the Gospel, and the children will be gathered into Sabbath-schools, to be taught of the Lord.

The work is one. In five years we may have three millions of members if we are faithful to our trust. Let us work as though the judgment fires were about to kindle upon the earth, and for His glory who sends us this message:

"Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me."

XXIX

EVANGELISTIC SPIRIT—CONVERSIONS—COL. H. H. HADLEY—BISHOP WILEY—T. D. COLLINS—BISHOP SIMPSON'S CONVERT—THE COLOURED SUPERANNUATE

WITH all the burdens of his official responsibilities resting upon him and with his mind constantly preoccupied with the planning and executing of his financial campaigns, the Chaplain nevertheless did not lose his evangelistic spirit, nor for a moment cease to be interested in the salvation of men. Many a touching incident of his personal religious influence over individuals in the chance meetings of daily life might be mentioned, of which a few will suffice to offer an illustration. When urging Christians to make personal efforts to win individual souls to Christ, he said:

"Single out some soul to pray for. Be in earnest. Avoid everything that will hinder your communion with your Heavenly Father. From His presence go and invite the soul for whom you pray to come to Christ. Try it. You will be amazed at the result. Let me tell you a story. It concerns myself. I hesitate to publish it, but it illustrates the fact that great opportunities for doing a world of good by a single word spoken for the Master are ever before us. Thirty

years ago, I was on a train going from Lancaster, Ohio, to Zanesville. The war had been over one year. A young man was in the car whom I knew to be an ex-soldier. We had a conversation. That night I had him in my congregation. His name is Col. H. H. Hadley. Here is a letter from him received this year.*

"'DEAR CHAPLAIN:

"'In the fall of the year 1866 I was coming from Lancaster, Ohio, to Zanesville on the cars, having been recently mustered out of the army, after five years' service. I had become a hard drinker during the war and had been having quite a high time with some of my friends in Lancaster. I remember when sitting in the seat behind yourself in the car, that I introduced myself to you, having in some way found out who you were, and I told you that I had heard my sister, Mrs. R. H. McCann, formerly Miss Lucy Hadley, speak of you. You did not chide me particularly, though you seemed a little surprised that I was a brother to so good a woman as Lucy was, and you told me you were going to speak that night in Putnam. I went over with my sister to hear you. After the sermon you sang: "There is a fountain filled with blood," to the tune to which it is now usually sung. It was the first time that I had heard that tune. It was one of the first hymns set to *your* tune, which I placed in my book of rescue songs. Your remarks to me on the car, your manner toward me, the fact that you had been in the army, so impressed me that I have never

* 1896.

forgotten that interview. It had its weight toward bringing me to a better life. Of course, many things combined to do it, but my memory of that interview was one of the agencies.

"'I ask you to pray for me—whenever you think of me—that God may make me more and more useful, and that He may give me physical strength to pursue the wonderful work which He has led me into, the nature of which, and the results of which, are simply so amazing that the days of miracles are not past, but "He is with us, even to the end of the world." God has permitted me since I was converted to start thirty-eight different missions, which are attended by over a million a year, more than half non-churchgoers, and in which last year sixteen thousand drunkards came forward for prayer. In the St. Bartholomew Mission alone, over five thousand came forward, and I have personally kneeled and prayed with over thirty-five thousand drunkards, whole regiments of whom have been converted, since Jesus set me free.

'E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.'

"'Your yokefellow and comrade,
"'H. H. HADLEY.'

"When I read that letter," said the Chaplain, "praise and prayer broke from my lips. 'Father, I thank Thee that I was permitted to be the channel of Thy power to such a soul as that, to help him on to

God'; and then the prayer, 'Father, forgive me for opportunities I have missed, because I was not on the alert to win souls.'" *

It is interesting further to know that one night the Chaplain was lecturing in the Presbyterian church, called "The Brick Church," on Fifth Avenue, New York, when he saw a tall, handsome, soldierly-looking man coming down the aisle towards the front seat and he said to some one sitting by his side: "Who is that fine-looking man?" The reply was: "That is Col. H. H. Hadley, the man who has reclaimed thousands of drunkards here in New York City and has established missions for them in other cities." It was early and the audience was not yet seated, so the Chaplain walked down the aisle and spoke to him. "Col. Hadley," he said, "you don't know me, but I want to shake the hand of a man who has done what you have done." "I don't know you, don't I?" said he, and the tears came into his eyes. "I should think I ought to know you. Don't you remember getting on a train years ago on the way to Zanesville, Ohio? I was on the train and I was drunk, as I had been for days. You saw my condition, but you came and sat down beside me. You took my hand and said, 'Comrade, don't you think it's about time you were giving your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ?' I was sullen and angry and I'm afraid I was not very polite to you, but I never got over that question. It haunted me day and night. I had a devout sister who I knew was praying for me, and between your kindness to me that day and my sis-

* "Epworth Herald."

ter's prayers, I gave my heart to God. I have since knelt and prayed with thirty thousand drunkards and have seen thousands of them converted." What a bright star for his crown of rejoicing did the Chaplain win by his kindly word to Col. Hadley, asking him to give his heart to Christ! Years later, when seeking health in Colorado, the Colonel wrote the Chaplain these fervent lines:

"My Precious Friend and Chaplain, Rev. C. C. McCabe, whom I met on the train between Lancaster and Zanesville, Ohio, in 1866, when half-drunk and when you, by kindly reproof, tried to save my soul by words that *never left me*. Praise the Lord! I'm saved now and have been for seventeen years, Hallelujah!"

Col. Hadley has finished his work on earth and joined the innumerable company of the redeemed in heaven. How God honoured his efforts to save the drunkards of New York and of our country! Multitudes rise up to call him blessed. In the homes of the poor and among the thousands who have been redeemed from the power of strong drink, his memory is precious. His life reads like a romance and the success of his rescue missions attests the miracle-working power of divine grace in saving men and transforming lives. To have been instrumental in the conversion of such a man were quite enough to crown Chaplain McCabe with the crown of eternal rejoicing.

The spiritual influence that radiated from the Chaplain's personality over all who came in contact with him is illustrated in a letter written to him by a hum-

ble servant-girl, who was serving in the home of a college professor.

"I want to send you just a few lines," she writes, "to tell you how much good it did me to have you with us those three days. . . . I think I shall never forget those days, although I seldom saw you except at meal times, and I suppose you never thought then that you were doing anything special for me at that time. Yet, I drank in every word that you said, and I enjoyed it as much as those at the table with you. How easy it was always to be cheerful then, and I even went so far as to think that if we could only have you with us always, I would never be tempted to feel discouraged or downcast. I resolved then that when I became discouraged I would think of you, and it has helped me, I believe, to live better in the short time that has passed since you left us. . . . I want you to remember me in prayer. I feel that I need that above all things, and that it will help me to know that you pray for me especially."

Thus did the spirit of the kind and compassionate Christ fill the heart and radiate from the life of this man who, though often the companion of Bishops, Statesmen, Generals, and Presidents, was not above feeling the tenderest sympathy for the poor and showing the most genuine brotherly kindness to the humblest human being. With all his association with the rich and the influential, with all the power he had over men of wealth and position in inspiring them to large liberality, and with all the regard shown him and all the praise and even flattery bestowed upon him in

the highest circles of the intellectual, political, and philanthropic life of our country, he never toadied to mere aristocracy, he never fawned upon wealth and power. But he thought as much of the poor as of the rich, of the lowly as of the exalted, and the soul that was wrapped in a shabby coat or a faded shawl was in his eyes and to his noble nature as precious as the soul arrayed in purple and fine linen.

The Bishop was once accused of saying that when riding on the cars he preferred sitting with a rich man to sitting with a poor man. This charge against his democracy went the rounds of the papers with the thrusts at his "ministerial snobbery and toadyism" which such a charge would be apt to inspire. His answer was that he had not said just that, but, democratic as he was in his feelings, he explained that he had said he would as gladly sit with a poor man as a rich man under ordinary circumstances; but if he was out after money for a Church or a University or for Missions he would prefer to find a rich man on board the train and sit down beside him for an hour or two, as he had done when travelling with his rich and benevolent friend, D. H. Carroll of Baltimore.

A few years ago he visited a town in New England and as he arrived at the station it was evening and the rain was falling, which necessitated his calling a cab. When he arrived at his destination, which was the home of the pastor, he paid the cabman his fare and then shook hands with him, with the kindly remark, "Good-night, I hope I shall meet you in heaven." The man looked astonished, whipped up his horse, and

drove away. Late in the night after all had retired, the door-bell rang, and the pastor answered the summons. At the door stood the cabman, and apologising for the disturbance at so late an hour, he asked if he might see the man he had driven to the house in the evening. He said that he must see him at once. The pastor went to the Chaplain's room and said, "That cabman you had this evening is at the door and says he wants to see you." "Show him up," said the Chaplain. He came up and stood in the doorway, whip in hand. He was a tall, fine-looking man, and he stammered out: "Sir, you asked me to meet you in heaven, and I have been thinking about it ever since. Nobody ever said that to me before. If I meet you in heaven, I shall have to turn around, for I am not going that way." The Chaplain took him in and talked and prayed with him and the cabman left with a new light in his face and, let us believe, with a new hope in his heart.

The Chaplain had such a passion for the salvation of men that any story of a soul's conversion had a wondrous charm for him, and he loved to repeat it as though it were the most interesting recital that could claim the attention of the saints. How he enjoyed telling and writing the story of Bishop Wiley's conversion!

"Yesterday I visited Mother Stoner. She resides in Lewiston, Pa. Mother Stoner is eighty-five years old and lies upon a bed of pain. Heart and flesh are failing fast. Many years ago she was called 'the shouting Methodist.' Even the little boys used to fol-

low her in the streets and cry, 'Glory!' after her, as she passed along. She has been shouting ever since. Yesterday we were singing,

'Let me go, 'tis Jesus calls me,'

and the old familiar 'Glory' came from her lips and her dim eyes lighted up with joy and she waved her hands in token of victory. Brother Sears, her pastor, shouted with her. Who is Mother Stoner? Many years ago she was exalted to the high position of Sabbath-school teacher. One day she saw a little white-haired boy lingering about the door of the church. She went out and laid her hand upon his head and invited him into her class. Some time afterwards she led him to the mourners' bench. He was converted, and Mother Stoner shouted over him. That boy became an able preacher of the Gospel. He has been a missionary to China, editor of the 'Ladies' Repository,' is now Bishop Wiley,* and will some day be a redeemed saint before the throne of God."

We are also indebted to the Chaplain's love of the story of a conversion for the record of a touching incident in the ministry of Bishop Simpson. The Chaplain sent to the papers this item:

"Bishop Simpson, in his recent sermon before the Ohio Conference, expressed the hope that, through his ministry, some souls had been converted to God and saved in heaven at last. There is no doubt that a mighty host awaits the Bishop on the other shore, who have been brought to Jesus through his long and

*Died 1884.

faithful ministry. Here is the history of one of them. Rev. Mr. Hingeley, of the East Ohio Conference, was called to see a dying man. He was dying in sight of Heaven and, among the joyful exclamations that fell from his lips, he constantly kept crying, 'Thank God for Bishop Simpson!' He explained the meaning of his singular thanksgiving by telling the story of his conversion. He had been an infidel for years. He hated the Bible, the Church, and the Ministry. One Sabbath morning a friend accosted him and said: 'Bishop Simpson is going to preach this morning. You must go and hear him.' He had not darkened a church door for thirty years, but the fame of the preacher and the urgent entreaty of his friend prevailed. He went to hear the sermon. The Gospel, that he thought an exploded fable, exploded once more beneath his fable of lies and blew it up and left a heap of ruins around him. He surrendered, gave his heart to Jesus, became teachable, and as a little child received the Kingdom of God. He lived an earnest Christian; did all he could to undo the work of his sinful life, was especially anxious to meet and converse with the young men who had been poisoned by his teachings, and died at last, uttering a thanksgiving in which all Methodism and Protestant Christianity in this nation will unite with him, 'Thank God for Bishop Simpson!'"

The Chaplain took great pleasure in telling of the conversion of Truman D. Collins, who through the influence of the Chaplain gave $29,000 to missions in 1906, and at the great Cleveland Convention sub-

scribed $100,000—perhaps the largest contribution to missions in Methodism if not in the Protestant world. Bishop Janes was holding a session of the Erie Conference; at the close and after he had read the list of appointments, one of the preachers arose and asked: "Bishop, haven't you got some place for me, some little place where I may preach the Gospel?" "Why, brother," said the Bishop, "didn't we give you a place? That was an oversight. But there is a little place here that no one has been found willing to go to. It is called the Big Woods. If you are willing to take that, I will put your name down there." The preacher went to the humble charge and worked faithfully. Mr. Collins, who was a wealthy lumberman and lived in the Big Woods, went to hear the new preacher. He afterwards related that when he saw this plain, ungainly man, he said: "If the Methodist Conference cannot send us a better man than that, it had better send none at all. But when I heard him preach, I found out that he understood the Gospel." Mr. Collins' wife was a devout Christian who had been praying for him, and under the preaching of this plain man, who was forgotten by the Bishop, he was converted. This man, with his thirty thousand acres of timber land, said, after settling sufficient upon his family, "Every dollar I make goes to the Kingdom."

Whether Bishop Janes ever knew the result of that appointment to the Big Woods may be doubted; nevertheless, it was part of his great work, and the Bishop who made that appointment and Chaplain McCabe, who, under God, inspired Truman D. Collins to con-

secrate his wealth to the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, must share in the glory and happiness of this man's conversion and benevolent life.

This interesting incident connected with the Episcopal career of Bishop Janes recalls another which was also related by Chaplain McCabe. In a letter which he did not intend for publication, but which found its way into the papers, he said:

"I am just from Iowa Conference. Had a most delightful session. The power of God rested upon the preachers from the first day to the close. It was Bishop Hurst's first Conference and he was filled with the Spirit of God. Oh, for spiritual Conference sessions! Bishop Hurst gave us an incident in the life of Bishop Janes. One stormy night the Bishop was to preach in a church of which Brother Hurst was the pastor. 'I fear you will have a small congregation tonight,' said the pastor to the Bishop, as they went on through the darkness. 'Will the sexton be there?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you will be there, and that's a larger congregation than my Master had at the well of Samaria.' While the Bishop told this incident, it came to my mind that the sermon Jesus preached on that occasion to that one auditor was one of the best of His life."

It was the writer's good fortune to be present with a company of preachers, among whom were Chaplain McCabe and Dr. Minor Raymond, Professor of Systematic Theology in Garret Biblical Institute and one of the grandest preachers American Methodism ever produced. The conversation turned upon the style

and merits of the great preachers which it had been the privilege of those who were in the company to hear. It was the consensus of opinion that Bishop Simpson was supreme. "Nevertheless," said Dr. Raymond, with that deep, impressive, and solemnly deliberate voice, "if Bishop Janes and Bishop Simpson were to preach this day in this place, the one here and the other yonder, I would not pass by Janes to hear Simpson."

Chaplain McCabe had a great admiration for Bishop Janes and vastly enjoyed any anecdote relating to him. One about "The Coloured Superannuate" he used to tell most pathetically and finally he wrote it out for the press.

"Bishop Janes was presiding. The roll of the superannuates was being called. 'Samuel Johnson! Anything against Samuel Johnson?' said the Bishop. All eyes were turned to the 'Amen Corner.' There, with his head bent forward upon the seat before him, sat a trembling old man. He was eighty-four years old 'come next harvest.' Last year he was superannuated without his consent. He was nearly blind. Hard work and much sorrow had left their trace upon hand and heart and form. One ambition remained to him, and that was to die on the field of battle; to go to heaven from the ranks of effective men. When the Bishop read in the opening hymn,

> "'My body with my charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live,'

a stifled sob was heard from the corner, and everybody knew who was suffering and weeping there.

When the brethren sang the chorus, 'Die on the field of battle with glory in my soul,' one voice that in tremulous tones used to lead off in the song was silent. 'Nothing against Brother Johnson,' said the presiding elder. Bishop Janes loved old men. He was an old hero himself; brave enough to go to the stake for Christ's sake, but had a heart of tenderness unutterable. Dropping his voice and speaking with great gentleness, he said: 'Would Brother Johnson like to say a word to the Conference before his name is passed?' There was no response. Again and yet a third time the Bishop asked the same question. The old man slowly arose. He was as tall as Abraham Lincoln. He looked at the Bishop, then at the visiting brethren, then at the Conference, and then, stretching his trembling hand towards his brethren, who by their votes had sent him into retirement, he said, '*Dey* say I's superannuated. I s'pose I is. I don't feel superannuated; but,' shaking his head mournfully, '*dey* say I is, and I s'pose I is. Brudder Bishop, I preached ebery Sabbath dis whole yeah. I walk to all my 'pintments, but dey say I's superannuated, and I s'pose I is. Brudder Jones axed me to help him with his 'tracted meetin'. Dar was more dan forty souls converted in dat meetin'. But dey say I's superannuated; I s'pose I is.'

"Everybody was weeping. Somehow the glorious resistance of the old man's spirit to the ravages of time and sorrow, seemed sublime. If another vote could have been taken just then, the work of the previous session might have been undone; but Brother

Johnson did not seem to expect it. The Bishop's face was buried in his handkerchief and he was weeping no unmanly tears. Suddenly the 'power' seemed to come on Father Johnson as in the days of other years. He jumped full two feet. He clapped his hands for joy. He shouted with all his might, and then said: 'Brudder Bishop, I comes up heah to dis Conference, and I feels just like some old war-hoss what's been turned out to die—but when he sees de banners and hear de drum, and listen to de bugle blow —he feels he kin run in de charge; but he finds he's los' his wind.'

"The old man's gloom was gone. Clear through the cloud he had prayed, and sung and shouted, and now, with an air of triumph, and with perfect acquiescence in the judgment of his brethren, he waved his long arm like a banner of victory in front of the little band of Methodist preachers, and shouted as he sank into his seat, 'Dey say I's superannuated, and I s'pose I is.'"

XXX

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS—ATTITUDE TOWARD RATIONALISM AND INFIDELITY

CHAPLAIN McCABE was a man of action and achievement rather than of theory and speculation. He was not always academic enough to suit those who chose a life of quiet study and contemplation rather than a career of eventful activity in the great world. Many who could not or would not understand this modern Son of Thunder affected to disparage his transcendent ability and discount his work because he was in little or no sympathy with a merely academic method of bringing things to pass. Many seemed to be impatient with the man who accomplished such tremendous tasks when even more highly trained schoolmen proved themselves pigmies in the hurly-burly world of action. He knew well enough the value of study and learning, but he also knew that on the firing line of the world's moral battlefield there was something else to do than shine buttons, scour bayonets, play with the silken tassels of the sword, and criticise the army tactics and the rules of war. He believed in fighting the battles and gaining the victories. Hence with the dust of battle on his epaulets and the mud of advance marches on his spurs and usually in undress uniform or blouse, like

Grant, he did not always please the scholastic man-milliner who could not understand how such an unconventional, unacademic man reached preëminence while so many bookish men never got themselves heard of.

Why that sort of men, who spend their lives in the classic shades of philosophic speculation and of literary enjoyment, should have imagined that Chaplain McCabe was not a most devoted friend and admirer of the schools, a man who held true scholarship in almost reverential awe, is beyond comprehension. He loved truth and was too brave a man to be afraid of it. He venerated the scholar and never treated him but with the utmost courtesy. He did too much for the promotion of learning in raising endowments and in clearing off debts for Colleges and Universities to have been suspected by the most narrow-minded pedant of a lack of interest in higher education. So spare your

"Well-meant alms of breath,"

kind apologist, and do not try to defend Chaplain McCabe against the charge that he was not in sympathy with the highest scholarship of our schools or with the most progressive truth and learning of his time.

What of his attitude toward the rationalism of his day? No servant of the Church in pulpit, professorship, or editorial chair understood more clearly than he the character and true function of genuine scholarship, and no one had a keener mental penetration to discern the sham and pretence of rationalistic pedantry, the mere cant of learning, and the supercilious arrogancy

and bigotry of destructive criticism. He believed the Bible to be the inspired word of God. He believed Jesus Christ to be God manifest in the flesh. He believed that Jesus Christ died for the sins of the whole world, and "that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." He believed in the Holy Ghost as the third person of the Trinity of the Godhead. He believed that man must be born again to partake of the divine nature and to inherit eternal life, and he believed that the new creature was born of the Spirit and that this regeneration by the Spirit is secured by faith in Jesus Christ for "as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God," "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

These great truths he accepted as forever settled by the Word of God, the test of the ages, and the experience of men, hence he had no patience with that weak and vacillating attitude of scepticism which characterises those would-be and so-called thinkers who are "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." He was so keen and analytical a logician that he saw the absurdity of a fallacious line of reasoning at a glance. His mind worked so quickly that, while others were labouring and lumbering through the mire of a false syllogism, his logical sense, like a flash, discovered the error and revealed it.

It may be charged that, like the destructive critics themselves, he treated his opponents with scant respect, if not with a spirit approaching contempt. To his

thought, Christianity was no longer, if it ever had been, an experiment; the Word of God was no longer, if it ever had been, on trial; the divinity of Jesus Christ was no longer, if it ever had been, open to question or discussion. The foundations of religion were sure, and he imagined it to be a waste of time and learning to pursue lines of study and inquiry by which it must be assumed that the Gospel has not as yet demonstrated its divine origin, authority, infallibility, and finality as religion. If with one breath of eloquence he swept away a whole page or chapter of rationalistic cobwebs, the disconcerted, destructive critics insinuated that he was not a scholar, not a thinker, not a critic, when at the same time just as good critics, as erudite scholars, as learned authorities were on his side of the question as on theirs, and he had the additional support of the Word of God, the spiritual experience of the people, and the testimony of history in the world-transforming progress of the Gospel.

He did not believe that it was necessary to prove or defend by human philosophy the religion of Jesus Christ, but that the Gospel should be taught, declared, preached with the boldness and authority of a "thus saith the Lord." He could quite agree with Heine, who said, "From the moment that a religion solicits the aid of philosophy its ruin is inevitable. In the attempt at defence it prates itself into destruction. Religion, like every other absolutism, must not seek to justify itself." How nearly alike in essential mental mood and in their attitude toward Gospel truth were Chaplain McCabe and the scholarly John McClintock! Dr. McClintock

once told Moncure D. Conway that no theological statement had ever satisfied him so much as the voice of Jenny Lind singing, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." So could the Chaplain sing:

> "What we have felt and seen
> With confidence we tell,
> And publish to the sons of men
> The signs infallible."

Man of initiative and action that he was, he was never hampered and shackled by the theological uncertainties and mental hesitancy that render too many teachers inefficient and ineffective. He took the great truths of the Gospel for granted and applied those truths in a positive, non-apologetic, and, therefore, most forceful style of preaching to the saving of men, to the formation of their characters, and the guide and comfort of their lives.

He was logically consistent, and mentally as well as morally true and honest. He believed that it was hypocritical to preach as a saving religion a merely human system of ethics, that had in it no divine authority and no supernatural light of revelation or power of grace. He frankly and logically insisted that the denial of the supernatural wisdom of the Bible and the power of the Gospel was a denial that rendered the preaching of that Gospel as a saving religion an act of hypocritical impertinence.

If the Bible is not inspired, if it does not present the infallible standard of moral conduct and spiritual

life, if Jesus Christ is not divine, and if He did not die the just for the unjust to bring us to God, if the Son of God did not rise from the dead in actual, historic, physical triumph over the bondage of the grave, and if the Church of God was not divinely endowed with spiritual power and authority to preach this Gospel to every creature, he could imagine no greater fraud and wrong than the institution and professional maintenance of the Christian ministry. With such convictions and with nothing namby-pamby in his mental makeup, and nothing shilly-shally in his moral constitution, there is no wonder that he made the dilettante critics wince by his bold declarations of the truth. In his attitude toward destructive criticism he had much of the spirit of Robert Hall, who, when asked what he thought of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," replied, "A mouse nibbling at the wing of an archangel." Yes, to his clear eye this attempt of rationalism, whether in the Church or out of it, to quench the supernatural light of the Word of God and destroy the authoritative voice of inspiration, was like the gnat trying to obscure the splendours of the sun, or the owl hooting to silence the thunders of Niagara. The arrogance and intolerance of destructive criticism were so irritating to his frank, honest mind that its pretensions became impertinence worthy of rebuke, or appeared so ludicrous and laughable as to become the target of his bitter, if just and clever, witticisms. If the enemies of the supernatural in the Bible and in the Christ-nature and ministry winced under his criticism it was because he for the time adopted the

methods of the critics themselves and fought them with the same weapons of ridicule and contempt which they had used in assailing the truth and the defenders of the truth.

If the Chaplain had a way of making a happy turn in a story by an innocent witticism, perpetrated at the expense of "Darwinism," "Evolution," or "Advanced Thought," only the most shallow-minded could take umbrage at it. He often illustrated in his own felicitous style what he called his theory of "evolution," by reciting this story:

"Far down in my vast diocese of South America, in a little town in Paraguay, there lives an Indian by the name of Bogado. A marvellous evolution has taken place in that man's soul. If in that town in Paraguay any boy of fifteen years had been asked, 'Who is the most wretched drunkard in all Paraguay?' he would have answered, 'Bogado.' 'Who is the biggest liar?' he would have answered, 'Bogado.' 'Who is the most blasphemous sinner you know of?' he would have answered, 'Bogado.'

"One day Bogado found a leaf—a single leaf—of the New Testament. He read it; it charmed his soul. 'The Word of God is quick and powerful.' He took it to the Roman priest. The priest tore it up and stamped it beneath his feet. Bogado's curiosity was excited. He never rested till he owned a copy of the New Testament of the dying love of Jesus. By and by the great evolution took place. Bogado became an advanced thinker. He was prepared to be a higher critic

of that wonderful statement, 'God can be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.' He stopped drinking, stopped swearing, stopped lying. The expression of his face was one of joy unspeakable and full of glory. Bogado was converted, pardoned, regenerated, saved, and started on the march for heaven. He is now a local preacher in our Church, and has services in his own house.

"If anybody can think of anything beyond that, please write it to me. If there is any evolution greater than that, let me know about it."

Chaplain McCabe was always evangelistic. He preached to win souls. He raised money for building churches, and for missions, and for college endowments, that men might be converted to God and this world transformed into the Kingdom of Heaven. If any teaching, any mere speculation in science, theology, or philosophy opposed the Gospel of Jesus Christ he felt called upon by his very commission to denounce it. And so independent a thinker was he that he could fearlessly adopt the attitude of one of old: "If the world is against the truth, McCabe is against the world."

In his address to a class about to be admitted into the ministry he once said: "When you change your doctrine, change your Church. Be honest. Don't continue to preach in the Methodist Church. If you lose your faith in the divinity of Christ, join the Unitarian Church. They need you. They are nice people—lovely people—but they don't believe in the divinity of Christ."

And the good Bishop was as honest as he expected others to be.

As he earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints he did not allow a browbeating infidelity, masquerading under the high-sounding title of "rationalism" or "advanced thought" or "new theology," to go on unrebuked in its destructive work of undermining the people's faith. Nor did he permit the titles and degrees conferred on men to embarrass or daunt him in his championship of truth. Let no excuse be offered for his treatment of atheistic evolution or of "advanced thought," falsely so-called. Those who knew him well, and understood the logical honesty of his mind, knew that he did not speak without premeditation, but that he always knew what he was talking about. He knew that he was always backed by as many and as good authorities as were those who did not agree with him and who assumed superior learning, and on that assumption presumed to superciliously and condescendingly tolerate his opinions as those of a sincere man but not of a scholarly critic. One thing he was at least logical enough to see, and that was that whichever is right or wrong, there is a vital and eternal distinction to be made between Methodism and Unitarianism. He believed that a Church that preached one thing in its theological schools and quite another in the missionary field, one thing through its university professors and quite another thing through its evangelists, one thing through its critics and quite another through its class leaders was not sincere, but that it was two-faced

and not true to truth in its mental and spiritual life. That so intense, ingenuous, and spiritual-minded a man should at times take an extreme view of the danger threatening the faith of the Church need not seem remarkable. But that he was a vigilant, sincere, and fearless watchman on the walls of Zion, ready to break a lance with any real or imaginary foeman, will be admitted by all who knew him well enough to express an opinion worthy of consideration. That he had been a dilettante of the subtleties of criticism, a juggler of words and a quibbler in argument; that he had been less robust, less aggressive, less positive and unequivocal in his preaching, no lover of honesty, strength, sincerity, and creative force in a man of God, can now or can ever wish.

XXXI

PROMOTION—A NEW FIELD—MISSIONARY SECRETARY—THE SLOGAN

AFTER a career of sixteen years of unexampled success in the Church Extension Secretaryship, Chaplain McCabe was promoted to what was regarded as a wider field of usefulness, and at the General Conference of 1884 was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In searching for the initial impulse that created this society we recall the incident of John Stewart's training in the class meeting of Robert McCabe, the grandfather of the Chaplain. We read with new interest the story of the negro's conversion, of Robert McCabe's influence in sending him forth as a missionary to the Indians of Upper Sandusky, and of the revival which resulted in the building of a church for the new converts from savagery and heathenism, of the call made upon the Methodist people for subscriptions to this cause and of the consequent organisation of the Missionary Society in 1819 in the City of New York. It seems like one of the equities of history that the grandson of that devout class-leader, who was so providentially instrumental in sending the first Methodist missionary to the heathen Indians should be called to lead the mighty missionary

hosts of the Church in the campaign which was to characterise the missionary triumphs that closed with glory the historic nineteenth century. It is also remembered with no little interest that Chaplain McCabe's mother, of blessed memory, the beautiful and accomplished Sarah Robinson, was one of the most earnest and untiring missionary advocates and workers of her day. From that mother's devotion her illustrious son not only inherited the evangelistic instinct, but also caught the missionary spirit which made him a unique figure in the benevolent work of Methodism and one of the most interesting and representative embodiments of Christian patriotism in the modern religious life of our country. Happy indeed and justly proud would that mother have been, could she have lived to see her son leading the missionary millions to the spiritual conquest of the world in the name of Him before whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess as King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

The Chaplain entered this new field when serious problems were pressing upon the Missionary Society, and when the Macedonian cry was fairly rending with pity the heart of the Church, and the men of strongest faith and stoutest courage were asking, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Chaplain McCabe had won lasting fame in the cause which never lost its place in his heart. Had he done nothing more than make the record which he did make as Secretary of the Church Extension Society, his name would forever be brilliantly associated with the

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grandest triumphs of nineteenth-century Methodism. His Church and his country owe to his memory the tribute of eternal gratitude for the share which he took in laying broad and deep the religious foundations of the mighty West. There is hardly a city or town from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, that is not indebted to Chaplain McCabe for help rendered in its church-building and debt-paying enterprises through the Loan Fund and the Frontier Plan of the Church Extension Society, which he was so largely instrumental in developing. To many who had been won to him and his cause through those sixteen strenuous years it seemed that his personality had become so closely and vitally identified with church extension that the work must suffer irreparable loss if he were to sever his connection with the Society. And those same admiring friends and supporters thought the Chaplain could hardly be expected to succeed as grandly, and achieve equally remarkable victories by his eloquent powers, in any other field of activity. But there remained at the head of the Church Extension Society that masterful man, Kynett, and, though the parting of these secretaries was like the parting of David and Jonathan, the Society continued to develop in usefulness with the vigorous life that had been infused into it by the efficient and harmonious labours of these great and most congenial co-workers. As to Chaplain McCabe, even his most constant friends and admirers did not know the versatility of his genius and his ability to fill any place assigned him by the Church. But as he had always been master of the situation, so

was he to prove his greater mastery of even more extensive and more difficult situations.

The condition of the Missionary Society in 1884, as it stood before the rapidly opening doors of opportunity, called for the highest order of secretarial ability that the Church could command. Here again the urgent call was for a Grand Field-Marshal. Taking for granted that Dr. Fowler would be elected Bishop at the ensuing General Conference, Dr. J. M. Reid, with all his solid, safe, and conservative administrative talent, felt the need of the secretarial companionship of a man who could thrill the Church with new missionary life and marshal the hosts for a splendid advance and for fresh conquests in all the heathen world. It seemed to be the conviction of the Church that new blood, new fire, new genius of initiative, new vision, new dash and force, new leadership, if not generalship, were needed in the emergency and, if secured, it would guarantee fresh impetus to the world-wide missionary movement.

What man could meet the demand of the hour like Chaplain McCabe, who was still providentially "doomed to raise money"? His election to the new secretaryship, to succeed Dr. C. H. Fowler, was received with rejoicing by all the mission forces at home and in the foreign field.

The reëlection of Dr. J. M. Reid as Secretary of the Society insured a safe, if a conservative, administration. Again Chaplain McCabe found himself associated with a man who, like Dr. Kynett in the Church Extension Society, was a careful, painstaking, re-

sourceful, and most devoted office Secretary. The services which he had already rendered entitled him to the confidence of the Church and to the handsome recognition of his valuable abilities, which he received in his reëlection by the General Conference of 1884.

McCabe's election was an omen for good. There was a spirit of expectancy abroad. What would McCabe do? He had made a conspicuous success of every undertaking in his life, had never failed in any position of responsibility, had never been defeated in any campaign of his Napoleonic generalship, and he was never destined to meet a Waterloo. With the same power of clear and prophetic vision, the same faith in God and the people, the same dauntless courage, and splendid audacity of confidence with which he had mastered every situation in the past, he entered upon this new field to achieve new triumphs for the Gospel under the leadership of the Lord of Hosts.

Chaplain McCabe was a devout believer in Providence. He was no ecclesiastical schemer, no office-hunter, no ambitious grasper of place and personal fame. He coveted no brother's office; he envied no brother his success; he undermined no brother's popularity that he might seize his position, and he never rose by tearing another down. Never did he seek the place; the place always sought him. From the day on which the soldier boys called him to be their Chaplain, to the day the Church called him to be a Bishop, and the day Christ called him to sit with Him in His throne in the heavenly places, he believed not that he was a child of destiny, but that he was a son of Provi-

dence and that the ways of service were the paths of glory and the voice of duty was the voice of God.

Hardly had he been well settled in the new secretarial chair or, rather, let us say, the new secretarial saddle, than he began to think out a campaign, which, for its boldness, prescience, aggressiveness, and assertiveness of will and faith, well-nigh paralysed men of weaker vision and more conservative optimism. Little did they understand Chaplain McCabe who volunteered to advise him to master the petty details of an office and spend his time holding down a chair and performing mere clerical work. As well ask a Grant or Sherman or Napoleon to make out the muster rolls of the camp, assign the pickets to their posts or perform the duties of an adjutant or a quartermaster, as ask McCabe to confine himself to the routine details of an office located at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"A Million for Missions!" and the battle was on. How that voice rang out like the note of a golden bugle! Methodism heard it and awoke. The missionaries afar off heard it as it came vibrating under the seas and across the continents and they rejoiced. All Protestantism heard it and caught its thrilling inspiration. Heathenism in its hiding-places of darkness heard the bold and mighty challenge and trembled for its ancient superstitions. That slogan marked, if it did not create, a new epoch. All the hosts of God heard in it the call to advance.

There is not a more inspiring chapter in the history of Methodist benevolence than this great and victorious struggle to bring the Church up to the "Million-

Dollar Line." No general ever more carefully thought out a military campaign, no political leader ever more wisely prepared for the contest in a Presidential election, no navigator ever more fearlessly and intelligently reasoned out the plans of a voyage of discovery and conquest, than Chaplain McCabe planned and launched the project of "A Million for Missions."

True, the man of the vision was called "a visionary." He dreamed dreams, and was called "a dreamer." Many a good man shook his pessimistic head at the Chaplain's superb, almost audacious, optimism. Few seemed to understand this unique man, this man "doomed to raise money," this man who had no such word as "impossible" in his vocabulary. There were those who pretended to think him reckless and dangerous, because, having eyes, they saw not. So great faith as his had they not seen in all Israel; and they did not comprehend it, much less have the courage to follow the leading of its bat-blinding light.

But at last even such men came over to his side, as such men generally do come over to the winning side in time to do the shouting. It is said of "Long John" Wentworth, at one time an influential politician of Chicago and a representative in Congress from Illinois, that his influence was solicited in the cause of Prohibition. It was well known that "Long John" was not even a moderate abstainer. But an enthusiastic preacher once said to him: "Mr. Wentworth, why don't you come over to our side in this great movement? Such a man as you would carry great weight [he was a giant in stature], and with your in-

fluence we might win the day!" "Yes, yes," grunted Wentworth, "temperance is a good cause, my friend. Keep on, keep on, and you will gain the day. And when victory perches on your banner we will all be with you; and more than that, we will swear we always were with you."

When the Chaplain had succeeded in persuading the Missionary Committee to commit itself to the Million-Dollar plan, of course the Bishops stood behind it with their acquiescence, if not with enthusiasm. Soon, however, the Bishops began to see, they too caught the vision, and began to speak out vigorously in advocacy of the forward movement. They wrote to the Chaplain letters of confidence and encouragement, assuring him of their faith in the success of the movement and promising their hearty coöperation.

It was with great joy that the Chaplain received from the Bishops and published to the world these expressions of their sympathy with his vast undertaking:

Bishop Bowman wrote: "It looks as if your call for a million will be answered; God grant it."

Bishop Andrews: "The recent marvellous success of our missions is God's signature to the missionary plan. May our dear Church signalise its entrance upon its second century by this advance to a million a year."

Bishop Harris: "The need for missionary money was never so pressing as now; our people were never so well-to-do as now; and the million for which you ask the Church should be given in this year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty-five."

Bishop Merrill: "I desire to express my gratification that the call for a million for missions is put so squarely before the Church, and that the outlook is so encouraging. There is need for every dollar of it without attempting to open a new mission anywhere on the broad earth."

Bishop Warren: "If the Church would give one hundredth as much money per year to save the world as she gave to save the nation, your ideal million would be called the day of small things."

Bishop Foss: "We must march up to the million-dollar line at once; the perishing world demands it of us and we are able to do it."

Bishop Ninde: "The call has come none too soon. The million can and must be raised. I have just closed my second Conference. Both Conferences are on the million-dollar line. Interest at blood-heat. Up with the banner and keep it up."

Bishop Mallalieu: "A million for missions means many souls converted and saved who would be lost forever if only three-quarters of a million should be given. Philanthropy, patriotism, and Christianity demand that we should do more for missions. Men are perishing for lack of knowledge we might bestow."

Bishop Fowler: "I expect the West will give a grand response. The East will complete the offering as soon as it has a chance. God wants the million; 'We are labourers together with Him.'"

Bishop Foster: "My prayer is that you may not fail of the million. The perishing world joins in that prayer. The love of Christ pleads for it. The Church

will respond; I hear nothing but encouraging words for the grand effort. Go forward in the name of the Lord, and may His blessing be with you."

Bishop Walden: "At every Conference my heart sickens over the fields calling for our Church that must be turned empty away. Providence is enforcing your call by a thousand facts."

Bishop Hurst: "The battle-cry you have raised is a good one. The people will give what we ask them, and let us not make the mistake of asking too little."

Thus did the Bishops express themselves with a courage never to be regretted.

Chaplain McCabe believed in the providential mission of the printing press, and no business man knew better than he the effectiveness of printers' ink. In the highest sense of the word he was an educator and believed in the power of information to enlighten men's judgments and quicken their consciences. Up to his time he was the greatest secretarial educator the Church had known. He became perfect master of the literature of missions, and gathered together such a mass of useful material for publication to enlighten the people as few ever dreamed was in existence. What a book covering every phase of Christian missions would that material make if edited for the purpose—a cyclopædia, indeed, more exhaustive than any that has ever been written. Maps, charts, diagrams, bulletins, addresses, statements, tracts, song services, Sunday-school exercises, letters to presiding elders, to pastors, to laymen, to the mis-

sionaries by the thousands and the millions fell in showers over the land.

> " Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa."

The religious and secular press of the country was kept informed as to the progress of the good work. " Copy " was constantly being prepared and kept on hand to furnish the newspapers of every city and considerable town in the United States. This material was sent to the pastors and presiding elders or influential laymen, who saw to it that the papers of their communities were every now and then supplied with good Methodist missionary news along the Million-Dollar line. With the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove, the Chaplain brought the press of the country into the service of Christ and Christian missions. The mental labour demanded in the creation of this literature of the Million-Dollar campaign was almost inconceivably great. Many a day and night would the Chaplain walk the floor dictating " circulars," " addresses," " copy," " letters to the pastors," and other leaflet material, until fairly exhausted with the physical tax and mental strain. He had gotten the missionary committee fully committed to the Million-Dollar plan and, as the chosen leader, he, too, was committed heart, body, and intellect to the enterprise. He therefore could not spare himself, nor did he ever dream of rest. He was the very soul of earnestness, the embodiment of the kinetic energy of life. Few men were able to keep pace with him in his quick

stride and movement. How even so good a constitution as his stood the unremitting activity of his tremendous mental and spiritual powers and the almost constant travel to which he subjected himself, caused astonishment to his physicians. That his great heart and brain did not pound his body to pieces is a marvel. But he ever seemed driven to the utmost tension of his physical possibilities by the thought that inspired his Master, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

XXXII

"A MILLION FOR MISSIONS"

THE Million-Dollar Campaign was opened with the publication of the Address of the General Missionary Committee, in the preparation of which the Chaplain doubtless had much to do. As that address marks an epoch in the history of Methodist Missions, it will be a valuable contribution to this chapter in the life of the Great Secretary as a document for future reference by those who may wish in coming days to trace the origins of this great forward movement and understand the spirit that made possible that first victory of A Million for Missions.

"ADDRESS OF THE GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE

"The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church closed its session on the evening of November 1. An entire week had been spent in patient and prayerful review of our whole mission field. We found the work most encouraging, and many new fields were inviting us to enter. The unparalleled immigration into the newer sections of our own land, and the success we had already had in establishing Methodism there, as well as the vastness of the interests involved to ourselves and our children, induced us to pay special regard to this branch of our

mission work. But for prudential regard for the treasury of the Missionary Society, it would have been impossible for us to have satisfied ourselves with such limited appropriations to this wide-spread and pressing home work, and $341,300 was the most we dared to venture to pledge for this department.

The sum of $354,979 was all we could appropriate to the work of God in all the world besides. Yet one of these fields—China, in which we have four missions—extending from the Pacific shore to its most western boundary, contains one-third of the population of the globe. There is another—India—with an area more than equal to all that part of our own country east of the Mississippi River, and having a population five times that of the United States. A third field lies south of us, within our own hemisphere, among 90,000,000 of Spanish-speaking peoples, deeply in need of our labours among them. They are near neighbours, the railroads and commercial bonds linking our destiny to theirs.

The dead formalism of the European Churches has led us to Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, and Bulgaria, where in some places revivals of great power and extent have prevailed, and the old State Churches have felt their influence and in some instances awakened to better spiritual life. Japan is 'booming' beyond all our ability to meet its pecuniary demands, and Ethiopia stretches our her hands and piteously cries to us for help. Our latest born—Korea—is the only heathen field that we could by any possibility be the first to enter, and we are only among the first even

there. We could not refuse to enter this open door, for, in God's order, opportunity is God's command.

To this foreign field, so vast and so full of thrilling interest, we could give only a fraction of what was needed and asked. To many it will seem that our appropriations, so disproportionate to the extent and wants of the foreign field, have only a seeming justification in that we so nearly divide the contributions of the Church in equal parts between the Home and Foreign fields.

Having completed our appropriations, we became convinced that the amount was far above what we might reasonably expect the Church, with its present culture, to give during 1885; and we finally struck out, almost with tears, all appropriations for new property, thus entirely suspending, for the year, Church Extension work in the foreign fields. This, too, though we knew it would leave whole regions without any Christian sanctuary, important schools without any shelter, and crowd two or three missionary families, for at least a twelvemonth, into a single small parsonage.

But with all these prudent precautionary steps, our call upon the Church is for $785,279; and adding to it $64,721, for the debt, we are in need during 1885 of the round sum of $850,000, to meet which an advance upon last year's income of sixteen per cent., or about one-sixth, will be required.

But, after all, what is this sum for a Church whose membership is nearly 1,800,000 strong, headed by nearly 12,000 pastors, and having 22,500 Sunday-

schools, attended by nearly 1,700,000 scholars. We are now giving on an average but 37 cents each, certainly but a trifle for a Church rich as well as numerous. Individual congregations do indeed average $50 per member, but they grade down from this to a dollar, or a few cents, per member. There is scarcely a case, we are glad to say, in which a Methodist congregation is guilty of the great sin of failing to do anything in the course of the year toward this stupendous work, though only a few individuals in many of these congregations help with their money. But is it not a shame for whole Conferences to average less than half a dime per member! They may be poor, they may be wronged and oppressed; but no situation in this land can apologise for so small a gift for so great an object. Is it not time that givers of a single dollar a year to save a whole world should increase this to ten, and the tens become fifties, and the fifties hundreds, and the hundreds thousands? No financial embarrassment of the country need prevent us from reaching a missionary collection of *One Million by November next.*

How shall we do it? It shall be even as every man purposeth in his heart. Such a mighty host of redeemed men and women, lovingly grateful to Him who hath saved them, and tenderly touched for the present wretchedness and eternal peril of the almost countless millions of the unsaved, fired with the holy purpose of Jehovah and His angels to crown our adorable Redeemer Lord of all—such a host with such a spirit would cast away the baser metals, and gladly

fling down their gold and their silver at His feet, and cry Hosanna to the Son of David!

Each of the pastors is a sub-commander, and must lead his company or regiment to the struggle and the victory. We beg you to organise for prayer and effort to this end. Establish monthly concerts for the purpose of increasing missionary intelligence, convening the people and leading them out in supplications to God for our missions and missionaries. Organise every Sunday-school that it may be a school of liberality, and thus save the coming Church from the sin of avarice, and lead them out in holy enterprises for the weal and salvation of this race.

Preach on the subject of Missions. It is the grandest of themes. Tell the story of our work. Give one whole Sabbath in the year to the cause—morning, afternoon, and night. Bring the children into the occasion; call for neighbouring pastors to come and help, or missionaries, if they be at hand, or Bishops, or Secretaries. Let the Missionary Sabbath be the great, glad day of the year. Don't be satisfied with a few trifles cast into a basket or plate, but get the names of donors upon cards, and then call privately upon all whose names do not appear. Don't rest satisfied with the mere apportionment, for in some cases this cannot be met, and you must supply the lack. One grand united rally of this kind, and we have our million toward saving a lost world, have extinguished our debts, and can go on our way rejoicing.

District conventions and conferences may greatly aid this movement, and here presiding elders will be

specially influential. They are generals of this Army of Salvation, and there can be no success without their marshalling skill.

Where are the million members who are not represented in the contributions for the salvation of the world? By a careful study of our returns since 1866, when we had 1,032,184 members, who gave us $671,090.66, we are forced to believe that we have a million members who give not one cent for the eight hundred million of heathen for whom Christ died, eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, but who have never yet heard of Him.

These million members *profess* to be saved. But it is a solemn question in the shadow of the judgment throne to be determined *what they are saved for that is good, or what they are saved from that is narrow and selfish.* Brother Pastor, called of God and anointed of the Holy Ghost to be a leader and a teacher of these members, how many of your members are found in this barren million?

We have *sixteen hundred thousand members who give less than* $5 *each for these blood-bought millions.* Shepherds of souls, can't you increase the number in your flock who reach or excel this moderate sum? They are intrusted to you for cultivation, instruction, and enlargement. Have you exhausted your resources of instruction and persuasion to secure some suitable contribution from each member. May God help you to help the dying millions!

We are in a stress of heavy times. Many of our liberal supporters are stricken to the earth by financial

reverses. The call is now upon the *poor people and those in straitened circumstances* to come up to the help of the Lord. Even the poorest can give something. If their hearts feel Christ's dying agony for the world, they can give at least two cents a week, or a dollar a year. Let this mighty reserve force march nobly to the front in this trying time. Let those who gave last year ask God for grace to do as much this year as they did last year. Also, let the non-giving, *poorly saved* million come forward with something.

Dear Pastor, in Christ's stead we call upon you to personally solicit something from each member. We beseech you, dear Presiding Elder, to aid the pastors by putting a brave heart and a brotherly hand up against those on your district. May the Holy Ghost, who waits for the bringing in of the tithes that He may fall upon the Church, impress this great duty upon you and upon each pastor on your district. A contribution from each member and from each Sunday-school scholar will maintain all our missionaries, increase our collections to a million dollars, and advance the whole line of battle. Don't let the line break where you are in command.

We appeal with no ordinary fervour on this occasion. The necessities are very great, absolutely imperative. We firmly believe God Himself calls upon us to meet fully the demands of the year for this great and holy cause. To hear and regard this voice from God will bring blessings to your hearts, to your families, to the congregations of which you are a part, and

to the world of mankind; and great will be the glory to 'God over all, blessed for evermore.'

Signed on behalf of the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, this 28th day of November, 1884.

W. L. Harris,
J. B. Cornell,
C. B. Fisk,
J. M. Reid,
C. C. McCabe,
} *Committee.*"

This address was followed by Statements, Charts, Diagrams, Maps, Letters, and other forms of leaflet and pamphlet literature, *ad infinitum,* published over the names of Secretaries Reid and McCabe.

One of the first statements of the Secretaries containing the gist of the whole matter was published with the caption: "The Million-Dollar Line."

This leaflet contained material of which the following extracts furnish an example:

"It is time to more fully explain the meaning of this phrase which is rapidly becoming the watchword of Methodism, and is destined to become more and more so until the denomination lays a Million Dollars annually down upon God's altar for Domestic and Foreign Missions.

"There are two Million-Dollar lines; not two lines for two millions, but two lines for *one* million. The first line is to be reached by counting the money received upon the bequest account, which generally amounts to from $50,000 to $70,000.

"The second Million-Dollar line is to be reached without counting anything but collections from the churches. . . . Many churches have already reached the first Million-Dollar line, and many districts and several Conferences have swung up to the second Million-Dollar line.

"This world can never be saved by dividing the work and the sacrifice off into shares, and each one saying: 'You do your part and I will do mine.' It always has been true, is now, and ever will be, that some do more than their proper share, some do less, and many do nothing.

"Those who have caught the spirit of the Master must be willing to work all the harder and to give all the more because of the many who fail to appreciate their privilege in Jesus Christ. When the Son of God stood at Pilate's bar, wearing His crown of thorns and enduring the cruel blows, and the more cruel taunts of His enemies, He surely had enough sorrow of His own without making room in His great heart for yours and mine. And yet from Pilate's bar they led Him away to crucify Him, and, as the coloured people sing in the South:

> "'I saw him going up Calvary,
> And as he went he remembered me.'

'The disciple is not above his master; it is enough that he be as his master.'

"Let us who work and hope and pray for the swift coming of the time when every creature on earth shall hear the name of Jesus, give up forever the heartless

policy of only doing our share and no more of the toil and of the suffering and of the sacrifice that are necessary to usher in the Kingdom of our blessed Lord. To him shall be given of the widow's mite and of the gold of Ophir. 'Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him. For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.' There is no little word so crowded and weighted with meaning that ever fell from human pen as the conjunction that binds those two sentences together. The statement of the universal royal sway of Jesus, and the reason for it. He shall be King of Kings *because* He delivers 'the needy when he crieth,' and the poor that 'hath no helper.' When was reason ever given for royal sway like that before? He shall reign because He will win the heart of the world. Millions would die for Him to-day, and redeemed hosts, outnumbering the stars of heaven, are casting their crowns at His blessed feet and saying: 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for evermore.'

"There is no expectation to bring the Church up to the Million-Dollar line under the pressure of any other motive than this: '*Do it for the sake of him who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all.*' No appeal to denominational pride, no creation of the spirit of rivalry among districts, no effort to stimulate the pride of conference standing; everything of that sort is out of place in presence of Calvary.

"'Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!'

Many a business man, who thinks more of his ledger than he does of his Bible, may smile at this. But that smile reveals his ignorance of the history of the Church of God; for love of Jesus, Paul and Silas and all the Apostles, and Augustine, and Coke, and Judson, and Livingstone, and William Butler, and William Taylor, and a great company of devoted men and women, of whom the world is not worthy, have left home and friends, and everything they held dear, to face persecution and cruel mockings and toil, in weariness and painfulness and even death, to tell to a few more of the suffering, sinning, and weeping children of their race that glorious message which outweighs in value all the wealth of the world, 'He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life.' And then there will be other business men who know that the true philosophy of life is to serve God for a living and to be diligent in business to pay expenses, who will rejoice that it is in their power to help on so glorious a movement. And there will be tradesmen and artisans and day-labourers, ay, and poor widows, who will come with their gifts to lay them at Jesus' feet, and myriads of children claiming citizenship in the kingdom of heaven, who will gladly pay tribute to the King Himself. O, brethren, the second Million-Dollar line is somewhere on the slope of Calvary. Not very near the summit, but it may be near enough to see

Him, as the burden of the sorrows and agony of a fallen world break on Him like an avalanche, and to hear Him cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'

"Surely no disciple, after such a vision, can turn away from a cause which seeks to obey the very last command He uttered before ascending to His Father: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

"Do not cavil; do not say, 'The plan of apportionment bears hard upon those who have done well already.' Do not reprovingly say, 'It makes the greatest demand upon those who have done the best.' The *heart* basis is the only *true* basis, and that is indicated by what has been done already. Many a seamstress, out of love for Christ, will outgive the capitalist who knows nothing of self-denial. Many a poor pastor will be the largest giver in his flock. If we go upon the basis of financial ability we shall fail. If we go upon the basis of an awakened conscience and a loving heart we shall succeed. Do not doubt our ability to hold the position after it is won; but let this great Church, with centennial hosannas, sweep up to the Million-Dollar line, and thus send joy and courage to the hearts of the sentinels upon the most distant outposts of our Zion throughout the world!

"The morning breaketh. Methodism may now go forward with quickened step and loftier courage in the blessed work of evangelising the world. Let there be mighty prayer. Let us assemble with full ranks at the mercy-seat. Let the solitary worshipper, in the

secret place, pray for the cause of missions. Let twelve thousand prayer-meetings agree as touching this one thing. Let our twenty-four thousand Sabbath-schools remember to pray at each session for success in this grand advance. And at every family altar in Methodism, with the morning and evening sacrifice, the prayer of Jesus, 'Let thy Kingdom come,' should be blended with a petition that our Church may consecrate a Million Dollars annually to this blessed work. Then it shall come to pass that, 'the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud of smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon *all* the glory shall be a defence.'"

XXXIII

VICTORY

THE "Advocates" wheeled their batteries up along the Million-Dollar line, led by the ringing editorial indorsement of Dr. J. M. Buckley, who was always a strong supporter of Chaplain McCabe in his forward movements, as were also Drs. Abel Stevens, Arthur Edwards, William V. Kelley, John P. Newman (afterwards Bishop), W. S. Edwards, Luke Hitchcock, Charles J. Little, William Butler, A. J. Kynett, J. M. Thoburn (now Bishop for India), Earl Cranston (now Bishop), J. O. Peck, and the clearest-sighted men in Methodism. The Chaplain in his wise planning called to his aid the presiding elders of all the Conferences and put every district of every Conference under missionary discipline along the Million-Dollar line, and issued bulletins giving the outlook of the spring and fall Conferences, with the hopeful, ringing assurances of success coming up from all the land.

The pastors caught the spirit of the new, aggressive movement and began to plead for missions with an earnestness and eloquence never before heard in our Methodist pulpits.

But at that critical time the Chaplain was particularly encouraged by the confidence and support of such representative laymen as J. B. Cornell, Clinton

B. Fisk, Oliver Hoyt, George I. Seney, Warner Miller, A. V. Stout, E. Remington, T. D. Collins, J. D. Slayback, A. P. Strout, James Long, and Jacob Sleeper, who either by subscriptions or words of cheer or both held up his hands with an unwearying fidelity that insured a glorious victory. Unfortunately, to human ways of thinking, such financial stringency as that of 1884 and 1885 had not been experienced in this country since the Civil War. Hence many business laymen who were in hearty sympathy with the Chaplain's undertaking did not, to their regret, feel warranted in giving as liberally as the call for the Million demanded.

That the Million-Dollar line was not quite reached the first year of the forward movement should not have occasioned surprise, as, indeed, it did not, except to those who always have a shrug of simulated disappointment when a cause to which they do not contribute either money or encouragement halts on its way to success. Had the Million-Dollar line been reached under the circumstances it would have been little less than marvellous. A wonderful advance was made, however, and the battle line pushed up to $826,828, an advance over the preceding year of $95,703.

Nothing daunted, the Chaplain immediately issued a stirring appeal:

"$1,000,000 FOR MISSIONS FOR 1886

"With a feeling akin to disappointment we haul down the colours, 'A Million for Missions for 1885,'

and 'full of immortal hope,' we run up in their place, 'A Million for Missions for the fiscal year closing October 31, 1886!'"

And on he pushed the battle, with indomitable will and courage. The gain in 1886 was $165,300 over the previous year; $992,128 was raised. The Million-Dollar line not quite reached, but in sight! On and on the hosts advanced and in 1887 they poured over the line with $1,044,795, and then mingling with the pæan of victory was heard the new battle-cry: "A Million by collections only." And that advance line was reached and triumphantly crossed when the intrepid, insatiable McCabe, fairly intoxicated with the joy of battle, sent ringing down the conquering line: "Twelve Hundred Thousand Dollars for 1888!" And the Church, flushed with victory, pushed on toward the Twelve Hundred Thousand Dollar line.

New forces came into the field when the eloquent J. O. Peck and the forceful, indomitable A. B. Leonard were elected Missionary Secretaries by the General Conference of 1888. At this Conference Chaplain McCabe was reëlected Secretary on the first ballot by an overwhelming majority, having received 355 votes of the 415 that were cast. Dr. J. M. Reid, after sixteen years of most faithful and efficient service, during which the "little one had become a thousand," was permitted to enjoy the rare but well-merited distinction of being made "an honorary Secretary of the Missionary Society, taking the same place as that which was given to Dr. John P. Durbin."

By the year 1891, the Missionary Committee felt

justified in making the magnificent appropriations of the grand total of $1,200,000 for Foreign and Domestic Missions. The call upon the Church was for a million and a quarter, and the apportionments to the Conferences aggregated $1,238,291 for that year. A more thorough and scientific working of the field than was continued along this Million and a Quarter Line cannot be imagined. All the energy, tact, industry, genius, eloquence, press power, and educational facilities at the command of the Society were brought into requisition. In addition to appeals made rich and effective by the terse, epigrammatic, Anglo-Saxon vigour and fire of McCabe, the common-sense, rugged force of Leonard, and the rhetorical grace and evangelistic unction of Peck, there were added to the leaflet literature of the campaign, a stirring, illuminating appeal for Home Missions by Bishop Goodsell and an appeal, full of spiritual fervour, for Foreign Missions by Bishop Newman.

At the General Conference of 1891, the General Missionary Committee was able to report that during the quadrennium ending with 1891 there had been an advance in the Society's income, in round figures, of $918,869. By 1892, the million and a half line was passed. At the General Conference of 1892 Chaplain McCabe was reëlected to serve his third term as Secretary of the Missionary Society. During the next quadrennium the gain was not quite a quarter of a million, showing that the relative advance had not equalled that of the preceding quadrennium. This was largely, if not entirely, due to the serious financial

depression of those latter years. But by the year 1895 the Society began to regain the ground lost during the "hard times" of the country, and that year gained nearly $37,000 over the preceding year and fell about $83,000 short of its most prosperous year, which was 1892.

The Society hovered along the Million and a Quarter line, now short of the line, then over the line, until in the restoration of "good times" it finally made the magnificent advance to the million and a half line by the year 1903, and in 1906 approached two millions.

One of the touching and inspiring incidents of Chaplain McCabe's million-dollar campaign was that in which a little boy did his part in helping to raise the million. Charles Cardwell McCabe Howe was the little four-year-old son of Lieutenant W. C. Howe, a fellow prisoner with the Chaplain in Libby. He became very fond of the Chaplain and wonderfully interested in Missions. He cried with grief when his friend left his parents' home, where he had been visiting. Some days afterwards, the little fellow came home from play calling to his mother, "Mama, I've got five cents; I want to send it to Chaplain McCabe. I want to send it in a letter, and I want to write the letter myself. You hold my hand, and please write just as I tell you, and write it printing, so I can read it. The mother wrote as he dictated:

"Dear Chaplain McCabe:

"I am glad you are getting a million dollars for

missions. I send you five cents to help, and if you want any more, just write to me.

"CHARLES CARDWELL MCCABE HOWE."

The Chaplain made great use of this little letter and he often told the boy that his five cents had garnered a harvest every time he told the story.

With all the credit that is due to others for this no less than wonderful achievement the Church will remember, and the history of missions will record, the fact to his undying fame, that it was Chaplain McCabe who first caught the vision and dreamed the dream of which that triumphant missionary progress was but the glorious consummation. "A Million for Missions" originated in his optimistic brain. It may be said without undue and fulsome praise of Chaplain McCabe that the whole Protestant Church in all its denominations felt the contagion of his splendid enthusiasm, and with Methodism and her slogan of "A Million for Missions" began to advance all along the line. Many were the expressions of encouragement and the pledges of prayerful sympathy that came to the Chaplain from ministers and laymen of other denominations in those days that tried men's faith and courage. Characteristically, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage wrote him: "What a mighty work you are doing, and I hail you and bless you and thank you and congratulate you. We will talk it all over when we get to heaven. Hosannah to the Son of David!"

Equally characteristic of another type of man was the letter of Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, one of

America's greatest preachers, and President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions: "With all my heart I join you in your joy on the magnificent result of 'A Million for Missions' reached this year in the Methodist Episcopal Church! It will give glow and fervour to the spiritual life within the Church as well as nobly advance all effort for the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord. Other sympathetic communions will feel the mighty impulse of it. It is a demonstration of loyalty to Christ, of faith in His Gospel, and of enthusiasm for the welfare of man, which even infidelity must recognise and respect. I hope that no step backward will ever be taken from the front line of this great achievement."

It was at this time also that the generous and encouraging words came to the Chaplain from Phillips Brooks, "May all God's blessings be with your good work and with you."

That all the demoninations of the Protestant communion in our country were baptised with a new missionary spirit by the "Million for Missions" cry cannot be doubted. That unanimity of missionary sentiment and zeal brought the Churches more closely together in the unity of the spirit and had much to do with the subsequent meetings of these Churches in inter-demoninational congresses and missionary conventions. It was his brilliant and consummate leadership of the missionary hosts in their advance to the Million-Dollar line that made Chaplain McCabe, who was the "best loved man in Methodism," the most widely-known Methodist preacher in America. Of course, ex-

ception will not be taken to the claim that Bishop John H. Vincent's name, by reason of the great Chautauqua movement, was as widely and admiringly known beyond the borders of Methodism as the name of Chaplain McCabe. And in their love one for the other, splendid Christian gentlemen that they were, each rejoiced in his brother's fame, "in honour preferring one another." These two men who so distinguished themselves and their beloved Methodism in the entire Protestant communion were bound together in a life-long brotherhood of mutual sympathy, admiration, and love.

It was with great comfort and satisfaction that the Chaplain received words of cheer and commendation from his fellow-secretaries. Their feelings towards him were those of admiration and loving veneration. A letter from Dr. J. O. Peck reveals his own noble and unselfish nature, while it shows in what high esteem he held the Chaplain and how generously he gave to him the credit and the praise for all that had resulted from the Million-Dollar movement. Speaking of a certain bequest made in 1890, Dr. Peck writes: "This big bequest is due to *you* and your 'Million' cry. God has *wonderfully* blest and used you!. . . Now as to the 'Appeal.' *It is grand!* The best thing you have written since I came in with you. It stirs me like a bugle blast! God make it a clarion cry to the whole Church! Glorious news from the St. Louis Conference! About $5,750 advance! This is grand. . . . But, my dear brother, no, no; your task is not done when $1,200,000 is reached. Two

millions await your inspiring leadership, and your 'boys' will shout the cry after you and work with you. One victory, yes *two,* only challenge *you* to a *greater.*" Generous, manly tribute from a generous, manly man!

Any story of the Million-Dollar campaign and victory must seem very tame to those who watched the struggle and were familiar with many of the hidden and unseen influences that were at work forcing the mighty movement to successful issue. It was one of the decisive conflicts in the spiritual warfare of this age which is witnessing the universal conquests of the Cross and hailing the dawn of the final and everlasting supremacy of Jesus Christ. Back of those gallantly fought and gloriously won battlefields of a Million for Missions the Church will never retreat; they mark an epoch in the coming of the Kingdom of God from which the Captain of our salvation will lead His hosts to the final and speedy dominion of the world.

"Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

XXXIV

ELECTION TO THE EPISCOPACY

THE General Conference of 1896, which met in Cleveland, Ohio, was not disposed to elect any new Bishops, but the Committee on Episcopacy brought in a report recommending "that the Board of Bishops be strengthened by the election of three General Superintendents." The report was amended by striking out the word "three" and inserting the word "two" and was then adopted.

While the Bishops themselves did not encourage an addition to their number, and while there was not a very strong conviction among the delegates that an increase in the Board was at that time seriously demanded by the exigencies of the work, there were nevertheless certain powerful considerations which influenced the majority to finally vote for the election of two Bishops. Among those considerations was the feeling that Chaplain McCabe was deserving of this high honour, and that at his time of life, as he was then in his sixtieth year, if he was ever to be a Bishop, that was probably the last opportunity his friends would have to elect him to the office. Another consideration was quite a general belief that the time was ripe for the election of a coloured man to the Episcopacy. As it developed in the balloting, the popularity of other

men whom their friends had made candidates, Drs. Earl Cranston, Henry A. Buttz, and John W. Hamilton in particular, helped to decide the question. Among these candidates, as well as others, were men who, like Chaplain McCabe, were approaching the "age limit," and their loyal supporters believed that with them it was "now or never."

The battle of the ballots was long and fluctuating, until, wearied with voting, many were ready to support the motion for an indefinite postponement of the election. That motion, however, did not prevail. Why did it take so many ballots to secure an election? It was the rule requiring two-thirds of the votes cast to elect, the popularity of the candidates, and the tenacious loyalty of their friends and, especially, the brave struggle of the coloured delegates to elect a coloured man to the Episcopacy that prolonged the contest through nine sessions of the Conference and to the fifteenth ballot before an election was secured. Chaplain McCabe was elected on the fifteenth ballot, having received 344 of the 504 votes that were cast. On the sixteenth ballot Dr. Earl Cranston was elected. It was a happy and striking coincidence that these men, who were born in the same town of Athens, Ohio, and had been life-long friends, should have both been elected to the Episcopacy on the same day in that General Conference convened in their native State of Ohio.

But for the two-thirds rule it may be doubted whether Chaplain McCabe would have been elected. If under a majority rule the ballots had been cast as

they were cast, Dr. Henry A. Buttz would have been elected on the fifth ballot. Only one other possible result of this election of Bishops at the Cleveland General Conference would have given the Church greater satisfaction than did the election of Chaplain McCabe and Dr. Cranston, and that would have been the election of three Bishops, as the original report of the Committee on Episcopacy contemplated, and one of the three had been that eminent scholar and educator, Dr. Henry A. Buttz.

Charles Cardwell McCabe took his place on the Board of Bishops as the forty-third General Superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His election was hailed with joy by the multitudes of his friends in America and in foreign lands, where preachers and missionaries had learned to love his very name as the synonym of victory. His life-long friends, who always in affection called him "Charlie," rejoiced in the honour that had come to him. The old soldiers, who to his dying day thought "Chaplain" was a more distinguished title than "Bishop," felt honoured with him by his ecclesiastical promotion. No less highly pleased were those in the rank and file of the Ministry who believed in his evangelistic spirit, his loyalty to Scriptural standards of faith and life, and in his brotherly tenderness and great-hearted sympathy.

How the thousands upon thousands of laymen thanked God that this whole-souled champion of an orthodox evangelical Methodism had been honoured for the truth's sake and for his very work's sake! If

the whole Church could have expressed its will, at that General Conference, undoubtedly Chaplain McCabe would have been elected on the first ballot by an overwhelming vote. This feeling came to be quite general in the Conference as the balloting proceeded, and many were convinced that the Church, in its ministry and laity, desired to bestow this honour upon him and it expected this action of its delegates.

It must be acknowledged that many of the Chaplain's best friends and greatest admirers did not wish to see him elected a Bishop, simply because they looked upon him as the one man of his generation to lead the Missionary hosts on to the greatest Gospel triumphs of the age. There were a thousand bishop-timber men in the ministry, but there was only one Chaplain McCabe, only one so providentially "doomed to raise money," and to bring the Church up to the Multimillion-Dollar line. If he had been defeated it would have been by men who were his staunchest financial supporters in every good cause, who felt that the Missionary Secretaryship furnished a wider field for his or for any truly great man's powers than the Episcopacy, just as very wise and godly men may think that a college presidency is a higher honour and a grander field of usefulness for a man of great ability than the office of a Bishop.

Again, it may be said that if a good Secretary was spoiled in making Chaplain McCabe a Bishop, he was not spoiled to make a poor Bishop. If power in manhood, like power in mechanics, is to be measured by work done, and if true greatness is based on power,

few greater men than Chaplain McCabe ever received the honour of an election to the Methodist Episcopacy. If that high office should ever be conferred as a reward of merit and as the Church's recognition of the genius and self-sacrificing toil by which her treasuries have been filled with millions of dollars to condition the achievements of the most splendid history of Methodism, then no man of modern years, if since the days of Asbury, was ever more justly and worthily rewarded than Chaplain McCabe when he was elected a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And it would be the rankest ingratitude to argue that no such consideration as that of rewarding a great and useful servant of the Church should influence a General Conference in the selection of men for the Episcopacy.

"He deserved it," said many, as the news flashed over the world: "McCabe has been elected a Bishop." Who had done for Methodism a work more deserving of such honouring and honourable recognition? What Bishop of all the venerated number from the beginning had mounted to that height by the steps of such magnificent achievements? Men have been elected to this office because they were great preachers; others have been elevated by what the Church has recognised as their superior administrative ability. Several have reached the position by force of their noble forensic genius or by their legal acumen and judicial equipoise and strength, and a few for qualities not so distinguishing. None, it is our boast, climbed up some other way.

Chaplain McCabe was elected for what he was and

for what he had done. But in that long life of doing and of deeds, he clearly and grandly revealed what he was and brought into exercise many of the most sterling attributes of mind and heart which belong to the character of the ideal Methodist Bishop. It was the Church's generous recognition of a generous soul and of a gloriously generous life of toil and sacrifice that made a Bishop of Chaplain McCabe. Never before did love, the Church's love for one of her most gifted and useful servants, play so conspicuous and effective a part in an election to the Episcopacy. Truly, the world might have said on the day of his consecration: "Behold how they loved him!" Was he not indeed "the best loved man in Methodism"?

Chaplain McCabe was not the Bishops' candidate, he was the preachers' and the people's candidate. Officialism, moreover, had little to do with his election. He was too independent and too unconventional a man to please mere office-holders. Like William Taylor, the St. Paul of the nineteenth century, he was made a Bishop in spite of the Bishops—and in spite of the secretaries and editors. In fact, the time had then arrived, so welcome to the Church, when it was dangerous to a man's chances for preferment if it came to be known that the Bishops were offensively anxious to have him elected, as the sentiment has been growing among the pastors that it is an impertinence for the Bishops to use their Episcopal influence to further the election of one of their favourites, or even for the Secretaries, Editors, or Book agents to use their official positions and their advantages in visiting Conferences

to urge the qualifications and claims of their particular friends as candidates for high office.

An ecclesiastical system like the Methodist Episcopal may easily be abused by unscrupulous officials, if, in their despicable ambition, they do not hesitate to turn it into a mere machine to promote ecclesiastical politics. With holy men a great system of ecclesiasticism may be an engine of power for a most benign influence, but in the control of place-seekers, bent only on personal aggrandisement, it may become a Juggernaut to crush the freedom and independence of the ministry and to destroy the spiritual life of the Church.

As Methodism, in harmony with the spirit and genius of our American life, becomes more and more democratic, the Episcopacy becomes less and less arbitrary and dictatorial, more and more representatively official. Thomas Jefferson was not agreeably impressed with the undemocratic pomposity and the lordly assumption of the Bishops of the Church in his day, believing that they had departed from the ancient and apostolic simplicity. He was historically correct when he said: "A modern bishop to be moulded into a primitive one must be elected by the people, undiocesed, unreverenced, unlorded."

The Methodist Bishop never was and never will be diocesed or lorded; he never was, he never will be, reverenced as of another order than elder in the Church of God.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church, happily and apostolically, the Episcopacy is only official. The best authorities even in the Church of England admit that

in apostolic times a Bishop did not belong to a third order of the Christian ministry but stood on an equal footing of ordination with the elder or presbyter. Methodists, accepting this Scriptural meaning of the Episcopal character and function, simply elect an elder to be a Bishop or General Superintendent, not to exercise functions which are divinely inherent in the Episcopacy as an order, but to discharge those official duties which are determined by the Constitution and by the General Conference of the Church. To this highest law-making body of the Church the Bishop is amenable for his personal conduct and for his official administration. But while the Methodist Episcopal Church does not recognise the Episcopacy to be a third order in the Christian Ministry, she clothes her Bishops with much greater power than the Bishops of the Episcopalian or the Roman Catholic Church possess. The Episcopal government of a diocese with the function of ordination and confirmation is a much lighter and less responsible work than is contemplated in the administration of a Methodist Episcopal Bishop in his relation to the Itinerant General Superintendency. Any power of an Anglican or of a Latin or a Greek Bishop, so far as his relation to the body of the ministry is concerned, is quite insignificant in comparison to the appointing power of the Methodist General Superintendent. It is the appointing power of a Bishop that might become a very dangerous power in the hands of unscrupulous men. No power which any other Church authorises its Bishops to exercise can ever be turned to such oppression and harmfulness as are possible in

the exercising of the appointing power of a Methodist Bishop. Hence is it that the greatest care and wisdom must be exercised in the selection of men upon whom this power is to be conferred. The elements that go to make up the ideal Methodist Bishop are many and varied. Not only should a Bishop be a man of God, of clean lips, pure life, and spotless reputation, a man of learning and sufficiently a scholar, a man of judgment and discretion, and a gentleman of cultivated manners and noble instincts, but he should be a great preacher, an impressive and eloquent orator on the public platform, endowed with the true evangelistic spirit and power; he should be able to understand men, to appreciate the highest qualities of ministerial character and work; he should be a man of large soul. tender, kind, sympathetic, brotherly, but never lordly. He should be so richly endowed, mentally and spiritually, that the ministry and the Church by the compulsion of his noble nature would look up to him with admiring pride and loving veneration. Of such a Bishop it would never be blushingly asked: "Why was that small man elected to that great office? Why was he made a Bishop?" The pastors and the laymen had long been asking: "Why don't they make McCabe a Bishop?" After he was elected no one asked: "Why did they make McCabe a Bishop?"

He was a genial, large-hearted, and brotherly man, with whose kindness, sympathy, and loyalty no preacher would hesitate to leave his very destiny in the appointments. He possessed the true evangelistic spirit and was a master in the use of the Scriptures.

His preaching ability was above the average, as was his scholarship. He saw truth and duty in their large, heroic forms; he had the telescopic rather than the microscopic vision, hence the petty details often escaped his notice, while in administration he reached the high and important end by unconventionally cutting the red tape or the Gordian knot. He was a fair, just, gentle-spirited man, and humble as a child in wearing the honours of office. He was never puffed up with his self-importance and could only laugh inwardly at all assumptions of ecclesiastical superiority and dignity. Whatever he had to do in word or deed, he did all in the name of the Lord Jesus. There was nothing perfunctory in his ministry. He was religious,—always, everywhere devoutly religious, —and he believed that " the Father's business " should always be conducted in the religious spirit. With all his cheerfulness he never treated life as a joke, nor could he appreciate a joking manner in a man or a body of men who had been divinely sent to do God's work. No minister of the Gospel ever took his ministry or ever took himself more seriously—not more solemnly, but more seriously, than did he.

No Bishop ever occupied so exalted a place of superiority as to warrant his looking down upon the man to whom the whole Church looked up with grateful admiration and love. That is to say, Bishop McCabe in the sum of his powers and in the record of his life achievements was the peer of any Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. That is not too much praise for him, and yet is praise enough for any man.

XXXV

BISHOP McCABE—IN THE CHAIR—EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE — TEXAS — FORWARD MOVEMENT

THE first act of Bishop McCabe after his election to the high and dignified office of the Episcopacy was just like him. It reminded one of Abraham Lincoln, who one day out in Illinois, when travelling the circuit to attend the courts, dismounted from his horse to tenderly replace some little birdlings that had fallen from their nest in the branches of a tree, and on another occasion when on his way to a party, dressed in his best suit, saw a hog desperately struggling in a pond and waded in to help it and keep it from drowning by freeing its foot from a root in which it had been caught. As the newly-elected Bishop was leaving the Conference with his wife he saw a horse driven by a teamster slip and fall in the street; instantly he rushed out to help the teamster get his horse to its feet again. As his good wife remonstrated, "Why, Charles, that is your best suit of clothes," he brushed the dirt from his coat, with his familiar laugh, as if to say: "What of it, Beccie? That old horse needed my help, poor fellow!" Thus his "honours" had not dignified the humaneness out of his great heart.

At the Consecration, which took place Tuesday, May 26, Bishop Bowman, the Senior Bishop, presided and announced the hymn, "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name." Bishop Vincent led in the reading of the Collect. The Epistle was then read by Bishop Thoburn, and the Gospel lesson by Bishop Taylor. The Call to Prayer was presented by Bishop Ninde and the Prayer was offered by Bishop Fitzgerald. Bishop Andrews examined the candidates and offered the Invocation, after which Bishop Mallalieu led the Conference in the "Veni Creator Spiritus." The prayer preceding the Laying on of Hands was read by Bishop Fowler, and the prayer following by Bishop Joyce. Bishop Newman announced the hymn: "Jesus! the name high over all," and Bishop Foster pronounced the Benediction.

Charles Cardwell McCabe was presented for Consecration to the office of a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church by his uncle, Rev. Lorenzo Dow McCabe, D.D., and Rev. T. C. Iliff, D.D.

The Bishops who with these elders consecrated him by the laying on of hands were, Foster, Bowman, and Hurst.

It was not until near the close of the Conference, on May 27, that Bishop McCabe took the chair for the first time to preside over a General Conference. It was during the evening session of the day preceding adjournment that Bishop Fitzgerald, then presiding, said: "I beg now to present as President for the remainder of the session, Bishop McCabe."

The newly-elected Bishop took the chair with the

remark: "I have remonstrated against this in vain. There is a book called 'Cushing's Manual,' but I have not read it. There is a book called 'Neely on Parliamentary Law,' but I have never read that. But I shall read them both now. What is the further pleasure of the Conference?"

The first business of the Conference was on a "question of privilege," offered by Dr. W. F. Whitlock, one of the Bishop's beloved old college classmates, to take up a collection. At noon of that day Julian F. Scott, M.D., a lay delegate from the North China Conference, had died. Contributions to assist Mrs. Scott were made at the afternoon session, and under the "question of privilege" the matter was again presented at the evening session, just after Bishop McCabe took the chair. Thrusting his hand into his pocket to make a liberal contribution himself, the Bishop said: "May I inquire how much you want to raise for this lady? I am at home now." And thus did this man, "doomed to raise money," enter upon his Episcopal career by announcing a "collection"!

With peculiar satisfaction the good people of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Rochester, New York, remember that the first act of Bishop McCabe after the General Conference was the laying of the cornerstone of their new Sunday-school building.

Bishop McCabe's first Episcopal residence was Fort Worth, Texas, to which he went in the spirit of peace, good-will, and fraternity. The assignments were not then made by the General Conference as now, but according to seniority in office the Bishops made their

own selection and hence Bishop McCabe was left with but one short of Hobson's choice.

He was heartily received in Texas and immediately electrified the Church in that region with his holy enthusiasm.

Although he had been a Union soldier and was well known in all the South as Chaplain McCabe, author of the famous lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," the people of other political views and belonging to other denominations, recognising his broad-minded philanthropy, his fraternal spirit, his religious fervour, his evangelistic zeal, and the unparalleled achievements of his Church Extension and Missionary Secretaryships, gave him a cordial welcome to the Southland.

By December of the year 1896 the Bishop was in Texas and with his proverbial energy was quickly absorbed in the work of visiting the Churches, preaching incessantly, and responding to the many demands that were made upon him for lectures, dedications, missionary meetings, debt-raisings, and revival services. He visited every important Church among the Methodist Episcopal people in Texas and many of the Churches of the coloured people. On one visit to New Orleans he preached every day for twenty-one days. The coloured schools of Louisiana and Texas received his special attention. Of his visit to Dallas it was said: "January 3 was a great day for Methodism in Dallas, Texas. Bishop McCabe preached in Tabernacle Church both morning and night, also at one of the mission churches in the afternoon. A remarkable

feature of the afternoon service was that every man, woman, and child present went to the altar. The Bishop's presence, deep interest, and stirring words gave great impulse, life, and courage to our Churches in this important centre of Methodism in the great Southwest. Tabernacle Church will spend all of January in earnest revival effort."

The Itinerant General Superintendency of the Methodist Episcopacy precludes the possibility of a Bishop's remaining at his residence or even anywhere in the vicinity more than a few weeks in the year. The Bishop of a diocese often has no larger area of country to travel over in his Episcopal supervision than has a District Superintendent in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and rarely does his diocese include one entire State. But the world is literally the parish or diocese of a Methodist Bishop.

During a single year the duties of Bishop McCabe called him into not less than twenty-seven different States and to not less than 100 different towns and cities of the country. His field of operations extended from Texas to Vermont and from New York to California. During the first quadrennium of his Episcopacy he travelled 80,000 miles and held thirty-seven Conferences, appointing 3,815 different preachers to their charges. With addresses, lectures, and sermons, at missionary meetings, church dedications, Epworth League conventions, debt-raisings, conferences, revivals, Chautauqua assemblies, he was in the pulpit or on the platform oftener than every third day in the year for the entire four years. And

all this work was in addition to his strictly official duties and his extensive travelling from one end of the country to the other at an average of 700 miles a week.

As he entered upon the duties of a General Superintendent, the Bishop carried with him all his old undying interest in the great benevolent causes which he had so devotedly served for nearly thirty years. He seemed, even as a Bishop, to find no discharge in that war in which he was divinely "doomed to raise money." The Church Extension and Missionary causes were ever upon his heart, and he seemed to blend the two in what he called "The Special Relief and Forward Movement."

This was a movement inaugurated by the Bishop for the special relief of Churches, missions, schools, and preachers that had no claim upon, or at least, could not be helped in the administration of the funds of the other organised societies. In this relief work, the Bishop raised during two quadrenniums more than $65,000 by giving lectures and securing individual subscriptions. This help was particularly, but not exclusively, given to aid the work in North and South America and in our possessions among the islands of the seas, and was scattered from Alaska to Mexico and from Venezuela to Argentina.

The following expenditures of these special relief funds are given as specimens only:

Gift to Black Hills' College	$250.00
To place new ceiling in our Italian church in New Orleans	85.00

To start mission work in Alaska	$ 400.00
For relief of frontier preachers	215.00
For support of first missionary to the Philippine Islands	300.00
Cash to Methodist preacher in Tennessee to buy a horse	55.00
To care for in sickness and bury young Methodist preacher	95.13
For new church at Pachuca, Mexico	500.00
To assist student at Lima, Peru	50.00
For church lot at Iquique, Chili	1,000.00
For Indian school in Nevada	25.00
On deficiency of salaries of missionaries in Chili	500.00
For church at Montevideo, Uruguay	2,000.00
New church at Chivilcoy, Argentina	200.00
Subscription to church in Manila	500.00
For church lot in Aracibo, Porto Rico	200.00
Subscription to McKendree College	250.00
For family of Methodist preacher in New York Conference	100.00
To help save Wesleyan University of Montana	500.00
For relief in Finland, sent direct to preachers there	1,100.00

No Bishop in the history of Methodism ever before carried upon his heart so many and such varied benevolent interests as appealed to the sympathy of Bishop McCabe. The needs of the whole wide world seemed to have a claim on his generous nature and on his divine gift for raising money, from the funeral expenses of a poor dead missionary to the rescue of a University or the establishment of Methodist Missions on a new continent. How he could carry the burden of so many benevolent causes even upon so great a heart as his was and not break down, was long a marvel to those who knew the vastness of the work he undertook to do.

Again, even in this special relief movement, he boldly assumed great personal obligations and responsibilities. Many was the time, as he assures us, especially in Mexico and South America, that he gave his note in bank for the money he pledged, so that he was often in debt from five to ten thousand dollars. His habit was to give his notes for the money when it was needed and raise it afterwards. Such was his faith in God and in those true men of God to whom he never appealed in vain for money to promote the Kingdom of Heaven in the earth.

In view of such incurring of personal obligation for large amounts of money, and in view of his incessant labours in Episcopal supervision, the criticisms of men who could not comprehend the magnitude of his work nor the multiplicity of his responsibilities, seemed as ungrateful as they were thoughtless. He often let such criticism pass unanswered and unrebuked, for he had little time in his busy consecrated life to waste on carping critics. But he accidentally and with some little righteous indignation overheard a lay delegate to a General Conference criticise the Bishops in general for not giving the Churches more of their personal attention and supervision. The layman, objecting to the cost of securing a Bishop for a lecture or dedication, said: "It cost us $75 to see a Bishop last summer." The layman evidently referred to Bishop McCabe and the Bishop's reply was: "I had made several appointments in Wisconsin for the purpose of earning some extra money to help me with my special Church enterprises. I was paid $75 each

for these lectures, but out of that I had to pay my travelling expenses, which were considerable. A few days after the occasion to which this delegate referred, I credited $600 in my ledger from lecture account to the account known as 'The Forward Movement and Special Relief' account. Into that account during the quadrennium have been charged the following items: To save the Church at Fort Worth, Texas, $1,750; to plant the mission in Alaska, $1,500; to send a missionary to the Philippine Islands, $1,300; to save the First Norwegian Church in Portland, Oregon, $500; to help on the work in Mexico, $3,400; to build an Orphanage in the Hing Hua Mission in China, $3,000; and many other items which it would weary you to have me recite. During that year I had credited to this account $3,060 from my lecture account, and during the quadrennium over $12,000, besides numerous subscriptions secured from my friends. If the delegate thinks I am open to criticism for this, I would quote Paul to him: 'I robbed other Churches, taking wages of them, to do you service.' I thought I had a very good precedent for this sort of work."

After such a statement, who could ever imagine that Bishop McCabe charged $75 for a lecture simply to add to his own personal income? He lectured to secure money to build up the cause and Kingdom of Jesus Christ. What other Bishop ever undertook to assume the personal obligations required to relieve a thousand and one needy causes in the interests of the Gospel of humanity and sweet charity as Bishop Mc-

Cabe had the faith and courage and generosity of heart to do?

What man in all Methodism, whether layman, pastor, secretary, or Bishop, was ever less deserving of criticism for lack of energy and disinterested devotion in the cause of Christ or more deserving of praise for the services which he rendered the Church in the magnificent millions of money he raised for her benevolences than Bishop McCabe? "In labours more abundant" he outstripped us all, and in the achievements of his manifold ministry he was the peer of the greatest in the Church of God.

XXXVI

EPISCOPAL ADMINISTRATION — SPIRITUAL POWER — SINGING CONFERENCES — BUSINESS AND RELIGION

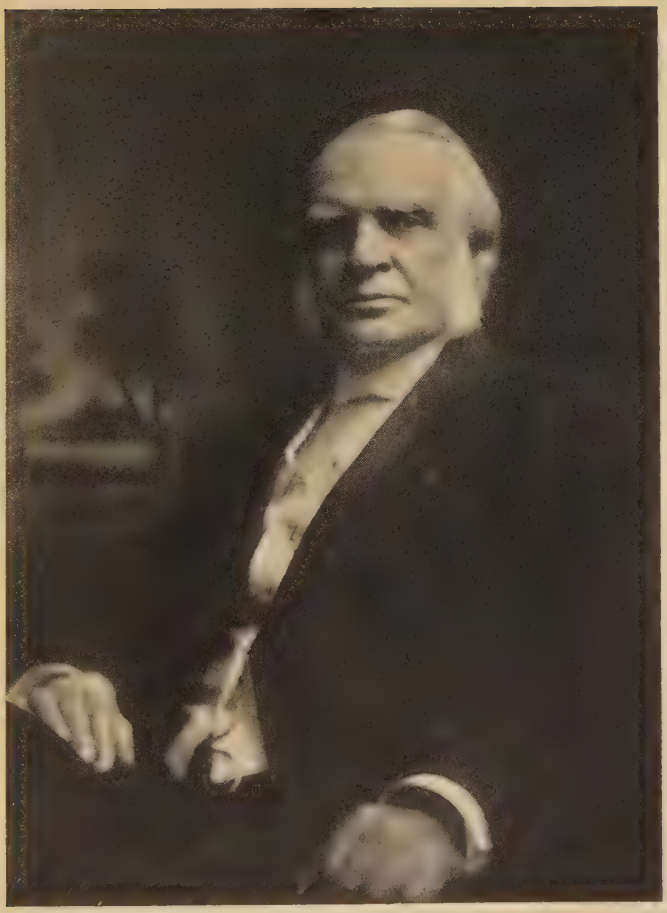
BISHOP McCABE'S conference administration was just what might have been expected of such a unique combination of brains and heart, common sense and business tact, good humour and tender pathos, personal magnetism and spiritual unction, independence, originality, and evangelistic fervour. Singularly enough, the Bishop, who had not been credited with great parliamentary skill and knowledge, proved one of the very best in expediting the business of a conference, and whether he presided at an Annual or a General Conference, his common sense, good humour, and religious sincerity often extricated the conference as well as himself from an embarrassing parliamentary tangle, and in spite of "points of order," "questions of privilege," and other obstructive difficulties hastened discussions to their final issue to the delight of all. Perhaps no other presiding Bishop ever had the audacity to so nonchalantly sacrifice the letter to the spirit of parliamentary law; indeed, such parliamentary independence would not have been tolerated in any other Bishop, for no other Bishop could have said with his good-natured *sangfroid,* "Never

mind your point of order, brother; let's take a vote and get through the business." Everybody enjoyed having Bishop McCabe preside at a General Conference just for the good feeling that pervaded the conference while he was in the chair. His own unpretentious, brotherly manner always appealed to the democracy of the conference and brought it into heart-touch with himself. Bishop McCabe never discharged any duty more sympathetically, considerately, and religiously than presiding at a General Conference. He was never afraid of the face of man, even of a parliamentary quibbler or bully, and no man, however humble, was ever afraid of him or had occasion to feel that the great-hearted Bishop had ever humiliated him with a joke that got the laugh on him or with a rebuke that sent him to his seat with chagrin.

In the Annual Conferences his presence was a benediction. His own evangelistic fervour and brotherly kindness became infectious. In his tender treatment of the superannuates and his marked consideration for the heroic men who were doing the hardest work on the most difficult charges, and by his custom of taking up collections and personally contributing himself liberally to help a poor brother out of financial trouble, he would set the conference weeping and singing and shouting:

> "As often for each other flowed
> The sympathizing tear."

It may well be imagined that scenes like the following were not infrequent in conferences over which Chaplain McCabe presided as Bishop: "Last week the



CHARLES CARDWELL McCABE, 1896

South Kansas Conference in its session at Parsons was the scene of an outburst of extraordinary fervour and excitement in which patriotic and religious emotions were deeply blended. When the name of Allen Buckner—now on the superannuated list—was called, he arose and said, 'I am a superannuated preacher and a wounded soldier, but my soul is happy in the Lord!' As he turned to sit down, Chaplain McCabe, sitting on the platform beside the presiding officer, with one of his felicitous impulses that sometimes capture him and his audiences, exclaimed, 'Bishop Mallalieu, Allen Buckner was a colonel in the Union Army and led the advance up Missionary Ridge.' Instantly the Bishop stood up and cried, 'Colonel Buckner, I want your hand.' The whole congregation rose with one impulse, transfixed with a common emotion, swept with a wave of feeling that seemed cyclonic. The Chaplain started up, 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' while the people cried, shouted, sang, shook hands, gathered in tumultuous throng about the veteran, and made the Church reverberate with their praises and their songs. The scene illustrated how closely the fibres of patriotic devotion are interwoven in the texture of the religious life. They blend in the warp and woof of character sometimes like the threads of gold and silver."

Bishop McCabe's Conferences seemed to "enjoy religion" under the influence of his spiritual power. The revival spirit was present and the preachers often forgot their anxieties about their appointments in the enjoyment of a new baptism of the spirit that filled them with soul-winning enthusiasm. By the time the Bishop

was ready to read the appointments it often occurred that every preacher was willing to go anywhere to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to dying men.

Although the Bishop often expressed himself as having to bear a cross when he heard himself called the "Singing Chaplain" or the "Singing Secretary," the cross seemed heavier when they called him the "Singing Bishop." But this gift, which he prized so little, and of which he never seemed proud to be the possessor, the preachers and the people recognised as a truly divine gift and they would not permit Episcopal dignity to despise it or cease to use it for the glory of God and the inspiration of the Church. That the spiritual power of his song had not waned or lost its charm for the hearts of men was evident in the conferences over which the Bishop presided. His first conference, in this respect, was characteristic of nearly all that he held during his Episcopal administration. The Black Hills Conference, held at Hot Springs, South Dakota, may claim the honour of having been Bishop McCabe's first conference. Of that conference the report went forth to the Press: "The Church has been enthused with the voice of Chaplain McCabe. In appeal and song he has moved hearts as few men have been privileged to do. Thursday morning of last week as the Bishop took the chair, as presiding officer of a conference session for the first time, the regular routine was dispatched with the skill that his older colleagues would have shown. The Lord's Supper was partaken of by a goodly company; but at the love-feast came the tempest. The Bishop sang. Who

would stop Bishop McCabe singing? Almost as well administer capital punishment. The place was holy. The Spirit of God moved every heart. Souls and eyes overflowed. The Conference took flame. During the shouts and 'Amens,' Dr. J. W. Haucher, President of the Black Hills College, stood up and declared that it was sometimes necessary for men to take things into their own hands. He thought he must do so now and did so accordingly in the following timely and happy statement, ending with a motion, which was unanimously adopted. 'It is well known that Chaplain McCabe owed much of his value in the last third of a century to the power of song. Many of his friends have expressed concern in conversation and in the Church press as to his future practise. And I am sure that the Bishop himself has not been entirely free from the question: "Will it be unepiscopal for Bishop McCabe to sing?" How glorious is this hour under the inspiration of his song and the baptism of the Holy Spirit! I move that it be the action of this conference and the sense of this worshipping company that it is not unepiscopal for Bishop McCabe to sing, but rather that the episcopal office intensifies the power of his song.' His first conference in its first business session has settled the question. Bishop McCabe would no more be Bishop than he would have been Chaplain or Missionary Secretary without his heaven-tuned voice. Who has not seen him? Squarely built, a massive head mounting a sturdy frame, a strong, benevolent face, lit with eyes of fire, and crowned with black hair mingled with grey, and, il-

luminating his whole being, a soul full of love for God and man. Truly an evangelist Bishop. The Church has cause for gratitude that the Bishop declares his singing cannot be stopped. Let him sing his way round all the Conferences, re-echo Calvary's story in Judea's angel melody, and the Church will get nearer to God. Ministers will take their appointments for the Kingdom. No trust is so sacred that it hushes the gift of God; no dignity so lofty but that it is made sacred in the humility of Jesus Christ."

This sentiment prevailed in all the conferences, and preachers and laymen rejoiced that the spirit of "Chaplain" McCabe survived in the Bishop. From other conferences reports similar to the above from the Black Hills found their way into the newspapers and the "Advocates." "Bishop McCabe has just closed two remarkable Conference Sessions in Missouri —St. Louis Conference at Springfield, and Missouri Conference at Hannibal. These sessions were largely attended, exceedingly spiritual, and aflame with higher aims and new inspirations. The love-feasts were memorable. The Bishop's sermons were signals of faith, calls to duty, touches of Pentecost, high waves of enthusiasm, and bright glimpses of victory. The Springfield session of the St. Louis Conference will go down into history as the 'Singing Conference.' The Bishop sang; duets and quartettes sang, the choir sang, and the preachers and people sang. We never before heard such singing and so much singing at any Annual Conference."

But with all this singing, shouting, and enjoying of

religion, what became of the serious business of the Conference? Let no one imagine that Bishop McCabe ever lost his head in his religious fervour, spiritual ecstasy, and evangelistic zeal. Let no one suppose for a moment that he relied on song to help him through the difficulties of a Conference Session.

In the report of the Bishop's visit to the South Kansas Conference a member * wrote:

"We have exceedingly enjoyed the administration of the great-hearted McCabe, sometime Bishop, and Chaplain forever. With what tenderness, and yet ample firmness, he guided us on till the drudgery of routine matters took on the fragrance of flowers, and we wept and shouted and took up collections for all the needy projects, civil and religious, day by day till the golden hours were all gone, along with much of our silver, and we stood, like Eggleston's Conference, with a glory on our faces 'born not of sun or star' and the 'peace that passeth knowledge' in our hearts, ready for our new Bishop's last duty—the appointments and the benediction.

"Bishop McCabe's methods of transacting business and arranging cabinet work reveal some new and better things. Many of us feared that the years' absence from the pastorate might lead the great Chaplain to lean too strongly toward the influence of officialism. But we were most agreeably surprised at the utter groundlessness of our fears. He went straight to the humblest circuit-rider and sought to find his desires for the coming year. To the presiding elders he was

* Dr. J. W. Wright.

most princely, so high is his estimate of the office which he intimated may well be considered the greatest office in Methodism.

"The great congregations were charmed. The old soldiers came from many miles away to see this Knight of Libby Prison; and from all the sister Churches came chosen men and women to see this royal son of a loyal Church."

The Rock River Conference, one of the largest and most important Conferences in Methodism, held its sixty-second session in October, 1901, at Evanston, Illinois. Bishop McCabe presided. In that great educational centre, the seat of the Northwestern University and of the Garrett Biblical Institute, the Bishop's administration was most satisfactory. "Bishop McCabe surprised even his best friends. He rushed business, unravelled the tangled threads of administration with a master's hand, relieved the monotony and strain of the session, introduced many pleasing features, and brought a wealth of enthusiasm, cheerfulness, and courage that cannot fail to inspire ministers to do and dare wonderful things for the Kingdom during the coming months. The last hours reminded us of the closing session of a conference of the olden times. Men forgot their disappointments and heartaches, and resolved to do their 'level best' for the Master."

One enthusiastic correspondent wrote to *Zion's Herald:* "Bishop McCabe! Who does not know him? Some of us have questioned the wisdom of his election to the Episcopacy. He had many gifts and

peculiar graces, but he was not bishop-timber, we have said. We take it all back! No Bishop ever sat in Rock River Conference who presided more admirably and more impartially. He hastened slowly, but the conference business progressed rapidly. Who will forget the song and the prayer when the names of Dr. Spencer and Dr. Fawcett were called? Who will forget the ordination addresses? . . . Come again, Bishop McCabe, if you will bring to us your song and prayer, your sense and love, your inspiration and manhood! *You* have the golden key that will turn the rusty bolts and open the doors of *our* hearts. May you take to others somewhat of the alabaster box of spikenard you broke for us!"

No mistake had been made by the General Conference of 1896 in electing Chaplain McCabe a Bishop; his administration of that great office fully justified his election. He grew upon the Church year by year in his Episcopal stature.

Many were the expressions of pleasure and of gratitude to God that came up from the Annual Conferences over which Bishop McCabe had presided. He brought with him the influences of heaven. Under the spell of his holy eloquence the preachers felt anew the spirit of prophecy coming upon them and saw as never before the dignity and glory of their high calling. Back to their work they went with a strange and awful sense of their obligations, with a sweet tenderness of heart, a peace that flowed like a river, with exaltation of mind and with glory in their souls. They had been in touch with a great man; they had seen the

seraphic fire of his eye, had listened to the heart-breaking pathos and soul-thrilling thunder of his voice; they had seen the prophet and the ministry had a new meaning, the Gospel trumpet had a more golden note of joy and hope, of invitation, and command.

XXXVII

MEXICO—CHAMPION OF MORALITY—BULL-FIGHTING—MOODY'S "CRITIC"—GROWTH OF METHODISM

BY appointment of the Board of Bishops the duty of holding the Mexico Conference was assigned to Bishop McCabe. It may well be imagined how eagerly the Bishop accepted this appointment when it is remembered that he had particularly gloried in the spread of Methodism over countries that had been religiously and politically subject to the yoke of Roman Catholicism. Nothing so stirred his patriotic American blood as any news of the advance of a free Gospel against what he considered as the Anti-Christian bigotry and superstition of Romanism. He was eager for and hopeful of the conversion to simple and apostolic Christianity of the whole Latin world. He had taken great interest in Mexico as Missionary Secretary, and from his earliest ministry one of his ideal men and missionaries had always been Dr. William Butler, the founder of Mexican missions. With particular pleasure he went to Mexico, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Conference was able to look upon the work God had wrought during the first quarter of a century of Methodist missions in that Republic. He arrived at the City of Mexico on the 24th

day of December, 1899. His first sermon was a Sunday-morning Christmas sermon to the English-speaking congregation. The watch-night service may best be described by the Bishop himself:

"Saturday night, December 31st, we had a wonderful watch-night service. The large auditorium was crowded with Mexicans and Americans. Some came a hundred miles to attend that meeting. The services consisted of a sermon, prayers, testimonies, songs of praise, and the baptism of children, and finally the communion service. As the hour of midnight approached Dr. Butler called upon the people to reconsecrate themselves to God. The whole congregation were in silent prayer when the clock tolled the beginning of the New Year and they broke into songs of thanksgiving, and there were as hearty greetings and salutations among those Christian people as I have ever witnessed in the West or South. If William Butler, the founder of that mission, could have walked down those aisles and could have seen all those people sitting 'in an heavenly place in Christ Jesus,' and could have seen His honoured son, John Wesley, at their head, beloved and revered by all, his heart would have flamed with joy."

The Bishop visited the schools at Puebla, where he looked with joy upon the work which was to redeem Mexico from the ignorance that Romanism had fastened upon its people. He visited the Churches, only to be surprised with what had been accomplished and to exclaim, "All this in twenty-five years! What will the next twenty-five years bring us?" Wherever

he went he was received with delight by the people, while the girls and boys of the schools greeted him with cheers and strewed flowers in his way. He wrote: "They make me sing everywhere, and I have been singing a hymn I learned in my boyhood, written, I think, by William Hunter:

"'Come sing to me of heaven
When I am called to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.
We'll be there, we'll be there;
Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
We shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high.'

One of the pupils at the Puebla school, Juan Placio, translated it into Spanish and we have been singing it ever since in the meetings."

In fact, since the Bishop's first visit to Mexico the native people have been singing the songs he sang to them which have been translated into Spanish.

The Bishop enjoyed an audience with President Diaz, who received him most cordially and in his presence manifested his interest in the work of our missionaries by his most friendly greeting of Dr. John W. Butler, whom he chided good-naturedly for not more frequently visiting him. Of the conference Dr. Butler speaks: "Before the first session of the conference was over the Bishop had captured all hearts. His genial face, his rousing songs, his brotherly bearing toward the humblest worker, and the patriotic vein so frequently followed in his public addresses gave him

complete entrée to all hearts. Conference Sunday the Bishop made use of his happiest hits. The chapel was full to overflowing. Never was our English-speaking congregation in all Mexico roused to a greater sympathy with mission work. While these services were drawing to a close, the native people were gathering in the auditorium. Bishop McCabe invited Americans and English to join them, while the native conference gathered on and around the platform and led the great congregation in singing the Mexican national hymn, which was followed by the singing of our own national hymn. A month has passed, but we hear people still talking of the inspiration of that wonderful hour."

The way Bishop McCabe had of seizing the opportunity for initiating new work was illustrated in several instances during his Episcopal supervision of the work in Mexico. But no pen can report those scenes with such charm as belongs to his own eloquent and picturesque language. "On Saturday," he writes, "we rode out eight miles to Oaxaca, to Tachili, the capital of the Tapotec tribe of Indians. Prince Perez is their king, and he is the last of his line. He is a Methodist now, and was waiting our coming with joy. He brought to each member of our party a bouquet of flowers freshly cut from his own gardens. This was in the month of January. He made me a speech in florid Indian style, bidding us welcome, and then he said: 'Three times I have asked you to establish a girls' school among this people. You have established a school for boys, but what is the use of educating the

boys unless you also educate the girls?' I did not reply at once. We went into the chapel and held a service. After a short sermon from the text: 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' we sang a hymn, the refrain of which in Spanish was as follows:

"'Llegaré por la fé,
La victoria y la gloria gozaré
En la patria celestial.'

The translation is:

"'By faith we will arrive,
The victory and the glory
We will enjoy
In the heavenly country.'

Prince Perez arose and walked up and down the aisle. He did not shout but he breathed hard, so that I could hear him clear to the pulpit. I shouted, 'Prince Perez, you shall have your girls' school.' He stopped, turned to the people, and told them what I said. Their dark faces lit up with joy, and shortly afterward Dr. Butler found them a suitable teacher and established for them a school. Not many weeks afterward, a week-night address on Mexico, under the patronage of Rev. W. H. Pearce, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., produced $308, $200 of which was given by one elect lady. This was enough to support the school for a year and help out with other Mexican work."

This bold and masterful way that Bishop McCabe had of doing things when others would have hesitated until "the money was in sight," is just what made him

the consummate leader that he was. The philosophy of his courage and power of initiative is found in his treatment of the situation at Querétaro and in his reference to the "Bank" on which he relied in every case of emergency.

"Querétaro is a most fanatical city. It has been only a few years since Protestant missionaries were stoned in the streets. We have here a school for boys. If I should give my real opinion of that school some of you might charge me with exaggeration. It is a mighty power for good for our Church and for the Republic. Rev. B. N. Velasco, a brave, courtly, and devout Mexican, is at the head of it. At the supper table that first night he showed me letters from some of the first people in the land offering to send him their boys, but he had to answer, 'I have no room for them.' Later in the evening he took me to the rear of the building and showed me some unfinished walls. 'There,' said he, 'if those rooms could be completed I could take those boys and many more.' 'How much will it cost?' I said. 'Three thousand dollars, Mexican,' was the reply. 'When do you wish to begin?' 'Next Monday morning.' This was Saturday night. 'All right,' I said, 'send for your workmen and begin.'

"There is a bank called '*The Bank of Faith and Works.*' I have long been a depositor in it. The President is always good and kind to me. He often says, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' There for many years I have deposited my faith, my love, my hope, my hard work, and drawn out money. I am astonished myself

when I reflect that out of this bank I have drawn $200 a week for twenty-five long years. I gave my note for Querétaro school to John W. Butler, payable at this bank."

It was in brave, daring, and intelligently impetuous acts such as these that Bishop McCabe manifested his extraordinary genius of leadership.

When in Mexico he certainly made himself felt and did not hesitate to declare the high ethical standards of Protestant Christianity as against the low and brutal moral sentiments that had long prevailed without rebuke from the once dominant Romanism. The conference passed ringing resolutions against the brutal and brutalising Spanish pastime of bullfighting. The Bishop supplemented the action of the conference by publishing this appeal to the tourists from the United States:

"The Methodist Episcopal Conference, recently held in this city, passed certain resolutions concerning bullfights, which I submit to your careful consideration.

"We trust you will help us in this effort and not contribute your influence toward the demoralisation of Mexico by attending these bullfights. It certainly is an idle and vain curiosity which would lead you to look at such an abominable spectacle, simply that you may have it to say that you attended a bullfight in Mexico.

"Crispi, the great Italian statesman, at the outbreak of the Spanish war, said: 'The priests have ruined

Spain.' If that statement needs any modification whatever, it should be that the bullfight has contributed its share toward the demoralisation of the Spanish world. The Mexican people ought to abolish bullfighting. It is part of the inheritance they obtained from their oppressors.

"Let me entreat American tourists not to help to perpetuate this infamy by their money and their presence.

"CHARLES C. McCABE,
"Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

This courageous attack upon one of the very "institutions" of Mexico created a stir and resulted in a lively controversy in the public press, in which the Bishop handled the subject without gloves, to the discomfiture of the champions of brutality, and to the exultation of the friends and promoters of a higher civilisation for Mexico.

It was during his Episcopal visitation of this country that the Bishop had the opportunity to defend the good name and to praise the magnificent evangelistic work of D. L. Moody. The *Mexican Herald,* published in the City of Mexico, had paid a high and worthy tribute to the memory of the great evangelist, when a "critic," so-called, felt inspired to rebuke the *Herald* for praising one whom he did not think worthy of such high eulogy. The "critic" said: "I am sorry to see the *Herald* defend that back number in theology, the late Mr. Moody, the evangelist. He shut his eyes to the progress of biblical criticism

and belonged to the uncritical epoch of Whitefield and Wesley. Such men may be personally good, but their intellectual dulness leads them into error. The world moves in theology as in other things."

Bishop McCabe could not by his silence seem to acquiesce in the publication of any such shallow nonsense, so he spoke out in no uncertain terms in reply to the would-be critic:

"To the Editor of 'The Mexican Herald'—Sir: You were right in your praise of D. L. Moody. The unknown correspondent who criticises you for it shows himself to be ignorant of the condition of affairs in the theological world.

"The theology of the Wesleys, so far from being obsolete, was never so vigorous and so triumphant as it is to-day. In the Methodist Church of the United States, taking all branches, North and South, there are 5,800,000 communicants. We have 11,600,000 people who believe the theology of John Wesley and sing the hymns of Charles Wesley. The Methodists alone outnumber the whole Roman Catholic population of the United States by 3,600,000.

"The Congregational Church of which Mr. Moody was a member, is teaching and preaching Arminian theology, which was the theology of the Wesleys, and is the theology of the Bible.

"Let the destructive biblical critics who vainly try to rob us of this glorious heritage find a man in their number who can go to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, London, and Glasgow and draw congre-

gations beyond the seating capacity of their greatest convention halls, and do it not once only but many times through a lifetime, before they call D. L. Moody a 'back number.'

"Moody did indeed belong to the epoch of Wesley and Whitefield and that was the secret of his power. Your correspondent is one of a long line of prophets. When I was a boy, more than half a century ago, I heard a man say: 'The Methodists will soon run out.' I was sorry to hear it, for my parents belonged to them. I have lived to see them 'run out' all over the world and for half of my lifetime I have been running after them to see that congregations have Churches and Churches have pastors, and I can record with truth that more than 1,000,000 new members have been added to the Methodist Episcopal Church within the last fifteen years, and millions more will follow in the years to come.

"CHARLES C. McCABE,
"Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Surely, Bishop McCabe's superintendency of the work in Mexico was not a mere perfunctory exercise of his Episcopal duties, but a strong, aggressive administration and supervision that made Mexican Methodism lift up its head with holy confidence and bravely advance to new and glorious conquests. Bishop McCabe had no apologies to offer, no excuses to make, to the prevailing spirit of anti-Christ, and no favours to ask of "the powers that be;" but with a bold front he led on the hosts of God to higher

ground, from the vantage of which they entered upon a new epoch both of religious freedom and spiritual progress. Long will Mexican Methodists remember the aggressive courage and power, the eloquence and evangelistic fervour, the mighty faith and tender sympathy, of the good Bishop who sang and prayed and preached them to the very gates of heaven and inspired them anew with the conviction of their right to exist and to work in that Republic until the land of flowers shall see the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley bloom on every hillside and in every smiling vale of Mexico.

The General Conference of 1900 designated Omaha as Bishop McCabe's Episcopal residence for the following quadrennium. The good Methodists of Nebraska were very emphatic in their expressions of satisfaction and hailed with joy the coming of this "best loved man in Methodism." The Church in that vicinity instantly felt the touch of his genius and power. He entered upon the work of familiarising himself with the character, needs, and possibilities of Methodism in that great and growing section of our country. He took special interest in the Wesleyan University and led on the heroic hosts in fighting the battle to glorious victory that freed the institution from embarrassing debt. During the quadrennium the Bishop was sorely afflicted by the loss of his two brothers. Le Roy Garrettson McCabe died in the month of November, 1900, and Robert Robinson McCabe passed away February 8, 1901.

Pressing family conditions following the death of

his brothers, with special official duties calling him from the country to foreign lands, necessitated his making Evanston, Illinois, rather than Omaha, Nebraska, his residence, in so far as he had any fixed dwelling place other than mere headquarters. No one regretted this more than the Bishop himself. He appreciated the honour of a residence in Omaha and loved the people of that western country as he admired their broad, progressive type of Methodism. But the very demands of his office during the quadrennium made a residence in any one place impossible. Most considerately and generously, but with profound regret, the brethren of Omaha released the Bishop from obligation to keep his headquarters in that city. He was, however, always ready to respond to the demands of that district when not on official duties in other countries; and in dedications, debt-raisings, Epworth League conventions, and evangelistic services was most zealous and effective throughout Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, South Dakota, and Western Iowa.

During the quadrennium he presided over thirty-nine Conferences, which with the travelling involved consumed not less than ninety-eight weeks, nearly half of his time. The Board of Bishops also sent him twice to South America and once to Europe on official business. Moreover, on the death of Bishop Hurst, the Board of Trustees of the American University elected him Chancellor of that institution, with the expectation that this money-raising giant would lift the magnificent enterprise to his broad shoulders and carry it to the foundation of success. It would seem

that the Church had come to think that no burden or accumulation of burdens was too heavy for this mighty heart to bear. But Bishop McCabe found joy in labour, and he gloried in the cross that imposed such onerous and manifold duties and obligations upon him.

XXXVIII

SOUTH AMERICA—EUROPE—AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

THE Board of Bishops during the quadrennium opening with the year 1900, sent Bishop McCabe twice to South America. He sailed for that continent January 8, 1901, and with the same avidity that he had manifested in taking up the work in Mexico, he entered upon the Episcopal supervision of the Methodist work of the Romanised countries of the southern continent.

The Protestants of South America well knew what a champion they had in this brave, independent, aggressive Bishop. They could hear his voice coming to them with a great religious meaning:

" ' Lift up your heads, desponding freemen.' "

The Bishop's first official duty was to preside over the Western South America Conference, which was held in Iquique, Chili.

Until then it had been a Mission Conference, but Bishop McCabe, by taking advantage of an enabling act of the General Conference, organised it into a full-fledged Annual Conference. It has since been divided into the Andes and North Andes Conferences. The territory included in the West South America Confer-

ence was about a hundred miles wide and three thousand miles long, stretching down the west coast of the continent. Think of a Conference a hundred miles wide, extending from New York to San Francisco! At that time there were only twenty-three full members of the Conference. The difficulty of the preachers attending the sessions of such a Conference, with the expense of travel, had to be met by holding the Conference in sections or districts. A supplementary Conference was therefore held at Concepcion, in more southern Chili.

The Bishop was not only welcomed to South America by the faithful few of the preachers and people called Methodists, but the character and name of the Bishop as a distinguished citizen and patriot had much to do with insuring him the greatest courtesies from our national representatives who were there, and from the political authorities of the countries which he visited in his Episcopal capacity. He received special attention from the United States ambassadors in Peru, Chili, and Ecuador, as in Uruguay and Argentina. He was most cordially greeted by President Romaña of Peru and President Cuestus of Uruguay, to whom he bore autograph letters of introduction and commendation from President McKinley. These Presidents, as well as Alfaro of Ecuador and Pasido of Bolivia, promised the Bishop that the Methodists should be protected in the exercise of their right to worship God "in their own way."

At Montevideo, Uruguay, where the Bishop held the old South America Conference, March 14, 1901, he

had the honour of an invitation from Rear-Admiral Schley, commanding the South Atlantic Station, to dine with him on the United States Flagship "Chicago." With his wife the Bishop accepted the invitation and was received with great kindness and cordiality by the distinguished hero of Santiago.

A rare experience was his during his stay in Montevideo, such indeed as few men, however eminent, have had the satisfaction of recording among the most pleasant memories of life. He was invited to deliver his famous lecture on Libby Prison on board the flagship "Chicago." He gladly accepted the invitation, and he had a glorious time singing and telling the grand old story again to the gallant officers and men of the good ship. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to participate in its enjoyments. The ship was beautifully decorated with flags and lights for the event and the Bishop was enthusiastically greeted as on the deck he arose to deliver his lecture. He afterwards had the satisfaction and pleasure of receiving this most friendly and appreciative letter of thanks from Rear-Admiral Schley:

"U. S. S. *Chicago,*
"Montevideo, Uruguay,
"March 23rd, 1901.

"My Dear Bishop:

"I cannot allow you to return to God's country and people without expressing to you how deeply you gratified the officers and men of my command as well as my humble self in consenting to deliver your famous lec-

ture on Wednesday evening on board the *Chicago,* reciting your experiences and those of other brave fellows in Libby Prison during the Civil War. I ought to add that your delightful and inimitable treatment of the subject was only another lesson in patriotism to us all, and therefore in the name of my splendid officers and men I thank you sincerely.

"I am at a loss to find words to adequately tell you the great delight I felt in this opportunity to renew our acquaintance and fellowship and to meet Mrs. McCabe and your niece, and I venture the hope that it may foster a friendship as warm as my admiration of you has been. Certainly the privilege of knowing you and those near and dear to you will be held in high honour in the years yet remaining to me.

"Believe me, always, my dear Bishop,

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. S. Schley.

"Bishop McCabe,

"Montevideo, Uruguay."

Something of the vast extent of the then two Conferences in South America may be imagined when one considers their limits as prescribed by the General Conference Committee on Boundaries: "South America Conference shall include the republics of Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, and that part of Bolivia lying east of the Andes." "The West South America Mission Conference shall include all that part of South America not included in the South America Conference."

During this and his subsequent visit to South America in the following winter the Bishop fairly revelled in the outlook for Methodism and for Protestant Christianity in general in those Romanised countries. Not only was he, with his magnetic enthusiasm, an inspiration to the noble and self-sacrificing missionaries and teachers there and to the native converts and preachers, but they, too, by their whole-souled type of Methodist experience, religious activity, and martyr-like loyalty, fairly set his own soul on flame for the evangelisation of South America. As he visited Iquique, Concepcion, Valparaiso, and Santiago in Chili, Lima in Peru, Buenos Ayres in the Argentine Republic, and Montevideo in Uruguay, and saw the possibilities for the promotion of the Kingdom of Heaven, his money-raising spirit actually tormented him. How he longed for the money to plant schools and churches in that land which had so long been neglected by the whole Protestant Church! How he righteously coveted the millions of the rich to put into the Kingdom of God right there in what he considered the most needy and hopeful missionary field open to the Gospel.

Nothing can be more tenderly pathetic or more thrillingly eloquent than his references to the great pioneers of South American Missions. Writing of the work on the west coast, he says: "It was a great day when William Taylor set foot on this coast. He lives to see an Annual Conference now where he preached the Gospel all alone in 1878. Well was it for the cause of Missions that his great heart, longing

to see the world converted to God, felt a throb of sympathy for this long-neglected land. . . . The holy audacity with which this field was occupied, before religious liberty had been proclaimed in these republics, challenges my admiration. Who does not now see that the hand of God was in all this?

"Notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, the work here is most inspiring. I am glad every day that I was sent to South America. Bishop William Taylor knew what he was doing when he planted these missions and compelled the Church to follow him."

The Bishop found as loyal and consecrated preachers and educators on that west coast of South America as ever went forth to lay the foundations of future Christian empire. Thomas B. Wood, T. H. LeFetra, W. C. Hoover, G. F. Armes, E. E. Wilson—what true and valiant heralds of the Kingdom they have been! The great future of those progressing republics will rise up and call them blessed. How very proud of their work was Bishop McCabe! With men like these, putting their noble powers into the work of Christian education and Gospel evangelisation in that country, the Bishop might well have said: "The redemption of Chili is assured and it draweth nigh," yes, and of Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and all the land that fronts the Southern Pacific. The Bishop was profoundly impressed with the Methodist situation in Buenos Ayres in the South America Conference. In a communication to the *Western Christian Advocate* he becomes reminiscent if not rhapsodical in his exultation over the

progress and triumphs of the Gospel in that splendid city:

"There are many facts in the history of the Church of God on earth that are more wonderful to me than any romance ever written. Follow me for a few moments, and see what I mean.

"Many years ago, in northern New York, a little boy was converted to God in a camp-meeting. The preachers and the people were disappointed that they had failed to break into the ranks of the unsaved and bring scores of them to Christ: and with a partial sense of failure upon them, they went away saying, 'Nobody converted but a little boy!' That boy's name was John Dempster—*unus sed leo*. I never saw him, but I find his name thrills the South America Conference to this day. That little boy became a man. He became a preacher. He became a very great preacher. He was sent to South America as a missionary in 1836. In Buenos Ayres he preached over a stable long before the days of religious liberty, when it was against the law for a Protestant to preach in the Spanish language. His congregation had to pass through a stable yard and climb a narrow stairway to reach the preacher. And often that humble room was lit up with the divine presence and often it became what Paul used to call 'a heavenly place in Christ Jesus.' There John Dempster opened the first muster roll of Methodism on the South American continent, wrote down the names of his first converts, and made the first rift in the cloud of Roman superstition which overspread the land. The First Methodist Epis-

copal Church of Buenos Ayres is the fruit of that humble beginning."

In this South America Conference what stalwart men of God; what brave, aggressive leaders did the Bishop find! John F. Thompson, W. P. McLaughlin, William Tallon, G. P. Howard, A. W. Greenman, S. P. Craver, C. W. Drees are names that shine among the missionary stars of the southern hemisphere. Nor has the light ceased to shine from the well-remembered names of Dempster, Kidder, Lore, Goodfellow, and Jackson, and though others have entered into their labours they were the sowers who went forth to sow the precious seed from which the harvests are springing to-day, harvests which the reapers are reaping with rejoicing song.

If any part of that South American work impressed the Bishop more favourably and hopefully than any other, it was the educational work so heroically and successfully conducted by Brother and Sister G. F. Armes, at Concepcion, Chili, and Brother and Sister T. H. LeFetra at Santiago, Chili, in the Western Conference; and by Miss Long and Miss Hewett of Montevideo, and Miss LeHuray of Buenos Ayres in the South America Conference.

The ninth session of the South America Conference which Bishop McCabe held at Montevideo, March 14 to 18, 1901, was memorable for the wisdom and spiritual enthusiasm of the Bishop's administration. The report reads*: "With unprecedented despatch of routine business, consideration of and definite results in many important matters, fair and frank treatment

* Rev. W. F. Rice.

of every subject raised for discussion and investigation, wise readjustment of the work for the coming year, and most inspiring counsel and direction with regard to material and spiritual forward movements, this session has been characterised by many as the most satisfactory and productive in our history. The Conference was unanimous in requesting the return of Bishop McCabe next year. His clear utterances against the destructive criticism of the Scriptures, his enthusiastic aid in the financial enterprises begun under the stimulus of his presence or lifted over difficult places by his powerful coöperation, his continuous activity while among us, and last, but not unimportant, his approachableness and conscientious interest in and attention to all persons and matters that needed his attention, have greatly endeared him to the members of our Conference and the community at large, so that we shall hail with delight his reappointment to the presidency of our Conference."

The Bishop's reputation as a lecturer and platform orator had preceded him and he was frequently requested to deliver his famous lecture on " The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," and in such principal cities as Valparaiso, Buenos Ayres, and Montevideo large audiences from the English-speaking population greeted him with delight, while the press praised his eloquence in no measured terms. His preaching was always in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Of his second voyage to South America the Bishop wrote to the *Christian Advocate* in a style at once so felicitous and really poetical that the reader is im-

pressed with the idea that his literary ability was of no common order, and that he was a man whose soul was filled with God and with the consciousness of God's omnipresence. "We sailed from New York for South America on December 31, on the good ship 'Allianca,'" he writes. "The passengers were few. Most people are sensible enough to stay at home on the last day of the old year and the first day of the new. This South American trip that our Bishops have to take is a very long one. Our tickets read, 'Valparaiso, Chili,' which is six thousand miles from New York—as far as twice across the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool. To one who is at all afflicted with seasickness the voyage must be irksome indeed; but as for me, I love the ocean. I look over its vast expanse and often say: 'The sea is His. He made it.' 'He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand and meted out the heavens with a span.' 'Behold, He taketh up the isles as a very little thing.' All sailors ought to be Christians. Unbelief and alienation from God are fearfully out of place upon the sea. The sea is glorious whether in storm or in calm: whether you listen to its roar or look upon its smile. Nor does it bring to the devout heart the far-away feeling, the pain of loneliness, the sense of separation, but rather the sweet sense of the divine Presence, as Faber sang it:

> "'Dear Lord, Thy loving greatness ever lies
> Outside us like a boundless sea;
> We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
> Nor drift away from Thee.'

But David puts the thought even more beautifully than that: 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even *there* shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.' In a few hours we are in the Gulf Stream, that mighty river in the ocean that seems commissioned of God to bear warmth and life and verdure to the British Isles and to the far-away northern lands of the Eastern Hemisphere. Who can account for that river? Who can tell why it flows as it does, unless he acknowledges the 'immanence of God'? To account for it in any other way is to trifle. 'He spake, and it was done. He commanded, and it stood fast.' So with the compass. A strange, mysterious influence comes from the north that holds the needle true to the pole in the wildest storm, so that the pilot, who is responsible for the safety of a thousand lives, has no fear as he stands with his hand upon the wheel, for he knows there is another Pilot who is guiding him. David says, in the last psalm he ever wrote: 'He only doeth wondrous things.' All man can do is to find out what God has done before him, and man ought to fall in holy reverence at His feet and cry: 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty: in wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

On this last Episcopal journey to South America, having stopped at Colon and Panama he proceeded down the west coast, visiting Paita, Callao, and Lima in Peru, Iquique, where he dedicated a new Church; Valparaiso, where he started a new Church enterprise, and Santiago, where he held the West South America

Conference; all in Chili. Then he crossed the Andes, visiting Mendoza, Buenos Ayres, and Rosario in the Argentine Republic. In the last-named place he exercised his money-raising powers in securing the money for a new Methodist parsonage. At Buenos Ayres he held the South America Conference, then proceeded to Montevideo, taking in Lomas de Lamora and Mercedes. At Montevideo he helped to inaugurate a new Church enterprise of importance. It was with great zest that he afterwards described the beginning of a movement to erect a new Church in a very desirable location in that city which had for him so many attractions and of the future of which he had the most glowing expectations. He wrote of this initiative work in the new enterprise in the following happy strain: "Our first Sabbath was Easter. We observed the day with songs, prayers, and sermons suitable for the holy and universal festival. The Lord is risen! the Lord is risen!—blessed message, that passes from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, all round the world!

"Tuesday night we had an official meeting. It is a very conservative body of men; but the outlook for a new Church was so bright, they voted to begin to build when we should have a good, reliable subscription of $10,000. This, with their old church property, will give them the victory.

"Wednesday, at the prayer meeting, I sprang the collection on them. We raised $2,300 in the prayer meeting. Sabbath morning I brought the matter before the English-speaking brethren, and we added

$1,000 to the amount. The money received for the rent of our lot for business purposes had accumulated in the treasury, and amounted to $2,000. I pledged $2,000 from my Bank of Faith and Works. The Ladies' Aid Society pledged $1,000. They had made $350 recently in a bazaar, and had the money in bank. They have also a little fund of $300 to offer. And in the evening we sent the total far beyond the limit of $10,000, and found we had $11,700.

"It was announced that on Monday afternoon we would break ground on the lot. It rained hard all the morning. The meeting was to take place at four o'clock. At three, Pastor Howard and I went to the ground to send the people home, and to announce the ground-breaking for Wednesday. But suddenly the clouds vanished, the sun came out in splendour, the congregation gathered. Four hymns were sung, two chapters read from the Word, four speeches made, and then—Ah!—then a collection. I dug a hole as near the spot as I could where the corner-stone is to be laid, and in the hole placed a large basket, with the Uruguayan flag wrapped around it. Then I led the people in procession across the lot, down one side, across the end, and up the other side, past the hole containing the basket, having told all to toss some money into the basket. We found that they had given $110 in gold in this way. We sang a hallelujah chorus and the doxology, and went home. The clouds gathered again, and the rain began to fall. It had stopped long enough to allow the Methodists to hold their first religious service on their splendid lot."

It was on the suggestion of Bishop McCabe that the Church Extension Society for the Spanish-speaking Methodists was organised in South America. The Bishop had the pleasure of dedicating churches in Iquique, Valparaiso, and Peñoral, and from the day of his arrival to the hour of his departure he was completely absorbed in the work that taxed his strength to the utmost but filled his soul with triumphant joy. How he came to love South America! It filled his generous heart; and to his dying day, he prayed for that great country, talked with fervid eloquence of her needs and possibilities, and longed to see the money pour into the treasury of the Lord that would found and develop schools, build churches, and extend the Kingdom of God over all that mighty hemisphere whose industrial, political, and religious future must rival in splendour and true greatness the dream of our own country's highest civilisation.

The Bishop departed from South America at Montevideo and, as he was not to look upon that city again, or again in this world see the faces of that brave and devoted people, his last thoughts on taking ship for Europe now seem very beautiful and tenderly eloquent. "Thursday afternoon we departed. A large crowd gathered at the dock. They loaded us down with flowers so that we could not carry them, and had to ask help. They sang, 'God be with you till we meet again,' in English, and we regretfully took our departure.

"Farewell, beautiful Montevideo! You have been a Mount of Vision to my soul! I know that in your

fair city a thousand loyal Methodist hearts are beating in unison with mine, and they respond to my shout across the dividing sea, 'All Uruguay for Christ.'" And in his heart of hearts even to the last, was the great prayer: "All South America for Christ."

In the spring of 1901 and again in 1902 Bishop McCabe sailed from South America to Europe to hold Conferences with Bishop Vincent. During the spring of 1902 Bishop Vincent was absent from his European field visiting this country and Bishop McCabe presided over seven of his Conferences, viz.: Switzerland, South Germany, Northern Germany, Denmark, Finland, Sweden, and Norway.

On his return from Europe in the spring of 1901 the Bishop devoted himself most earnestly and successfully to raising the last portion of the amount of money necessary to secure the full payment of the debt of the Nebraska Wesleyan University.

He remained in Europe five months, from May to September, of the year 1902, and on his return to the United States filled up the fall and winter with a faithful visitation of the churches in dedications, Missionary meetings, and conventions, debt-raisings, lectures, and evangelistic work. There were times when for weeks in succession he would be on the platform or in the pulpit every night, preaching or presenting some benevolent cause or addressing some religious convention.

In December of 1902 the Bishop was elected Chancellor of the American University. Bishop Hurst, who dreamed the magnificent dream of this post-

graduate culmination of the educational system of pan-Methodism in the United States, left his chancellor's mantle of responsibility upon the broad, strong shoulders of his dearest friend and most confidential adviser, Bishop McCabe. And this man of splendid visions saw the amazing glory of the enterprise that swept across the imagination of Hurst like the golden city that stood between the sea and sky and filled the wondering gaze of John the Revelator as he stood on the great and high mountain. Yes, they were vision-gifted seers, Hurst and McCabe. They too stood on the great and high mountain and they saw what the inhabitants of the valleys could not see, they saw the wings of the morning spreading wide and glorious while others saw not the prophetic dawn and waited long and slept in the darkness where there is no vision.

Bishop McCabe firmly believed in the future possibilities of the American University. With all his dreaming he was the most common-sense, practical man that ever built visions into realities and dreams into history. But he was already too heavily laden with obligations in his forward movement and special relief work. The mission world still called him. South America was on his heart, Church debts, frontier Church extension, the poverty of poorly-paid ministers, every needy cause and every needy soul seemed to be tugging at his sympathies. How could he get at this University enterprise with his call: "$5 each from one million people"? That was his new slogan, and he longed to sound it and rouse all Methodism to the grandest educational achievement of the age. To the

Committee on Episcopacy of the General Conference of 1904 he said: "If the General Conference desires me to undertake to place the enterprise of the American University beyond all question of failure and will give me its benediction and approval, I will attempt to do it in the name of God. It is a tremendous task, but we cannot, must not fail. We must plant securely in the Nation's Capital a great University which will stand for Protestant Christianity, for an open Bible, and for civil and religious liberty."

But, alas, before he could get foot-loose and throw his full energies into this work as the final mission of one divinely "doomed to raise money," he heard the call: "It is enough."

XXXIX

PHILADELPHIA RESIDENCE—GREAT LABOURS—GLORIOUS END

THE General Conference of 1904, which met at Los Angeles, California, assigned Bishop McCabe to the Episcopal residence of Philadelphia. The cordial, affectionate reception that was tendered the Bishop and his good wife by the hospitable Methodists of Philadelphia was a great joy to them. During his long association with the Church Extension Society Chaplain McCabe had greatly endeared himself to the people of that city.

When Bishop Foss was retired from active Episcopal supervision the loss of the services of that accomplished gentleman, finished scholar, eloquent preacher, and truly great Bishop was keenly felt by Philadelphia Methodism. If any action of the General Conference could in any measure have reconciled that people to their loss it was the assignment of Bishop McCabe to that Episcopal residence. As he entered upon the new field, with press and people extending most enthusiastic welcome, the holy ambition seemed to possess Bishop McCabe to clear off all the debts that were burdening the churches of Philadelphia. These debts amounted to nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars. The Bishop at once

took the leadership of this enterprise. He did not spare himself, but with all his old-time vigour he pushed the financial battle and helped to raise fully a quarter of a million of dollars before his work ended.

No years of his Episcopacy were crowded with more unremitting toil than these. He seemed inexhaustible in resources, and in his visitations ubiquitous. His energy never seemed to flag and he could easily tire out any three ordinary men that undertook to catch and keep his progressive stride. He was in demand for lectures, Epworth League Conventions, corner-stone layings, debt-raisings, dedications, sermons, Chautauqua addresses, and all possible occasions for oratory and preaching. No Bishop was ever more popular or in more constant demand than he. He continued to grow into more and more of an ideal Bishop. He combined so many high qualities of common sense, tact, wisdom, intelligence, good humour, wit, pathos, eloquence, sympathy, judgment, and fairness that he made every conference session which he held memorable, an occasion of never-to-be-forgotten spiritual power and enjoyment.

But in the midst of his labours, with great benevolences pressing upon his heart, with vast projects for the promotion of the Kingdom of God filling his mind, with splendid dreams still haunting his imagination, and with all the tense energies of his forceful manhood eager for achievement, his step faltered and he heard the call: "It is enough." Our captain in the front of battle, our white-plumed Navarre, with his helmet and his fighting harness on him, was leading up the heights,

MRS. CHARLES C. McCABE, 1906

still eager for the fray, when suddenly he fell, fell at the top where the mountain pierced the sky and the victory for both worlds was gloriously won.

How better could he have died? It was not reserved for him to grow feeble and to decline, it was not for his life to pass into "the sere and yellow leaf." No decrepitude, no loss of force and fire, no superannuation, no waning of his glorious fame, no vanishing from public view into ungrateful forgetfulness and oblivion, no lingering illness to sap his leonine strength awaited him. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He died with the prophetic vision bright and splendid as in the early days. He was looking upon "the triumph from afar," the world for Christ, "by faith he brought it nigh." And God gave him to the last that transcendently hopeful view of the future of the Church which made his death but a Pisgah-top translation. "And Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho. And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan.

"And all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea.

"And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar.

"And the Lord said unto him, This is the land which I sware unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes."

The last six months of the Bishop's life were

crowded with work in which it seemed that to the very last he was "doomed to raise money." His last letter to Dr. J. M. Buckley reveals his unabated devotion to the Kingdom of God.

"Sabbath Morning, June 17, 1906.

"DEAR DR. BUCKLEY:

"Did you know I have had a breakdown, an attack of vertigo, which has left me in a weakened condition? I am trying to fill a few engagements that seem quite important and then will rest for seven days. . . . They keep me dedicating churches and addressing Epworth League Conventions and Chautauquas.

"I ought to do nothing of that work for awhile.

"How I do rejoice over the outcome for the Hospital effort and for the Woman's College of Baltimore. Over one million of dollars for these two interests alone! It is wonderful. . . . What evidence of the strength and loyalty of our Church . . . I never saw the time when we were building as many fine churches as now. . . . They do not count always in the number because so many new churches are replacing old ones. Last Tuesday I laid the corner-stone of the new Emory Church in Pittsburg; Dr. Wedderspoon is pastor. It will cost $250,000 and seat 2,900 people. It will be a good place to hold the next General Conference. . . . How blessed that the great work will go forward when I am gone.

"These days of weakness and sleepless nights I find myself repeating parts of this little poem, found under the pillow of a dead soldier in Port Royal in 1862:

" ' I lay me down to sleep
With little care
Whether my waking find me
Here or there.

" ' I am not eager—bold,
All that is past.
I'm ready *not to do*
At last—at last.

" ' My *full* day's work is done,
And that is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart—

" ' And grasp his banner still
Though all the stars be dim—
For stripes no less than stars
Lead up to Him.'

" Yours faithfully,
" C. C. McCabe.

" Evanston, Ill.

" N. B.—Not for publication. The soldier wrote, ' My *half* day's work.' I changed it to full.

" C. C. McCabe."

The Bishop was so eager to continue his labours that he would not have any but his most intimate friends know that he was ever overworked, or in need of a physician's care. Hence his suggestion to Dr. Buckley: " Not for publication."

The indisposition of the early summer did not alarm him and it soon passed away like many another similar attack which he had experienced from back in the old war days. There were occasions, however, when he indicated that he believed the time was approaching

when it would be necessary for him to set his house in order.

Through the summer and fall he continued in his strenuous fashion to meet all the demands that were made upon him by his Episcopal office and the benevolent and evangelistic causes that appealed to his generous nature. His last mission was to aid a debt-burdened church pay off a mortgage of $10,000. Sunday, December 9, 1906, he preached for Rev. L. R. Streeter, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Torrington, Conn., and during the day he managed with great skill and success the mortgage-raising campaign. The next night, Monday, December 10, he delivered his still famous lecture on "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison," and never spoke more eloquently. The audience was profoundly moved by the unwonted power of his oratory; the old soldiers in particular were held spell-bound by his war-time reminiscences; they wept and laughed and lived the war-days over again during that never-to-be-forgotten hour.

It was his last utterance to the public which for forty-five years had been listening to his burning eloquence. Nothing could have been more fitting than that the last Sabbath message Bishop McCabe was destined to deliver should have been a sermon preached to raise money to free a church from debt. His text that day was in Genesis xiii, 18, "And (he) built there an altar unto the Lord." Church building! What a theme that had been in the ministry of this man! No less fitting was it that his last message from the plat-

form should have been that grand patriotic lecture which all Americans had learned to admire and love as the greatest of all lectures, "The Bright Side of Life in Libby Prison"!

The morning after this lecture he left Torrington for New York, intending to lecture in New Jersey that night, but on his way home to Philadelphia, he proceeded from the Grand Central Station to the Twenty-third Street ferry and at the corner of Twelfth Avenue he staggered, dropped his valise, and called to the men near at hand to help him. "I feel ill," said he, "will you hold me up?" The car men, aided by a policeman, tenderly held him and bore him to a near-at-hand hotel, whence an ambulance quickly conveyed him to the New York Hospital. It was immediately apparent that the Bishop was suffering from a stroke of apoplexy and his entire right side was helpless. A despatch was sent, summoning his wife from Germantown, Pennsylvania, and a telephone message called Dr. George P. Mains of the Methodist Book Concern to the Hospital. Quickly responding to the call, Dr. Mains visited the beloved Bishop. Of the situation, he wrote in answer to Dr. Buckley's inquiry:

"I immediately went to the Hospital and was conducted to the room where the Bishop was lying.

"He without doubt promptly recognised me, and with the first statement said: 'This is the end with me.'

"I said, 'I hope not, Bishop.'

"'Yes,' said he, 'this is the end; but it is all right. Let nobody be disturbed about it.'

"I asked him if he were suffering pain. He said: 'No.' With his left hand he then took hold of his right hand, his paralysed hand, and said: 'This seems like another man's hand; it does not seem like my own hand.'

"He expressed a desire that his wife might be communicated with. He requested me to be careful that she should not be frightened by the message given. I asked if he could give me his home address. This he was unable to do, merely saying that he lived in Germantown, but he seemed unable to recall his street and number.

"I then asked him if he had a telephone in his home. He said 'Yes.' I assured him that his wife would come on the first train which could bring her to New York. He said: 'That is good; I am so glad.'

"Giving him to know that we would leave nothing undone that might minister to his comfort, and instructing the Hospital authorities that everything should be done within their power for his relief and care, I came away."

By eight o'clock that evening Mrs. McCabe was at the bedside of her stricken husband. For eight days the unequal struggle between life and death continued.

It is the dawn of December 19, at five-twenty of the clock; a solemn hush falls upon the little group, pathetically watching beside the still-pulsed warrior of the Cross. The end has come; our glorious McCabe responds no more to love's caress or hope's inquiry. For him, time ends, eternity begins,

"Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee."

XL

OBSEQUIES—EULOGIES—APPRECIATION

THE sudden illness and the death of Bishop McCabe sent round the world a pang of grief. No greater loss could have befallen Methodism by the death of any man.

Funeral services were held in New York, Philadelphia, and Evanston, Illinois. On the evening of December 20 the body was borne from the residence of E. M. F. Miller, 797 Lexington Avenue, to St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church; Dr. George P. Eckman presiding as pastor of the Church. The casket was covered with the flag of our country. In the assembly gathered to honour the memory of the fallen leader were not less than one hundred ministers. Noble words were spoken there of the character and life-work of this remarkable man.

The now lamented Bishop Andrews, with his calm judgment and careful mode of expression, paid a high tribute to his departed associate when he said: "The Creator chooses to form some men to be very conspicuous and unique. Such were Asbury and Simpson, such was Chaplain and Bishop McCabe."

Bishop Fowler, so soon to follow him, sent the words of eulogy:

"A revolving light on the coast of Methodism has

been extinguished. Bishop McCabe, who was quick and prompt for everything needing immediate encouragement or reproof, has closed his lips here forever. We shall look for him in our great assemblies and in our great enterprises and along our wide frontier in vain; yet we shall have him in our thought for many a long year. It is difficult to measure him and estimate aright his power. He was so unlike any of the rest of us that we are without a unit of measurement. Perhaps it is not too much to say that he had more and greater gifts than any man in the Church at this time. The first impression he made upon us was by his peculiar and pathetic singing. Perhaps that gift, though not his greatest, was the one most frequently recalled in connection with his name. My earliest recollection of him was hearing him sing in Bryan Hall, Chicago, at a war meeting. His voice thrilled every one and it seemed as though every one, as he sang 'My Own Columbia,' would certainly start right off that night for the front. From that day till a week ago Tuesday he presented before us a constantly growing figure till it seemed to fill the whole land.

"He must be measured by what he has done. The great enterprises with which he has been identified will indicate somewhat of his proportions.

"His great activity was equalled only by his great personality. He had that peculiar type of genius that attracted to him almost everybody he touched. Doubtless more people throughout the length and breadth of Methodism loved him than were drawn to anybody else. This gave him a power over men and women to

make them identify themselves with the interests he was trying to serve.

"But he has passed into the worlds out of sight. More people will mourn his absence than would mourn for any man among us. In our sorrow we will not measure him by the hard and fast lines that apply to most men, but will look at the great work he accomplished and wonder who can take his place. Carrying all the great interests with which he has been identified, he seemed like a pack-horse whose load almost concealed his presence, and yet he moved like a racer, hardly touching the ground in his speed.

"We will not forget to pray for her who was the deepest in his heart and whose name was last on his lips.

"It remains for us only to imitate his courage and faith; and in so doing we will not hinder the cause by stumbling at the 'exceeding great and precious promises.'"

Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate,* had known the Chaplain and Bishop for nearly half a century and had been his constant friend and supporter in all the great benevolent projects of his secretarial and Episcopal career. He knew his friend as few others knew him, and of him he spoke with tender and just appreciation. "The personal appearance of Bishop McCabe was both striking and sympathetic. Before he spoke either in private intercourse or in public assemblies his aspect and nobility of features ingratiated him. His voice, indescribable, flowed rather than penetrated into the ear of the

listener. It was capable of every modification in pitch, tone, and rhythm. Fascination was the natural result.

" Energy, versatility, and agreeable persistence were among the sources of his influence. Persuasiveness often wrought wonders that logic could never have achieved.

" Wit, humour, and pathos were his weapons, all directed from the centre of the soul. His intuitive perception was such that it seemed that the heart and mind of a brilliant woman had in some way possessed his manly frame.

" The familiar phrase often misused that ' we ne'er shall see his like again,' was, in speaking of him, self-evident truth.

" The achievements of his life were too numerous to recount, too important to be easily measured, and so closely connected with his country and his Church, his friends and his fellowmen wherever he met them, that thousands, rather than one, should be called to the stand in the Court of Humanity. But as these would not be adequate it is a supreme consolation that they are all recorded in the books which shall be opened in the great day of destiny."

Dr. William V. Kelley, editor of the *Methodist Review,* spoke of Chaplain McCabe, the soldier, orator, and lover. It was a funeral oration of rare eloquence, of which the following are extracts:

" Though only a chaplain in the army, Chaplain McCabe had a soldier's heroism, a soldier's experience, and a soldier's patriotism. It is simply unthinkable that a man constituted as he was, with such blood as

he had in his veins, and with the ideals and hopes he had in his heart, at the age of twenty-five when the war broke out, should have stayed at home and refrained from answering when the bugles sounded the call for the defence of freedom and the Union. When that call sounded, this man, whom we have heard so often sing 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' said to himself:

> "'Be swift, my soul, to answer,
> Be jubilant, my feet,'

and he went forth, a soldier every inch of him, ready for the hardships and the daring, and the death if need be. There were many men who rose to the rank of general and commanded brigades and army corps and wore brilliant epaulettes, who did not succeed in identifying themselves one-tenth as conspicuously in the mind of the nation with the tremendous titanic struggle by which the Union was saved, as did the chaplain of the One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio. Chaplain McCabe to the people of this nation through the years after the war came to represent to them more than any other man in the land the memories and the patriotism of the war. . . . A soldier and a great patriot, no man in the land loved his country more purely or ardently than did he. And no better evangelist of patriotism has gone up and down the land in all the years since the war kindling in the hearts of men, of all ages, the fires of patriotism and of devotion to their country.

"This is the funeral of a great orator, one of the most triumphant and irresistible of men in speaking to

his fellow-men. He was an emotional man, and this helped to make him the orator he was. . . . He could stand on his feet and in five minutes overflow with emotion a conference that did not dream it was coming. I remember a typical occasion such as happened many times when he presided at conferences.

"It was one of the Ohio conferences some two or more years ago, a sultry September morning. The routine business of the conference went on in a humdrum kind of way, nothing stirring, no throb or thrill. The machinery ground on regularly, turning out the grist, the necessary, useful grist. The only unwearied thing visible to the eye from the pew was the countenance of that man who sat on the platform. The strong, square jaw, that ample, oratoric mouth, that well-chiselled nose, those dark, cavernous, deep-seated eyes, with a glow in them as of a bed of coals lying back there in the brain, eyes that had in them always the possibility of flame, he sat there, quietly attending to business. Presently he set aside the other business of the Conference and rose and called before him the young men who were to be admitted to Conference, that he might address them. The address was not long, not half so long as the address to which I listened when I was admitted. The address was no 'set' address, but a succession of flashes. Everything began to stir. There was a sense in the air of something like a wind blowing from the hills of heaven. Something of Pentecost came over him and over us; everything was electric and alive; the quietly spoken sentences had a thrill, and they were full of the power

of the Gospel; it was like a succession of heart-beats, full of divine grace, full of the Spirit. And he gave those young men something better than logic, something better than a disquisition on theology, something better than even detailed instructions about the minutiæ of their ministerial duties. He gave them inspiration.

"He was a great lover. Some one has suggested that he was the most ardently loved man in Methodism. If that was true, the secret of it was that he was a great lover, for only love begets love. O, what a wealthy soul he was! What an affluent man in the true, indestructible riches of human existence! Ruskin has said that 'a man's wealth is measured by the number he loves and is loved by.' That doctrine is not taught in the text-books on political economy, so far as I know, by Adam Smith or any of his successors. I thank God for a man like Ruskin who could see the spiritual, the principal, the eternal values of human life and see in them the substance of real wealth. O multi-millionaire Chaplain and Bishop McCabe! How rich he has gone into the skies! 'How much did he leave?' said some one concerning a very rich man who had died. 'He left it all; all he had,' was the reply. But say of this man that he was a multi-millionaire in the greatest wealth that humanity can acquire. And say not that he left it all. Say rather he has carried it all up with him to lay it at his Master's feet, crying, 'I used all this love for thee, O Master, for thy glory, for thy service, while I was on the earth.'"

A guard of honour composed of Philadelphia min-

isters and laymen escorted the body of Bishop McCabe to the city of his Episcopal residence, and in Arch Street Church an imposing and most impressive service was held. Although the services were announced for the early hour of 9.30 o'clock on the morning of December 22, the church was crowded, and fully three hundred ministers were present. All preparations for the service having been made by Dr. G. H. Bickley, the pastor of Arch Street Church, Dr. A. G. Kynett presided, and Drs. J. M. King and C. M. Boswell delivered the addresses.

Among the finest and most highly appreciated tributes that were paid to the memory of Bishop McCabe was this contributed to the Philadelphia *Ledger* by the pen of the broad-minded and great-hearted Bishop Alexander Mackay-Smith. It is with peculiar feelings of veneration and gratitude that the great Methodist Communion of America and of the world read this golden-lettered encomium:

"To the Editor of the 'Public Ledger':

"Will you allow one who was prevented from attending the funeral services of the late Bishop McCabe, through ignorance of the hour and place, to pay this little tribute of respect to his memory?

"The loss of such a man to his own body, as well as to others in the Christian work of Philadelphia, seems for the time being to be inexpressible. He had, among other great gifts, that which one so seldom finds in this tired age—the enthusiasm of Christianity. His face alone was a benediction. Wherever he went

he seemed to make all things new. In his presence faith in human nature revived and the atmosphere above him became fragrant with hope. In the annals of the past Philadelphia (to a greater extent than most American cities) has been the home of great Christian men, on whom have leaned multitudes of other souls who had come to believe in God because they believed in the men whom He has consecrated. Among them all there were few as great as McCabe. When one considers his life in detail, his record as an army chaplain and in those years since that time, in which, by the magnetism of his presence and the eloquence of his appeal, he has drawn vast sums for unselfish purposes from the hands of men little accustomed to be moved by arguments addressed to the 'higher life' within them, one cannot but feel that here was a life testifying to the Spirit of God moving amid His people. Men tell us that Jesus Christ passed away nineteen centuries ago and has never returned. Yes, but here was one of His beacon lights, standing on a headland, far away from Palestine, and in a distant age, yet illumined by the electric stream of that great dynamo which passes invisibly to baser minds, through the ground and overhead, until it finds some sympathetic point from which to irradiate the darkness of material civilisation.

"The world will be a lonelier place to many now that McCabe has gone, but heaven will be a friendlier home because of his presence there. Men such as he have been the glory of the great Methodist body. I congratulate them with all my heart on the fact that, although they have been called upon to suffer this

severe loss, yet the life of their great leader calls attention to the truth that their communion has not lost its power of attracting and winning many of the noblest souls who merit, indeed, the title of the 'Jewels of the Lord.'

"ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH,
[Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania.]

"The Church House, December 22, 1906."

The final obsequies took place in Evanston, Illinois, December 24, 1906. Dr. T. P. Frost, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, presided. There, too, were spoken eulogies that proved the love men had for Bishop McCabe and that set forth the true greatness of his genius and the beneficent usefulness of his life. Bishop Warren uttered words of high appreciation and of discriminating praise when he said of his departed friend and associate:

"This man, this hero, was a statesman. He saw broadly. He saw the world's destiny hanging on the conflict that he went to wage in the 'sixties.' He saw broadly—shall I say, rather, highly? Gladstone was a great statesman, and he reckoned that the world's woes and ignorance might be overcome by English arms, English policy, English bravery, English customs, and the Gospel. McCabe saw that the world's woes would all be healed by the Gospel—the Gospel and the outcome of it, American ways, American customs, and American arms. And so he stood forth, seeing world-wide. The last time I saw him his heart was all overflowing with gladness at the news from Bolivia,

that twice had passed the General Assembly of Bolivia liberty of conscience, freedom to worship God; and his soul was filled like a fountain with infinite joy and power at the news. And then he had Spain's declaration of liberty of conscience, and Russia's, and he sympathised with France in her struggle. Oh, broad and high and glorious was the man we miss and over whom we are breaking our hearts to-day—glorious and great."

Bishop Berry presented another facet of the diamond-like splendour of his character:

"If I were asked to give in a word our brother's dominating characteristic, I would say that it was his perennial optimism; in other words, his unfaltering faith, for (the dictionary to the contrary, notwithstanding) faith and optimism are about the same thing. Our friend was a magnificent believer. He was little troubled with doubts; he believed in God; he believed in people; he believed in the Church; he believed in the Bible; he believed in the Gospel; he believed in the conquering power of Jesus, and he looked confidently to His triumph all over the world. He was as sure that the King is preparing a reign on the earth to-morrow as he was that the sun would rise to-morrow—that is why he was so sunny, faith works that way; faith and hope are very near neighbours, doubt and despair also live close together."

Bishop Moore could speak only in apostrophe, but his words came welling up from the great deep heart of a genuine and manly love:

"O matchless leader, how our hearts warm as we think of thee to-day! Shall we never see thee again? Shall thy warm hand never take ours again? Shall we never hear thy magic voice that was as potent to smite the hearts of men until they poured out penitential sorrow as to smite the greed and selfishness of men until they poured out streams of benefaction for the good of the world? Are we not to see thee again? No! no! no! none can take thy place; thou art alone; thy niche none other shall fill. It was for thee to do thy work. Too many like thee would not have done in this strange world of ours. Conservatism is our palladium, but thou hast taught us how it shall not be our sepulchre. And so we loved thee, and so we will love thee evermore."

Bishop Walden, ever looking on the practical side of life and judging men by their deeds and possibilities, said: "I have sometimes wondered what would have been the result of his strange and marvellous activity, his wonderful sympathy, and his deep interest in the elevation of the coloured people, if he had come into that position (Freedman's Aid) instead of the one into which he was providentially called. And yet I wonder what would have been the effect upon the other great movement (Church Extension) into which he put his life and to which he gave an impulse it had not had before."

Bishop McDowell's eulogy was academically careful but not the less sincere and hearty. He said in part:

"It is one hundred and forty years since Philip Embury, a Methodist preacher from Ireland, began

to preach in New York. In that time we have had a good many types, characteristic and striking—some with Irish blood in their veins. Our Church has given large hospitality to unique men. We have had abundant use for many kinds and our history is rich in individual character. But we have never had another like the one whose body lies before us to-day, silent and motionless and strange in its repose. He was not a copy of any one else, no one else has successfully copied him. We do not therefore compare him with any other. And if any one should say that he was incomparable, we should not be careful to deny it. His unique personality and extraordinary career will long be remembered in our annals. He always seemed to be a vital projection of the older and more characteristic days upon our more conventional and prosaic times. But after all our varying judgments and opinions, I am sure this opinion will abide: his personality was unique, and his career extraordinary."

A thrilling incident connected with the funeral service at Evanston was the singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Mr. George Iott, a baritone singer of magnificent voice. When this was proposed for the first time as part of the service, there were friends who questioned the propriety of the selection. But as it was remembered that he about whose coffin the Stars and Stripes were draped that day had made the patriotic battle hymn popular and immortal with his own glorious voice and that he had sung it at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln, the grand old hymn was sung, the audience joining in the well-known chorus. The

effect was magical; every heart was thrilled and many a strong man shook with emotion. It then seemed that nothing could have been more fitting on that solemn and heart-moving occasion of the obsequies of the most famous Chaplain in the great Civil War.

Bishop McCabe was buried in Rose Hill Cemetery near Chicago. Consecrated ground! Yes, consecrated by the dust of noble dead, for there sleep Dempster, Hamline, Cummings, Harris, Bannister, Hemenway, Kidder, and Merrill, of blessed memory, and there too sleeps many a soldier who in the days that tried men's souls gave his life a holy sacrifice in defence of our National Union. Consecrated ground! Consecrated anew, that he now sleeps there who led the Church from victory to victory in the spiritual conquest of this world and whose very name, Chaplain McCabe, has become to Christendom a glorious memory and an immortal inspiration.

Words that may appropriately close this volume, and words that might with justice adorn our great leader's monument, come from the pen of Bishop Earl Cranston in appreciation of his beloved colleague, Bishop Charles Cardwell McCabe: " Few men have done more to make the world better."

THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS, RAHWAY, N. J.

William Carey Int'l University
3 1539 0071455